DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 334 599 CS 212 977

TITLE	Creative Writing by Creative Kids VII.
INSTITUTION	Mequon-Thiensville Schools, Mequon, WI.
PUB DATE	91
NOTE	186p.
PUB TYPE	Collected Works - General (020) -- Creative Works (Literature,Drama,Fine Arts) (030)
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC08 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	*Creative Writing; *Elementary School Students; Elementary Secondary Education; *Secondary School Students; Student Writing Models
IDENTIFIERS	*Childrens Writing; Wisconsin

ABSTRACT

This book contains stories, poems, essays, and letters about nature and animals, fantasy and real life, people, places, and science fiction. Writing selections and art work in the book were chosen by K-12 teachers to reflect the best efforts of their students. A preface and a list of student authors and artists precede the writing selections, and a list of participating schools and teachers concludes the book. (SR)

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CREATIVE WRITING
BY
CREATIVE KIDS VII

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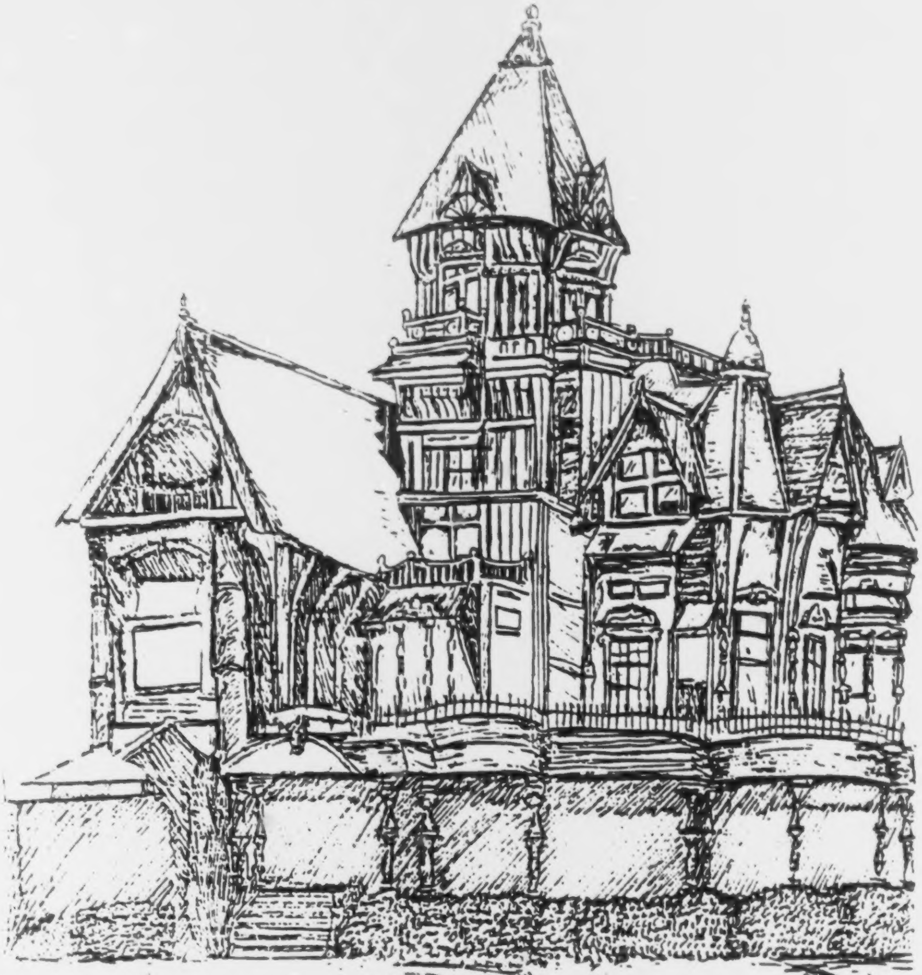

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GRADE 9
HOMESTEAD

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MEQUON-THIENSVILLE SCHOOLS
MEQUON, WISCONSIN 1991

PREFACE

Creative Writing by Creative Kids VII is filled with stories and poems, essays and letters about nature and animals, fantasy and real life, people, places, and science fiction.

The District Writing Committee requested that K-12 teachers choose writing selections reflecting the best efforts of their students for this booklet. In addition, we asked K-12 art teachers to collect a variety of art work to illustrate our creative writing pages.

Our committee has worked hard to edit, design, and publish this booklet, a copy of which will be distributed to interested classroom teachers in the district, to every Mequon public school and library, and to the administrative offices for sale to interested parents and citizens.

The K-12 Writing Committee has representation from each school in the district. Committee members are Lorraine Buehler, Jeffrey Conn*, Jayne Engelberger*, Barbara Fisher, Cheri Kalcich*, Brenda Coleman, Helen Teisl, Mary Seider*, Bridget Allen, Sue Edington, Elaine Rettig, Cathy Karcher, and Mary Sharon Gregory. As a committee we thank our colleagues who have discovered writing as an important method of learning and who have promoted writing in their classrooms.

Special thanks, also, to Betty Zahn for the time spent duplicating and collating this booklet.

*Creative Writing by Creative Kids VII Co-editors.

JILL BRACKIN
GRADE 11
HOMESTEAD

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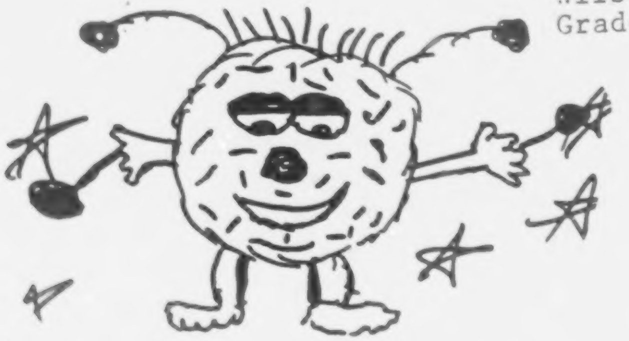
1.

This is a Lolipof. It lives on the East side of Saturn. It wears earmuffs because it's so cold on Saturn. Lolipof hears with its pink hair and has lots of arms to kill its enemies. He has a big red smile to make friends easily and big eyes to see far away. His purple face is made of grape lollipop of which he licks whenever he's hungry. Since he licks his face when he's hungry he lives until he's out of face. He sleeps nine earth hours and he drinks the gas from Saturn. The middle of him is made of wood and the arms attach in the cracks.

By Nicki Kelly
Wilson School
Grade Four



My organism is called Spike Mike. To protect himself he has rough reptile skin and he is cold blooded. He has five meals a day and to get his food he spins his tail around so he can cut through the ice with a tooth pick into big blocks, then shreds the blocks into icecubes. When he goes to sleep he uses his tail to make a burrow into the ground. Then he uses the ice he cut in the morning to have breakfast. This creature has some special features like the horn on his head, the spikes on his back and his toothpick. Spike's color is green-blue to be camouflaged on the planet Uranus. Spike is about the size of two toothpicks. His enemies are mini tikes.

By Brian Felhofer
Wilson School
GRade Four

2. Saving the Park

Once a beautiful day appeared in Woodsy Hill.All of the animals came out.The deer, rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, wrens, robins, and more!

I was going exploring when a bird flew and landed on my finger. Then it flew away in a hurry.Then a noise came. It sounded like a big truck. Then trees came down.Thud! thud! thud! Three trees came down. I saw a group of bunnies without their mother!! I turned and the truck came close to me.I took all of them and ran to my house. I went up to the attic and put them in a cage with cabbage and carrots. I told my mother about what happened. She called the lumber co.They said they needed more complaints.So my mom called all of our friends (neighbors). They said they will agree to call the lumber co. So they all called.

Amy Wilson

Half an hour later I went up to the attic to check on the bunnies. They were all sitting still as if they knew what was happening. I decided that I should name them.So I did. The gray striped one was a girl so I named her Becky. A black one was a boy. His name was Don.Tiffany was a girl and she was black and white, and then a boy named Jim. Four funny cute small bunnies.

My mom suddenly said,"Darling come down here.I have some good and some bad news".I went down the attic stairs and down the second floor stairs."I really only have great news" mom said excitedly ."The lumber co. said that they were sorry and didn't know what they were doing."

"But now I can put the bunnies in the forest" I said.I was so happy that I took those bunnies right to their mother that night.When I got there I saw their mother calling for them.The mother was so happy about what I did she gave me a carrot.I thanked her and went home to my mom.They did ask me to stay for the night, but I said no.I went home to my bed where my mom was waiting for me.When I got to my bed my mom whispered to me,"You did the right thing."

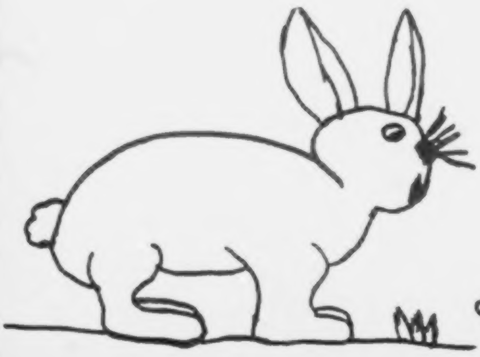
COMPOSED AND TYPED BY:

CAROLINE CARR

GRADE 3

WILSON SCHOOL

Heather Foster
Grade 3



Elizabeth Kennedy
Donges Bay
Grade 4

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE OCTOPUS AND THE BLOWFISH

"Hello, Blowfish. What's your name?" I asked.
"Blowy." "What's yours?" I questioned
"Octolegs," I replied.
"Let's play on the plains," I suggested.
"No! That could be dangerous. There is ooze that is made of fine ocean sediments that could trap us," I screamed back at her.
"Why don't we go into the Marianas Trench?"
"No way, José!" I exclaimed. "It's 11 kilometers deep and the water pressure is too high and we would die."
"O.K., Blowy," I retorted.
"Let's eat some kelp," I said.
"That's fine with me!" I agreed with her finally. "I'm starving!"
"What other foods do you like to eat?" I asked.
"Well," I started, "I really like mollusks, clams, and oysters, and lots of fish..."
"FISH!" I "whaled."
"Not friendly fish like you, though," I replied.
"Oh, that's good," I said.
"C'mon!" I cried, "I want that kelp!"
"Let's go!" I said.

PART 2 - DINNER

"Where do you want to go after our elegant kelp dinner?" I asked.
"Let's go to the Continental Shelf. All blowfish like it there," I responded.
"Sure," I dictated. "Let's go to the Continental Shelf!"
"Did you know that the body muscle of a fish is called the Myomere?" I boasted.
"Well not at all!" I exclaimed with amazement. "Did you know that the Hatchet fish can just swim under another fish and cut a slit through its body and eat it?"
"That's interesting. I never knew that!" I answered. "Do you know how big a ocean sunfish is?"
"Actually, yes I do!" I bragged. "It's exactly 11 feet, 3.4 meters long."
"Do you know where the name Octopus came from?" I asked.
"Of course I do!" I exclaimed. "It's my own name! It's from ancient Greece and it means 8 legs."
"See you later, Octolegs!" I yelled to him. "I have to leave now!"
"Bye!" I screamed back in return as she swam away.

Brad Olson
Dana Stempinski
Grade 4
Donges Bay School

Erica F.
Wilson

4.

CHAD'S SPACE ADVENTURE

"Don't put that in there! It'll blow up!" scientist Bob shouted. "Don't!"

The monkey pulled his hand holding the peanut butter sandwich back from the boiling hot coffee. It wouldn't really blow up, but that was the only way to stop Chad.

Chad is a 3 year old chimp and he is very smart. The scientists at "Outer Space Studies" have been training Chad, his brothers, and sisters for 2½ years. Chad will be the head chimp on the spaceship to Zumbabeana. Zumbabeana is a planet in the galaxy Rukanoid. Rukanoid is five galaxies north and seven east of the Milky Way.

Scientist Bob and Chad live on Mars. They have since 1301. Earth blew up in 1301. Bob was one of the scientists who helped predict when the earth would blow. All of the people on Earth had moved out the day before the blow. The houses, lawns, and trees were loaded on spaceships and arrived on Mars in about 10 minutes. That had been a sad day, but now Bob and some other scientists were getting ready for the countdown for "Mission Chimps on Zumbabeana, Rukanoid".

Bob and his friends had trained Chad, Marcie, James, Jennifer, Zaccori, Lucy, and Lace to eat, dress, cook, clean, etc. in zero gravity. The chimps are very talented.

The mission is to pick up soil and rocks and take photos of the grass and plant types, if any.

The scientists knew the chimps could make it to Zumbabeana because they have been trained to drive a spaceship carefully. Also, there hasn't ever been a meteor shower anywhere near Zumbabeana, Rukanoid.

The chimps are scheduled to leave on January 21st. They will take two days to fly to Zumbabeana. They will collect soil and take pictures for the next four days. Then they will take two days to fly home. The spaceship is equipped with food for 2 weeks. That is in case the chimps have trouble somewhere.

It is January 21st, 8:26 a.m. The launch is scheduled for 8:30. The chimps are ready in the spaceship. It's time for countdown, two minutes to go, 1 minute, 30 seconds, 10,9,8,7,6,5,4, 3,2,1, BLAST OFF! The spaceship shoots through the atmosphere. The chimps are gone.

Out in space Chad is the pilot and Marcie is the co-pilot. The chimps fly for about three hours. Then they stop for dinner.

"What was that?" yelled Chad. "Quick, take your emergency posts!" Chad and Marcie ran to the control room and turned on the viewers. Ahead of them was a meteor shower!

"Quick, steer us away from the shower, Marcie!" shouted Chad. But it was too late. The ship was going too fast.

"Hang on tight!" exclaimed Chad. "We're in for a bumpy ride!"

For the next ten minutes the ship slowly bumped through the meteor shower.

When they got out of it, Chad said, "I wonder where we are?"

Pat Klemz

5.

"We got off course, I know."

Marcie and James looked outside but they weren't trained to find places by the stars.

Chad got out a large map. "We couldn't have gone far in those ten minutes," he said. Then he drew a small circle around where they had last seen something on the course. "We have to be somewhere in there," he announced.

Marcie took the controls and started flying what they thought was east. They flew an hour and didn't see anything familiar. So they flew northwest.

"Hey, look! What's that up ahead?" asked Lucy excitedly.

"Yes, what is it?" asked Lace.

"It looks like Mars," said Zaccori.

"It does, doesn't it," said Jennifer.

And it was Mars. The chimps turned around and headed north. Only this time it was north.

When the chimps got to Zumbabeana it was 3:00 a.m. The chimps went to sleep and didn't get up til 10:00 a.m. For the rest of that day they collected samples. The next three days were uneventful.

For the next two days the chimps flew home. When the chimps got home everyone was worried. When they saw the wrecked spaceship they were even more frightened. As soon as the chimps got out of the ship, they were bombarded with questions.

"What happened?"

"Are you O.K.?"

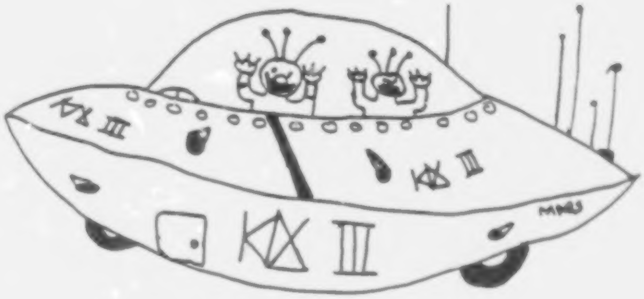
"Did you get the samples?"

So the chimps went inside and told the story of their adventure.

The scientists said, "You did such a good job on this mission that you deserve to go on another one. How about leaving next month and going to Robotime?"

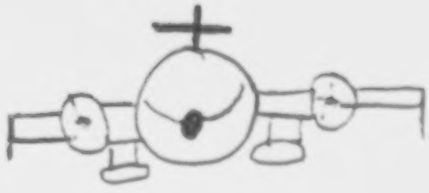
Marcie fainted.

Amy Mueller
Wilson School
Grade Five



Tyler Witt
Dongas Bay
4-L

6.



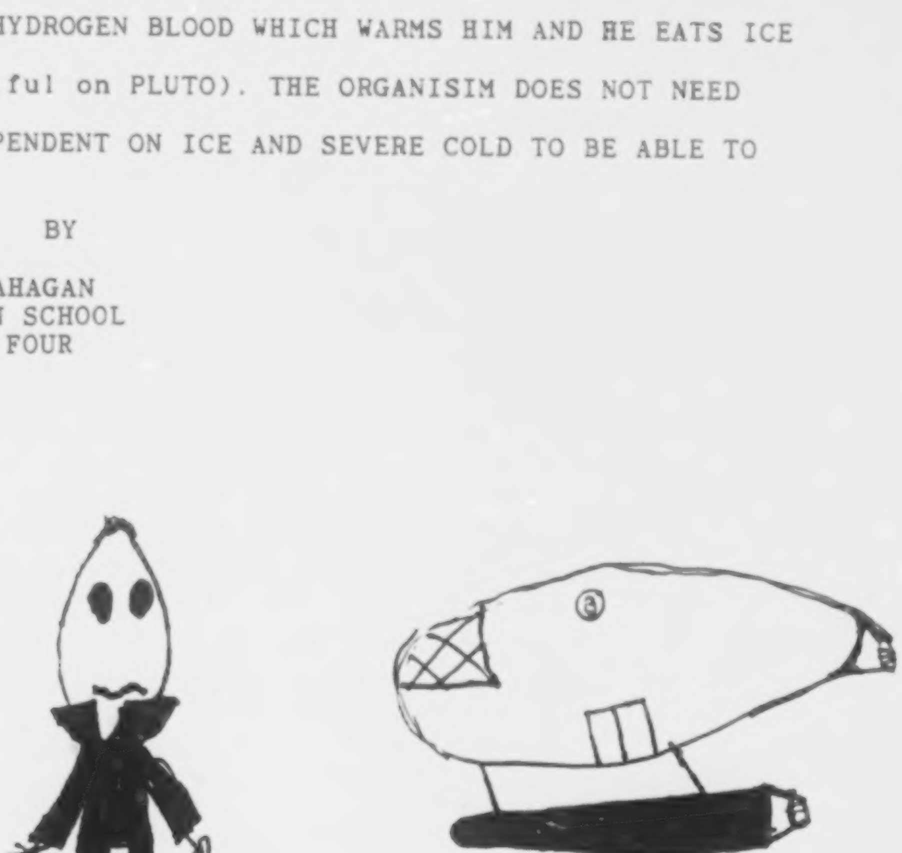
(CJ Moebius)

THE PLUTO ORGANISIM

THIS CREATURE CAME TO PLUTO ON AN UNMANNED SPACE MISSION. THE ORGANISIM CAN SURVIVE THANKS TO A FEW ADAPTIONS: HIS WHOLE BODY IS FUR, HE HAS HYDROGEN BLOOD WHICH WARMS HIM AND HE EATS ICE (which is plentiful on PLUTO). THE ORGANISIM DOES NOT NEED SLEEP AND IS DEPENDENT ON ICE AND SEVERE COLD TO BE ABLE TO SURVIVE.

BY

PAT GAHAGAN
WILSON SCHOOL
GRADE FOUR

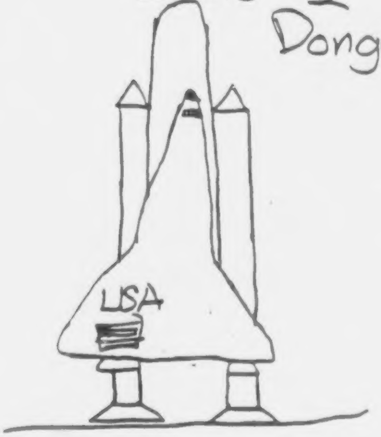


Jason Caulfield
Wilson

7.

THE FINAL FRONTER

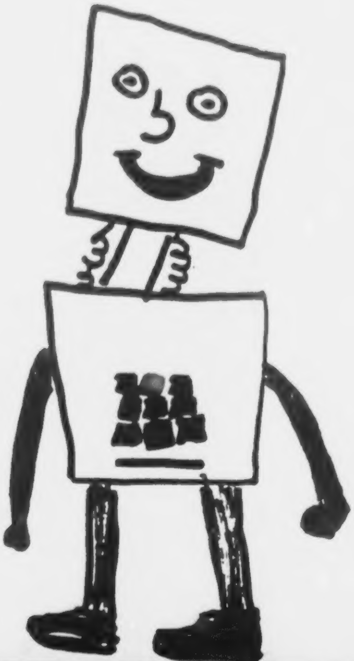
SPACE Shuttle
Matt Fishman
Mrs. OTTO
Grade 2
Donges Bay School



My Creature Feature

The organism lives on Pluto. This organism has three eyes. The extra one is in case it gets snapped off by its enemy. It has two clippers to protect itself. He has some red spray that squirts out of his eyes and poisons the enemy and freezes it and he eats it because he likes ice. He wears a gas mask because of frozen gases. This organism eats ice balls. He gets energy by eating ice balls. He moves with his wings. He digs a hole and puts rocks around it and that is his shelter. He is very very small just like an ant so he lives alone. He is covered with colored plates. He sleeps 12 hours a day in earth hours and he has rocket boosters too.

By Justin Sekely
Wilson School
Grade Four



Steve Van Treeck
Grade two
Donges Bay

8.

CHANGES

I'm writing about when my parents got divorced when I was six years old. When I was six, my parents got a divorce. At the time, I didn't know what divorce meant, so I just watched my mom and dad fight all day. It wasn't too funny.

My dad moved out three times, but came back two times. The third time he didn't come back. There was this one time when my mom knocked over her jewelry box and it went all over the place. Then we had a trucking business and it went down the tube because of the drivers ripping us off. Now my mom and I moved to Mequon from Menomonee Falls and I have friends there and here.

Now I'm twelve and it isn't effecting me that much anymore. I think it is a little fun because we go to my dad's house and my mom's house.

And another change is my sister got married and moved out. But I still see my sister but not as much as I used to. One more little change...I'm getting to go waterskiing again. My grandpa brought a boat and we go skiing alot.

Chris
Steffen

Jamie Hawkins
Gr. 4
Donges Bay

9.

FRIENDS

A friend...

looks like cooperation,
feels like togetherness,
sounds like laughter,
tastes like wonderful relationships,
smells like friendship.

It's great to have a friend.

Laura Ellis
Grade 6
Steffen

FAMILY LOVE

Love smells like a rose.
Love looks you straight in the eye for truth.
Love tastes like Ambrosia chocolate.
Love feels like a hug and kiss.
Love sounds like the sweet bells of a caring person.
Everyone needs a family for love.

Danielle Van Doren
Grade 6
Steffen

A DEATH

A lifetime
of remembering
Love gone
Loneliness
Emptiness
Heartbroken
But at the
Same time a
Time of peace.

BIRTH OF A BABY

Feeling of love
And caring
Feeling of sharing
A lot of laughs
Dirty diapers
And sleepless nights
All add up to a
Brand New Beautiful Baby.

Lisa Frinzi
Grade 6
Steffen

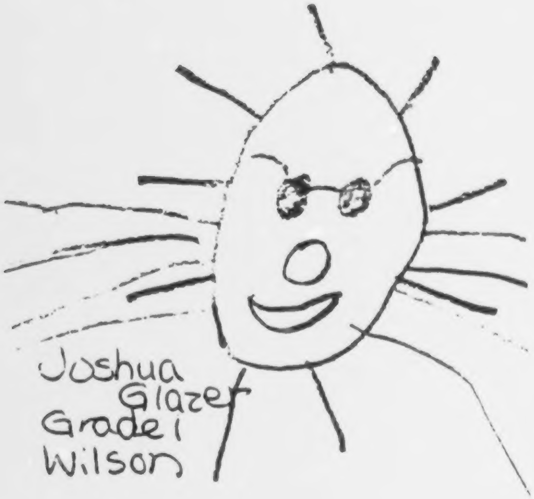
Ann T.
Wilson

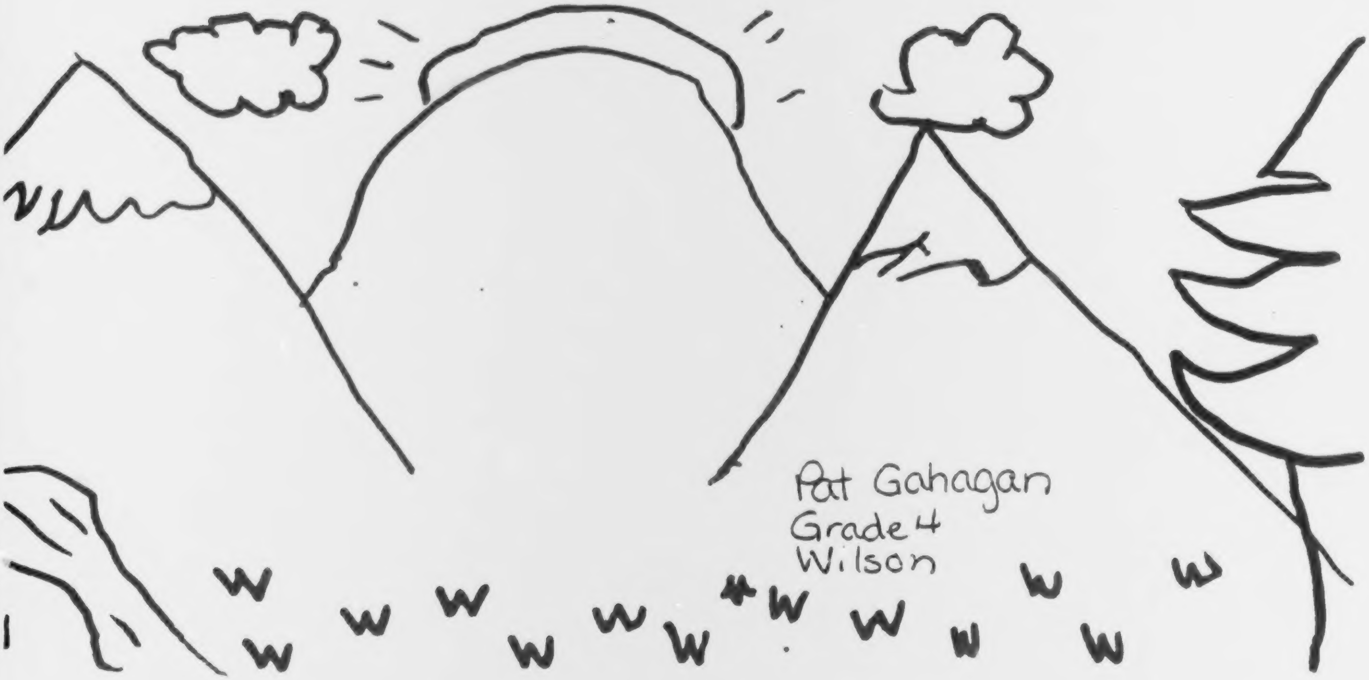
10.

SPRING IS.......

Spring is ☺ fun.
Spring is warm.
Spring is rainy.
Spring is never, no never cold.

Daniel Nill & Chad King
First Grade, Wilson School


Joshua Glazer
Grade 1
Wilson


Pat Gahagan
Grade 4
Wilson

Joshua Glazer
Grade 1
Wilson

SPRING IS......

Spring is melting snow.
Spring is St. Patrick's Day.
Spring is warming up.
Spring is never, no never very cold.

Joshua Glazer
First Grade, Wilson School

MIKE'S SLEEP OVER

11.

Mike had a BIG day in front of him. It was going to be his first time to sleep over. His friend had invited him to sleep over but Mike did not know if he should take his teddy bear.

Mike's mom said, "Yes." His dad said, "No." His sister said, "I don't care as long as your friend doesn't laugh at you." Mike decided to take his teddy bear.

At last it was night. His sister said, "I hope he doesn't laugh".

Mike was at his friend's house. Mike asked his friend if he had a collection of anything. His friend said, "Yes." Mike asked it he could see it. His friend said, "Sure". He had a collection of coins. He had Austrailian coins. He had Canadian coins. He had French coins. He had coins from China and coins from Florida.

He had other collections, too. He had a junk collection. He had a stamp collection. He had a sticker collection and a bookmark collecion.

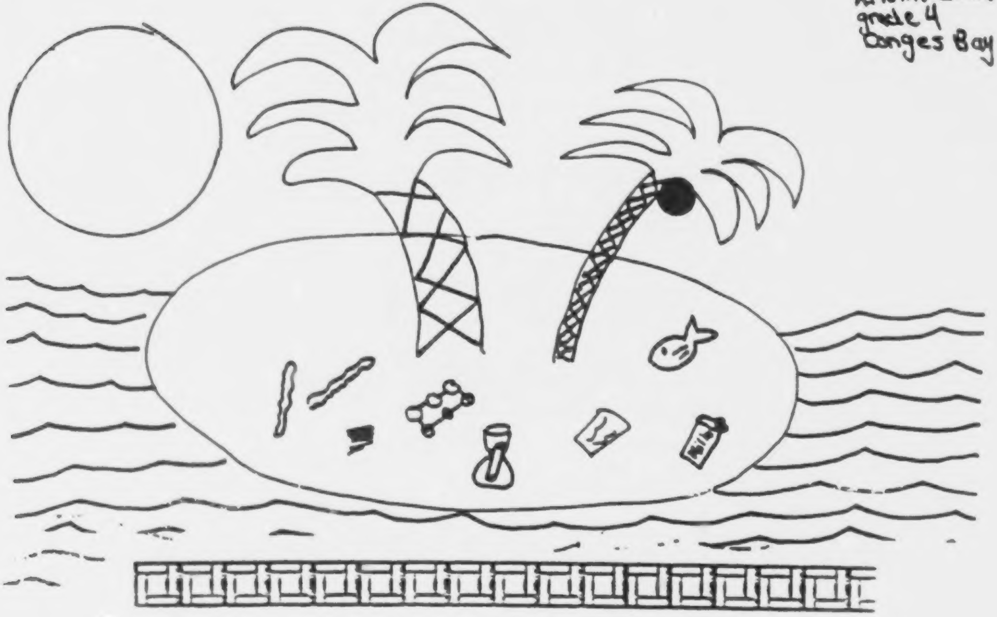
Mike and his friend looked at all the collections. Then it was time for them to go to bed.

When the lights were off they started to tell ghost stories. Mike was happy he had his teddy bear. The teddy bear made him feel braver. His friend got his own sleep toy, too.

Jordan Larson
First Grade, Wilson School

Lauren Major
Grade 2
Denges Bay

12.



Kristin Ubik
grade 4
Donges Bay

A Tale of "T's"

Doctor Turtle and Mr. Tide

There was a tacky old turtle, who lived in an old tall tower. He lived in Tamania near the Tasmanian Sea. He had a mansion on a teeny, tiny island. The island was so teeny, the mansion had tall, tall pillars holding it up, so not to have the titanic mansion tumbling to the Tasmanian Sea below.

Well it just so happened that one day the pillars took a nervous fall. That sent the titanic mass tumbling into the sea. The turtle's valuables were in the titanic mass, so now he was totally poor.

The turtle was a doctor named Doctor Turtle. He was small and cute. He tried to make a time potion to take him through time, to the time when the pillars were being built, so to build the tall pillars stronger. He took a kilogram of toxic hydro-carbon, a gram of oxygen, twenty grams of helium, and many more totally weird things. When Dr. Turtle took a tasty whiff of it, he turned tall, and then started to float! Then he let out a very titanic mass of air and started to laugh. He didn't look turtlelike and tiny. He looked snapping turtlelike and titanic! "I'm mad! I'm totally, totally mad!" It appears he is Tyrannosauruslike! He tuffed out a sneeze. Little teeny, tiny bits of toxic waste towed out. He transformed again! He was now turtlelike and tiny. "I've got to make an antidote!" he said.

One night, when the moon was totally full, the towering tide came in. It washed Dr. Turtle tumbling to the Tasmanian Sea below. He swallowed the tiny bits of towed out potion. That's why they call him Mr. Tide. But then he sneezed again. Potion towed out to the Tasmanian Sea. Dr. Turtle lived happily on the teeny, tiny island, in the remains of the mansion. As for the tiny bits of potion, well, that's how piranhas came to be!

Jack Miller
Grade 3
Range Line

Turtle Tale

In a tiny pond lived a family of turtles, a mother, father, and two kids. One boy was named Tale and another girl was named Tan.

Tale had a lot of work to do. But instead he swam across the tiny pond to his friend Tamy's house to play tiddlywinks.

When Tale got home his tall mother was at the door. "Why did you go to Tamy's house?" she said.

"Auh, to get a copy of the test. Yeah, that's it!" Tale said.

"You have to do a test?" his tall mom said.

"Yes, I do," said Tale.

"After you are done eating your snack of tomatoes, you go and do your test."

Tale had to think of a way to keep his mother out of his room while he made up a test. He put a tiny sign on his door that said, "Testing. KEEP OUT!" Now Tale had to go to the library to make a test so he went out of his room, crawled under the table, out the back door, and around the trees to the turtle library to make a test.

When Tale got to the library he bumped into his sister. "What are you doing here?" Tan said.

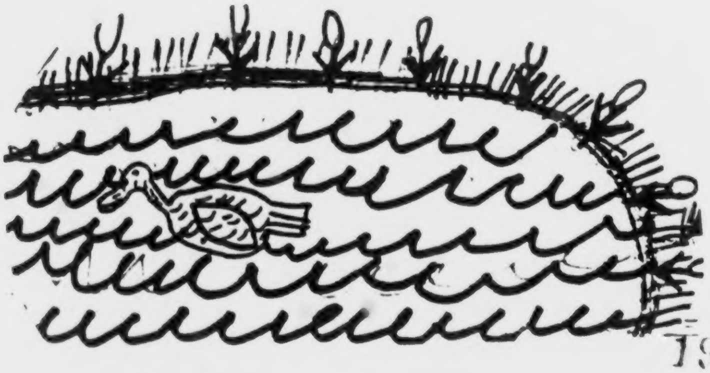
"Auh, I'm doing my test!" Tale said, which was not really the truth. It was another lie.

When Tale's sister Tan got home she started talking to her mother. Her mother said, "Tale is in his room doing a test."

"No, he's not!" Tan said. "He's at the library! I saw him there when I went." So Tan checked his room. He wasn't there. Tale was in big trouble now!

When Tale got home from the library his mother was mad at him and he never lied again.

Veronica Kehoss
Grade 3
Range Line



14.

Dinosaurs

If dinosaurs were to come back today they would be very, very nice because they would be smaller and they would have a bigger brain. They would start watching T.V. and they would wear clothes. They would go to offices and play dinosaur baseball, and they would sleep in beds. They would eat stuff that we eat, and they'd get sick too. They'd live in houses that their dads made, and they don't make loud noices, but they'd talk. They'd go to work in cars, and they wouldn't eat too much. They'd pay their taxes, and they'd help people make stuff. They'd help the earth so it's not polluted. They would make a law that you can't kill animals. That's what it would be like now. One detail, they're not fat, because they go on diets. Now they only weigh 100 pounds.

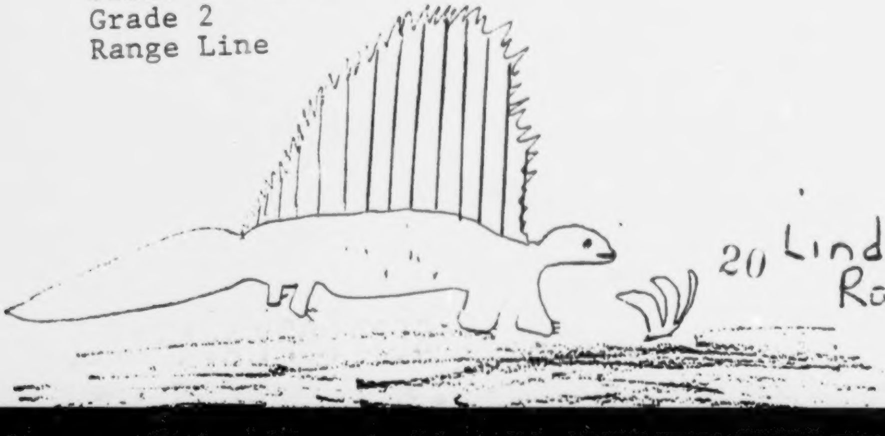
Adam McHenry
Grade 2
Range Line

If dinosaurs were to come back today I would have one for my pet and I would ride him and pet him. Dinosaurs would be used on farms to pull wood. And they would be everyone's pet. They would pull wagons so they could stop air pollution. Everyone who had a dinosaur would train them so they could help people by guarding houses in case of robbers. They could also help hold things. If they didn't have a car they could use the dinosaurs for cars and they wouldn't need a license. Kids could ride them to school every day. Or some could be put in zoos for people to ride on. Or else they would be put in movies. And people could sell them in pet stores. Or people could put them in a race.

Maggie Miller
Grade 2
Range Line

If dinosaurs were to come back today...I would have a baby Brontosaurus and we would kill all the meat eaters and we would live like the Flintstones. And plant eaters would eat weeds and be small, not so, so large and they would wear all these clothes and stuff. They could even be President and have jobs and stuff. They could go to school and have babies. All of them would die out and every ten years they would come back.

Jonathan White
Grade 2
Range Line



Linda Schuetz
Range Line

15.

The Gopher Makes Trouble

One day there was a farmer who loved his crops. But there was something he did not like. THE GOPHER!! The gopher stole his vegetables. Every day the farmer had to run after the gopher with his hoe. He never had any vegetalbes to sell. He did not have any money. So one day he put traps all over the crops. But that did not work. He just grabbed them from his hole. He tried everything in the book. He tried the dumbest things. He even tried to scare him away. One day the farmer put a cage over his hole. And when the gopher came out of his hole, the door closed. And the farmer came out from behind the tree and grabbed the cage and left the gopher behind bars. Ane he took the gopher inside. Then they lived happily ever after!

Sam Strobel
First Grade
Wilson School

Betsy
Moriarty
Wilson

Nic Donnermeyer

16.

Sally the Mashed Potato's Story

"Whoever came up with the idea of mashed potatoes is crazy! Just the thought of mashed potatoes give me the chills. Ok pardon me I forgot to tell you who I am. Let's start over."

"Hi, Sally, the potatoe. I belong to an organization called Pro-Potatoes. We believe Americans should leave potatoes where they found them - in the ground!"

"I'll tell you about my second-worst Thanksgiving. It was almost the year I got picked. One chilly morning I was sitting in the ground minding my own when suddenly I heard a scream. It came from one of my neighbors. She was being picked! Ordinarily I wouldn't helped her but my roots were shaking too much. I thought good and hard, about couldn't come up with a plan to escape. The picker in a checkered shirt bent down to get me but in the knick of time the dinner bell rang. He jumped up and ran, probably to eat mashed potatoes! I popped out of the ground and ran like lightening. That was one of the my better Thanksgivings. Unfortunately, this year wasn't. Right now I'm on a plate smothered in gravey and ready to be eaten. Please help!"

Erica Famighetti
Grade 7
Steffen

* * *

WHAT IS CHIP?

I hold in my hand Chip, the mystery man. He came in a bag with many others just like him. I will describe him so you can guess what he is. Chip is about the size of a tennis ball but flat. Chip has small brown chips scattered all over him. His coloring is brownish-yellow, but lighter in some places than others. On one side he's flat and the other side is rounded. Chip is also cracked in a few places. It feels smooth and doughy while in other places it's bumpy. This mysterious thing is light and sticky in places. Oh no I dropped him. He made a small noise. Actually a few noises all in one. It flopped, knocked and thudded all at once.

Chip smells like chocolate, butter and sugar. He also smells like he was baked, and I can't wait to sink my teeth into him. Mrs. Kalcich just gave us the OK to eat it. Chip's delicious. He is very sweet and chocolatey. He's so moist that he just melts in my mouth!! Well, I hope you know what it is, but if you don't. He's Chip the Chocolate Chip Cookie.

Kirsten Mattson
Grade 7
Steffen

17.

"Where's the turkey?"

"Your growing so fast." Ms. Gobbles told her son, Tommy. "Maybe I should put a brick on your head so you won't grow so fast."

"That's ok Mom. I'll pass on that idea." Tommy said to his mother, "I have to go in a minute so if you need to talk to me will you say it fast?"

"Oh sure, you might be learning about this at school, but there's something I need to tell you now." she explained to her son, "You remember last year about this time when the farmer started feeding us a lot and then I kept you inside for awhile?"

"Yeh, sure." Tommy replied to his mother.

"Well, this year I'm not to make you stay in if you don't want to. But in exchange you must sit down and listen to what I have to say to you tonight, okay?" Ms. Gobbles asked her son wondering if he was paying any attention.

"Ok, mom, can I go now?" Tommy said hurriedly.

"Sure honey." Tommy's mother said to him.

Later when Tommy got home his mother talked to him about Thanksgiving, and that the farmer would kill Tommy if he got real fat, which is what the farmer wanted. She also told him that his father, Mr. Gobbles, had been killed by the farmer when Tommy was a baby turkey.

"Mom, I will be very careful," Tommy promised his mother.

Ms. Gobbles soon was very proud of her son's effort, not only to keep himself alive, but his fellow turkeys alive also. He was a very fast runner which helped him get away from the farmer and also helping him get his nickname , Swifty or Swift. Tommy was very pleased with his nicknames.

Thanksgiving Day was soon here and the farmer had still not killed a turkey. So his wife found some ham to make for dinner.

The turkeys were very happy that none of them had been killed. Though little Ann, the farmer's daughter, was not at all happy with ham on Thanksgiving.

"Daddy, where's the turkey?"

Heather Stapleton
Steffen
Grade 7

18.

PROWL

Predator

Running

Out of sight

With prey to his

Lair

Christopher Ammon
Grade 4
Range Line

Ryan Ellis

BADGERS

Badgers eat earth worms and suck them in like spaghetti. They snack on fruits, plants and small animals. You can find badgers in Eastern Europe, western Asia, Eastern North America.

Badgers are like moles. They dig holes with their forefeet. Unlike wolves, badgers live alone on plains or on open prairies. In Europe, badgers live in groups called clans.

Badgers have nests. To build their nests, they clutch leaves and grass in their forelegs. They communicaate by sounds and smells. A growl means a badger may attack. A mother calls her young with a high pitched cry.

By: Andrew Gralton
Grade 2
Wilson

ANIMALS

I see many animals.
I see a pokey snake slithering in the tall, tall grass.
I see a pokey snake all alone on the bank of the river.
I see many animals.
I see a sad caterpillar looking for her friends.
I see a sad caterpillar expanding and contracting her
muscles so she won't be stepped on.
I see many animals.
I see a proud horse prancing around the ring after
getting first prize in racing.
I see a proud horse racing the wind when the wind
always wins.
I see many animals.

Rorie Petri
Grade 4
Donges Bay School

AleX Rothstein

Molly Read

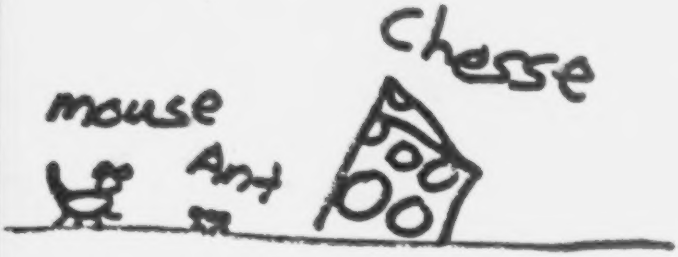
Donges Bay

20.

The Mouse and the Raccoon

Once there was time when animals could talk. In the mouse family the mom always did the bills and the dad helped the brother and sister mouse with their homework. When the dad was not doing that he was looking for food. The family next door had a baby raccoon. The baby mouse wanted to play with the baby raccoon but it's mom wouldn't let anybody touch it until it was 6 months old. The mouse was really bored over those six months but after that they played everyday together so they lived happily ever after.

Karen Brummond
Grade 1
Range Line School



Rosalie Davis

WRITTEN AS A WHOLE CLASS PROJECT AFTER ZOO TRIP:

At the zoo on September 27th we saw that bats are scary, small, cute, and hang upside down. The polar bears had a ball and played. The gorillas did funny tricks and one threw up. Giraffes have purple tongues and eat leaves. The kangaroos hopped, the sea lions did tricks, and tigers are a type of cat.

Snakes squeeze and kill rats and mice then they eat them whole.

The ostriches ate Ben's feathers.

Grade 1
Range Line School

21.

THE SKUNK WHO WANTED TO DANCE

by Jan Epstein
Second Grade
Oriole Lane School

Once there was a skunk who wanted to dance. Everyone in the forest could dance. Everyone boasted they had the prettiest partner. The dew drops thought the buttercups were the prettiest, but the deer felt the does were prettier. The skunk didn't care how pretty his partner was. He only wanted a partner. No one wanted to be his partner, "He's smelly" thought the partnerless girls. The rule in the forest to dance was you had to have a partner. Poor skunk! To cheer himself up, he decided to name himself Eric. One day Eric found a female skunk named Monica. She asked him if he wanted to dance. "I'm a skunk, too," said Monica with a smile. Now Eric can dance, too. Monica and Eric decided to get married and livedhappily ever after.

Illustration by
Michael Kosakowski
Oriole Lane
Second Grade

22.

THE MAN AND THE FOX

Once upon a time, an old man lived in the woods. He went out to chop wood. While he was gone, a fox went into his house and ate all of his eggs.

The man saw the fox and chopped off his tail.

The fox said, "Give me back my tail."

"Not until you get me more eggs," said the man.

The fox went out to get more eggs, and he ran into a hen. The fox asked the hen to lay an egg for him.

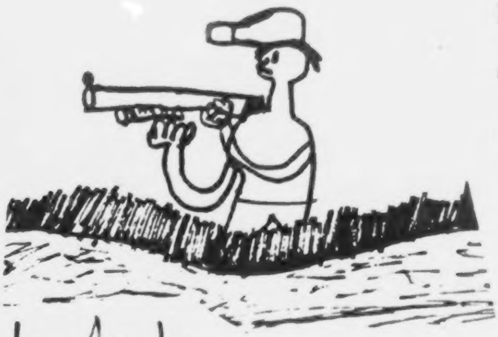
"Not until you give me a piece of straw," answered the hen.

So the fox got the piece of straw for the hen, and the hen gave the fox the egg, the fox gave the egg to the old man, and the old man gave the fox back his tail.

Bobby Goldschmidt

Grade 3

Wilson School



by Andy
Rennicke
Wilson School
B-3

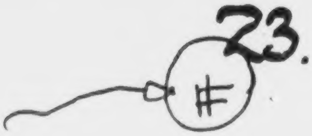
Two Fish

One day
Two fish went to play
And on that day
A clam came their way
But that day
The two fish would not let the
Clam stay.
Now the clam did not like this
So he simply ate both fish.

David Braley
Wilson School
Grade 3

Matt Lunde
Grade 2

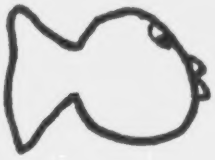
Jennifer Paler



PROFESSOR WORMBUG IN SEARCH OF THE ZIMP-A-RUNCA-ZOO

Professor Wormbug collected beasts. He had every beast from A - Y. But he didn't have a zimp-a-runca-zoo. He decided to catch one. The next day he set up a trap and put tangoes and rublberries on it. He waited and waited the whole night until a loud crash woke him up. Something had gone into his trap. He went down to get it. But it wasn't a zimp-a-runca-zoo. Then he thought maybe a zimp-a-runca-zoo lives in the water. So that day he went fishing. He caught a great giant of the sea and a blow fat glow fish. But he didn't find a zimp-a-runca-zoo. Then the Professor thought maybe a zimp-a-runca-zoo flies. So he decided to disguise himself as a bird and get some balloons to fly so he did. But when Ezabela, Queen of the Birds, took one look at the Professor in his disguise she fell madly in love with him. Lucky for the Professor a storm came and washed away his feathers. One look with the Professor out of disguise and Ezabela's heart was broken. Then the Professor thought maybe a zimp-a-runca-zoo lives under ground. So the Professor went deep deep under ground and searched for the zimp-a-runca-zoo but there was no zimp-a-runca-zoo there. The Professor went home. After a hard day of searching he took a bath and then sat by the fire and read his favorite book. He was thinking "Well, maybe I'll catch one tomorrow! You never know!"

Lana Larson
Wilson School
Grade Three



Kristin Q

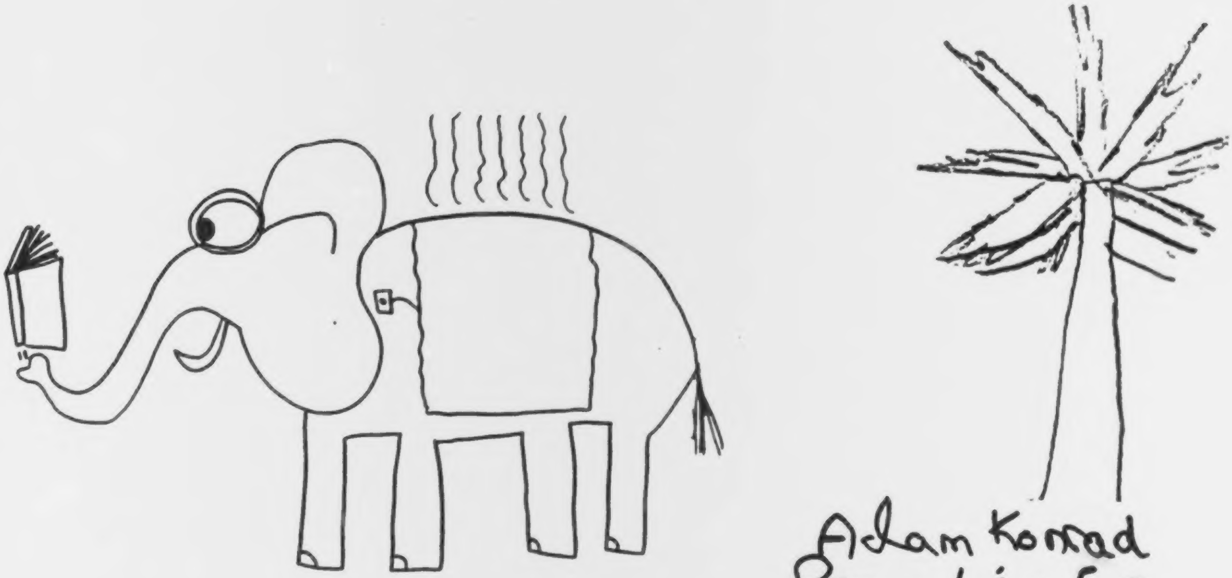
Megan Fitzgerald
Gr. 4
Oriole Lane

24.

Giraffe

Today I found a giraffe on my porch, it didn't look like any old giraffe. It was pink with blue spots. He told me people made fun of him. I said, "Why don't you say, I don't care?" "Okay," he said. "Do you have any more problems?" "No," said the giraffe. "Good!" I said. "Okay, now you can go back to the zoo."

Carrie Petri
Grade 1
Donges Bay School



Adam Konrad
Range Line 5-2

THE ELEPHANT WHO WANTED A FRIEND

by Eric Mohr
Second Grade
Oriole Lane School

Once there lived an elephant named Tom. He wanted a friend. Tom was walking and he asked a snake if the would be his friend. The snake said, "No, you're too fat! The jungle is filled with elephants. They squash the snakes." Tom was sad. He asked a lion. The lion said, "Elephants are all blubber." Tom was even sadder. He thought someone should be his friend. Tom got an idea. He called all the animals in the jungle and said, "Will anyone be my friend?" A mouse squealed out, "I will be your friend!" Tom was happier than ever. Later that year Tom and the mouse became best friends.

I KNOW A HUMMING BIRD

I know a humming bird flaps its wings so fast and so pretty.

I know humming birds sip the fruit punch which you give them.

I know a humming bird is usually bright red or orange.

I know they can do fancy tricks in the air.

I know humming birds are like little helicopters going up and down.

I love humming birds!

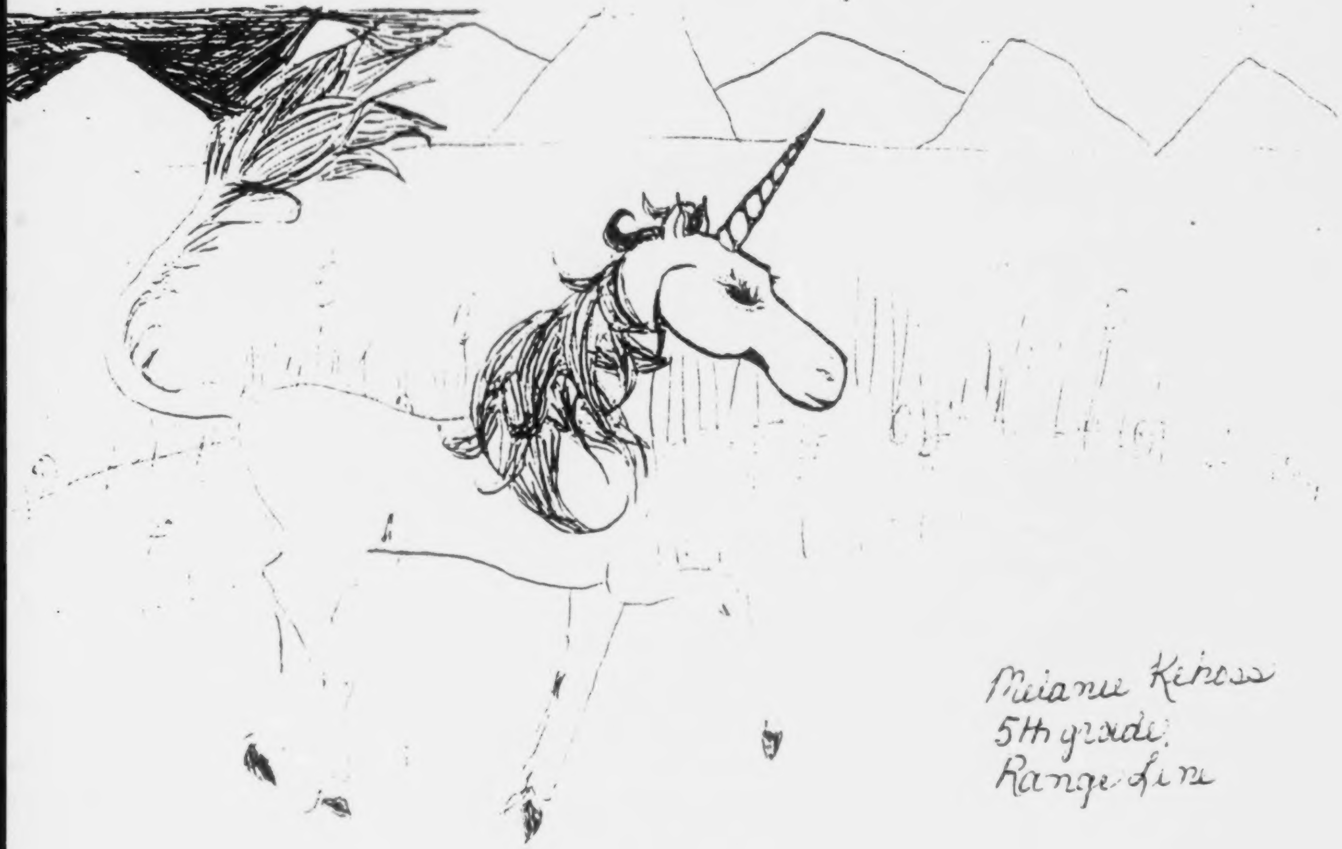
by Katelyn Kloppenburg

26.

THE CARING UNICORN

Long ago there was a unicorn. She lived at the edge of a brook by the village. Everyday a little girl would come to ride her. The unicorn's name was Lady. Her horn was the longest of all. One day there was a flood. The unicorn used her horn and power to stop the flood. Everything was better than ever. The unicorn saved the girls's life, and they lived happily ever after.

Kiley Johnson
Grade 2
Donges Bay School



Melanie Kiross
5th grade
Range Line

27.

Are the Simpsons Appropriate Family Entertainment?

I, Julie Schueller, think that The Simpsons are good family entertainment for certain families. For example, families with no kids or families with kids 10 and up would enjoy the Simpsons.

The Simpsons are a family of five. They live in a suburban area called Springfield. They are not a perfect family. Their household has alot of arguments. Let me tell you about the individual members of the family.

Homer works as a safety inspector at a nuclear plant. He is a noisy eater. His favorite snack is Pork Rinds Lite

Marge has a towering blue beehive. She is not to good at popularity advice to her daughter. Her advice is "Just smile. Then you will fit in and you'll be invited to parties and the boys will like you..."

Bart is a anagram of brat. He is a very peculiar ten year old. When watching TV, he likes to hang upside down on the edge of the couch. He is almost always in trouble, at school or at home. It doesn't really matter.

28.

Lisa is a second grader. She is a whiz at the saxophone. Her best friend is a jazz singer named Bleeding Gums. To Bart she is an "egg-sucker and a butt-kisser!"

Maggie is the infant of the family. She does not talk yet, but give her time.

The first reason I believe the Simpsons are good entertainment is because it shows a more realistic family. The Simpsons are definitely not like the Bradey Bunch. Jack Nachbar, a professor at Green State University said "...in actuality, they're closer to the real norm than anything we've ever seen."

Next, this program shows that real family problems can't be solved in thirty minutes. The Cleavers from "Leave it to Beaver" are only showing a family that probably will never exist. How many times do you hear a child say "Ah, gee Dad I'm sorry." Not to often. You'd be more likely to here a child say "Don't have a cow, Dad!"

Third, the show is very entertaining. The show makes many people laugh. The Simpsons are very relaxing after a hard day at work or school.

Last, the Simpsons are obviously a good show because it is in the primetime timeslot. The show is competing against shows that are not animated. The producer and writers have to work much harder than other shows because they have to keep the ratings up or the show will become a Saturday afternoon cartoon.

I believe that the Simpsons are good family entertainment for certain families. If a family has children under the age of 10, the child might get the wrong idea. Otherwise the Simpsons are an appropriate, funny, original, and entertaining!

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Julie Schueller
Steffen
Grade 6

Art by Julie Schueller

30.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

by Kevin Schlei
GRADE 3
RANGE LINE SCHOOL

Part I

Once, a long time ago, there lived a little girl and a little boy named Alison and Tommy. They lived together in an apartment. They believed in anything! Ghosts, goblins, monsters! But one thing scared them the most. . . the Little People!

Brian Felhofer
Wilson

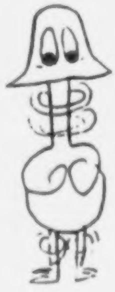
Their grandpa was in the parking lot. . .

"These darn cars!!!" he said. "How do you get them started?!"

A man came along. He had a yellow and blue plaid shirt on. He asked, "Having trouble with your car? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Suddenly, there he was in the Little People's hideout, underground!

Part II



Grandpa was so surprised. He almost had a heart attack! He started to look around, but then he heard, "Get moving!" from an army behind him! He never thought that such little people had such big armies!

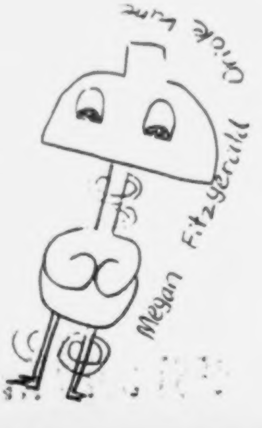
It seemed like forever for them to walk all the way across the place! But, finally, they got to the king's palace.

"Who are you?" said what he thought was the king.

"I only answer to the president. Oof!" he said, lying on the President's desk.

"Now, who are you?" he said.

"I don't talk to strangers," was the answer:



Part III

Later that night. . .

After Grandfather had tricked them to let him go, the President went home to his house. He slept until he woke up, looking at his mirror. Since the door was right across from the mirror, he saw in the mirror **!REDRUM**, which said **MURDER!** on the door.

The second he saw it, out came the Little People!

Part IV

Early that morning...Grandpa came in.

"Hy yah!" Grandpa said. "Take that, Little People!"

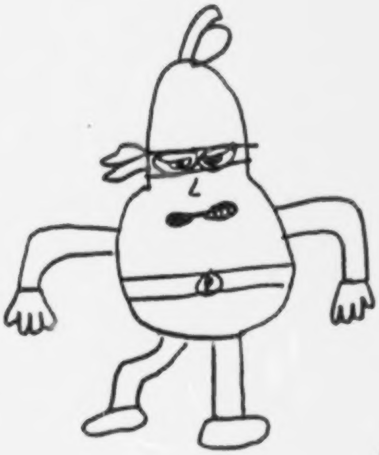
Grandpa was kicking and punching. Of course, he was with his grandchildren. Soon only the king and the man with the plaid jacket were left.

"Go for the king. I'll get the plaid!"

Finally. . . "We did it. Yay!"

And they lived happily ever after.

Dustin Cibik
grade 4
Donges Bay
School



Christie Groh
Gr. 3
Donges Bay

32.

Should Bart Simpson Be Banned?

I, Cheryl Soleimani, believe that the brat, Bart Simpson should not be banned. The unsuccessful, unmannered, underachiever isn't all that bad.

First of all, I don't think Bart is giving "underachievers" a good name. Even though that is what he stands for and kids idolize him, I think most kids know the difference between real and not real. If parents are complaining about their kids watching the program and about them wanting to be just like Bart, then the parents should take the responsibility of their own child. the parents should either teach their chid the difference between real and not real, or bann the show from their home, not from America!

Secondly, if kids like Bart, parents, teachers, principals, etc. should not tell the Bart fans that it is wrong to like him. The more adults that tell children they can't do something the more they want to do it and the more they feel like they are getting away with something.

Thirdly, you have to think about how much money the creators, Matt Groening, James L. Brooks and Sam Simon, must be making. You can't just put an end to their creations that have taken so much time. Cartoons do take an extreme amount of time to draw every movement of the characters. Therefore I believe that they well deserve their money. The creators of the Simpsons should not be made to stop producing the show.

Finally, I think the Simpsons have a good lesson to be learned. Maybe they exaggerate a little too much, but they teach people that nobody is perfect. Every person and every family has their problems. For example Newsweek gives an example of a Simpsons episode: When Lisa becomes depressed, Lisa thinks to herself, "Would it make any difference if I never lived." Homer put her on his lap and confides: "You know, I have feelings too. Like my stomach hurts." Lisa responds with a sigh, "Thanks, Dad. I know you mean well." That episode is an example of Homer doing a poor job (he's not perfect) cheering up Lisa, but at least he showed how much he loved her by trying.

These four reasons prove that the Simpsons aren't that bad. Infact people (even adults) can learn from them.

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Cheryl Soleimani
Steffen
Grade 6

34.

THE STORY OF CHESTER THE CRICKET

Good morning. My name is Chester and I'm a cricket. I am 75 years old and I'm going to tell you of a time when I was little and went on a journey.

It was a nice day and I was visiting the Statue of Liberty when I decided I wanted to live somewhere else. I looked at the map I was carrying and decided to go to Montana. I went to Grand Central train station to hop on the train to Montana.

A week went by and I was already to go. I went to the train station and got on a train. I didn't know what train I was getting on but I thought it was for Montana. After a while I realized it wasn't the train to Montana at all and I ended up in New Mexico.

In a couple of minutes I heard some people talking about Montana and that it was train 1142. When train 1142 was called I followed some people onto the train. I took a seat in a women's pocket and started on my journey.

After 2 hours of riding on the train I finally got to Montana. I hopped off the train and looked for the exit. When I finally found the exit I went out of the door to try to find a nice home. After a while I found a field and decided I would like to live there. I hopped over to the middle of the field and layed down to take a nap.

The next day I decided to see what Montana was like. I hopped Northwest and saw Glacier National Park. It was very pretty. Next, I went to Helena where the state capitol is located and it wad BIG!

Soon I decided to sit in the sun at Yellowstone River. I spent the rest of the day there and it was very hot.

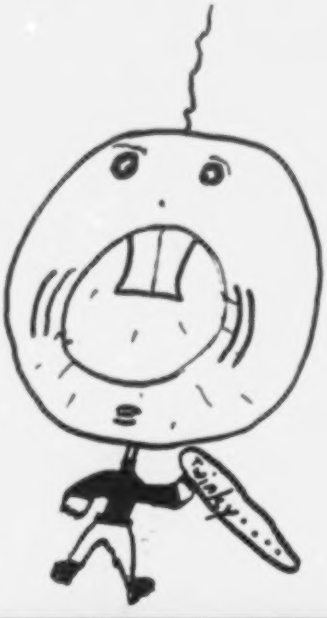
That night for dinner I had leaves and wheat, and it was good! Then in my bed of leaves I watched the stars. Soon I fell asleep and drempt good dreams.

Kimberly Vial
Wilson School
Grade 4

Stephen
McHenry

Gr. 5

Range Line



35.

CHESTER'S ADVENTURE

Once upon a time there was a cricket named Chester. He lived in New York. He jumped in Jimmy's suitcase, while he was packing. He overheard Jimmy's mom and dad say that they were going to Tennessee. Chester thought that Tennessee was in Connecticut. But he was wrong.

The next morning they all got in the car. It took ten hours. Finally they were there in Nashville, Tennessee. Chester was covered by all of Jimmy's clothes. When Jimmy opened his suitcase Chester jumped out at him. He yelled "Dad! Dad! A cricket!"

Jimmy's dad came into the room asking, "Where is the cricket?"

"Right here Dad, on the floor." replied Jimmy.

Jimmy's dad picked it up asking, "Would you like to keep him?"

"Sure!" Jimmy said, "But where will we keep him.

Jimmy's dad found a jar. They put grass and a piece of cupcake in the jar.

The next morning they were going to go to Oprayland. It had almost 12 flags. When they got there it was raining. First of all, they went to the Country Time Singers. They looked around and got cotton candy. Even Chester got a piece.

Next, they went on a cruise. The ship was called the General Jackson. On the ship, Chester met a mouse and a cat named Tucker Jr. and Harry Jr. He saw some of his own friends.

They were trying to get back home too. Tucker and Harry, Jr. were trying to help them. They went to a book store to sleep. One morning they found out that there was a train leaving for Connecticut. All of them got on the train and made it home.

Jennifer Gans
Wilson School
Grade 4

Christie Groh
Gr. 3
Donges Bay

36.

CHESTER'S VACATION

After Chester got on the train from New York to Connecticut, he was very excited. He was so excited that he ran through the train car, climbed up the wall, and fell out a window!

When Chester got up, he found himself standing in dirt. He walked around a little and found a blue bird and asked her where he was. The bird answered, "For your information, you are in Concord, New Hampshire!" She sounded crabby.

Chester decided to get a ride to Connecticut, so he got into a taxi cab that went by. The taxi took him to a very crowded airport. He almost got run over by a suitcase!

He saw a sign that said this:

HARTFORD, CONN.
DEPART: 2:45 P.M.
ARRIVE: 3:15 P.M.

Chester was so excited that he ran around in circles and ended up in Orlando, Florida.

First he walked around and got out of the airport in Florida. He saw a palm tree and climbed it but he fell onto a dolphin at Sea World. The dolphin went underwater and Chester almost drowned, but then the dolphin came up and Chester flew so far that he landed at M.G.M. Studios. The minute he saw King Kong he ran out and saw himself sitting in a theater watching Captain Eo! He liked that, though. Next he went to the Magic Kingdom. He went through all of the rides! At the end of the day he saw Mickey Mouse and stayed with him. He was a lot of fun! Chester got to meet all of the characters. He rode dolphins everyday. He wasn't afraid of King Kong any more, either!

Jonathan
Longabaugh
Gr. 3
Donges Bay

Carly Owen
Wilson School
Grade 4

CHESTERS WILD ADVENTURE

When Chester got on the subway little did they know that it was the wrong subway. You see Tucker knew that there was only one subway that started with the letter C and that was Connecticut. But they were looking at it from the side, it was really Orlando but they only saw half of the O which looked like a C. So Chester was off to Orlando.

"Wow, this ride is a little longer than going to New York." said Chester. "I hope I'm on the right subway."

When he got there it did not seem like Connecticut. Suddenly he realized that it wasn't Connecticut, it was Florida. So he decided to enjoy himself while he was thinking ofor a way to get home. So first he went to Universal Studios and went on the Movie Ride and saw the King Kong that scared him half to death, and almost made him fall off the edge that he was sitting on.

Katie Kraft
Wilson School
Grade 4

Next he went to Sea World, where he met a very friendly dolphin who asked him to move into his blow hole. So Chester did and lived happily ever after.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Time travel is not an easy thing to master. In order to get back in time you have to have a way to get there. My time machine is a converted Nissan 240 SX which is run by a patented pollution and garbage powered time warp device. The energy from that easily available and cheap fuel is changed by my Pollution, Garbage to Time Warp Converter (PGTTWC) to form a time warp field. When you flip up the headlights, you can warp to any time you wish.

My best friend, Willie Foster and I decided to warp to the Civil War era. The Civil War was a very interesting and important time, and besides there was nothing else to do. I set the time warp, flipped up the headlights, and BOOM, we were warped to July 1, 1863. When we dropped out of the time warp we found ourselves right in the middle of a battle! We sped out of there fast. We drove to a town just south of Gettysburg. There we convinced the Northerners to trust us, so they let us stay with them.

The Northern army was confused and doing badly until Willie and I, from our knowledge of social studies and the Civil War, told them what to do. General George G. Meade had beaten back one attack on the left side of his lines and was setting his main forces to defend there again. I told him, "Guard the middle more strongly, the South will try to get control of the left side first, but General Robert E. Lee's main army led by George Pickett, will come right up the middle over Cemetery Ridge. If you set up there you can pick them off as they come over the hill." They didn't know whether to trust us at first but they decided to.

The next day the Northerners did what we told them to do. We disguised the time machine so we could run over some of Pickett's army. Five minutes later the firing on our left had begun, many troops from our side and theirs died, but lucky for us the South wasn't able to hold the position. The South started to come over the ridge. I started the machine, and Willie said, "Let's do it!" We streaked to the top of the ridge, knocked down some of their cannons, and rolled over some of their troops. General Lee and Pickett were forced to retreat. The Northerners were happy because a few days later General Lee was forced to surrender at Appomattox Court House in Virginia.

Later that day we said, "Good-bye," to the Northerners. I engaged the PGTTWC, flipped up the headlights and BOOM, we were warped back to 1991 and Wisconsin. I drove Willie home and he said, "Thanks for the awesome trip!" I pulled out of the driveway without using the PGTTWC; I was just going home.

I was tired after a long hard couple of days of changing history, but it felt good. On my way home though I thought to myself why didn't we stay longer, we could have saved Abe Lincoln at Ford's Theater and who knows how much better the world would have been then! Maybe next time!

THE END (FOR NOW)

Frank Terschan
Grade Five
Donges Bay School

38.

THE DAY

by: Jeaneen Sage

Once there was a day - Not a regular day. The houses in the village where upside-down, even the trees were upside-down.

There was a magician who's name was Kevin. All the people liked Kevin, except on that day. The people were mad at him because they thought that he made everything upside-down.

The king said "Off with your head"! Kevin kept telling him that he had not made the village upside-down. But the king would not listen. He gave Kevin three days to think of a way to save the village.

Kevin thought and thought. He could not use his magic because that would be his last trick of the day. He hoped that he could find a way to help the village without magic. He looked in his magic book. Nothing. He looked in this magic kit. Nothing. That afternoon he did not eat, not even his favorite, pizza!

He know who did the mischeif that got him in trouble. The "Goila (goo-la) Monsters" did. No one dnows about the Goila monsters except Kevin. The Gola Monsters live in the sky.

Kevin wished he could get onto the clouds. He knew he would sink down and fall. Then he had a great idea, he would magically make shoes that have enough power to bring him in the sky and would come with weapons Ya!

So just like that, he made them. They lifted him up in the sky. It was hard to fight the Goila Monsters at first, but he got the hang of it. There were billions of them! He almost fell, but he did not.

Finally he thought he got all of them. It was very hard. Suddenly, "Boo!" It was the leader of the Goila monsters. "Uh!Oh!" Kevin said,"I better kill it", but all of his weapons were used up! Kevin fell because his power was used up. The Goila Monster fell because he was holding onto Kevin.

Kevin grabbed a sword from someone. He captured the Goila Monster. He took it to the king and made the Goila Monster say that he made the village upside-down. So the Goila Monster made the village rightside-up and all in one day.

Jeaneen Sage
Third Grade
Oriole Lane

My Side

I am going to tell you my side. I am a redcoat from Britain. My name is George Gram. I have fought in many wars, I am proud to say. But I will have to say I haven't traveled that much. All the wars and fights I have fought in have been near Philadelphia. I am not very rich, but I'm not poor either. I have enough money to keep me happy, though. I do not have many friends because of the harsh things people have heard.

I will begin by telling you about the clothing I wear called my uniform. I have black boots, a ruffled shirt, and red jacket with pants. I wear my uniform with pride for I am loyal to the King and Parliament.

I would describe myself as pretty brave, dull eyes, because of battles and unkind remarks. I am very confused, because I don't know whether I'm good or bad anymore. I am slender, rough skinned, but overall I'm pretty handsome.

I cannot actually tell you that none of the redcoats are bad, because I would be telling a lie. I'm just trying to convince you to give some of us a chance. We fight for a cause, and we are dedicated and brave as you colonists have been.

The fear of death in battle or injury lives with us, too. The patriots seek freedom we believe to be wrong. We will continue to oppose them hoping to change their minds.

So as I see it I am on the right side of the war and we will soon win.

The End

Aimee Balsley
Grade 5
Range Line

Once upon a time there was a superhero named Shooty Doo. He was only 4 feet 5 inches tall, but he was very strong. He could punch or kick down a 20 foot 9 inch monster. He can fly. His shirt says SD. He also has x-ray vision. He can see through buildings. One day he beat Food Fighter Man and Cheeseburger Man at the same time. Cheeseburger Man was 20 feet 9 inches, so was Food Fighter Man. He saves a lot of people by flying and with his strength. He also beat 28 foot 11 inch Dark Wing Duck. Now he is a legend of the mighty people.

The End

Brad Ferron
Grade 2
Range Line

40.

THE MYSTERIOUS VELVET BOX

It laid there in the antique shop gathering dust for years. Then somewhere out in the street that ominous hissing sound of escaping gas and then . . .KABLOOIE! It landed in the street where it lay open and empty. It just sat there unnoticed.

It began about a half hour later! A firework display as if the sun exploded burst from the box! When the smoke cleared, there was a pretty big egg about the size of an ostrich egg right on the ground next to the box. Everybody in town came running to see where and who set the fireworks off.

When the townsfolk got there, they just stared in amazement at nothing but a velvet green box and an egg.

"This is absurd!" cried the townspeople.

"Let's open up the egg!" the butcher shouted.

And so the diamond cutter took a hammer and chisel and cracked the egg open. There were millions of little seeds shaped like octagons. Everyone in the town took a seed and went home to plant it. During the night, the plant sprouted (actually it was full-grown) and dropped seeds.

The next morning everybody woke up to see if the plants had grown any. The plants were 20 feet tall! One person tasted its fruit and said it was delicous. Everyone else tasted theirs and said the same thing! Their stomachs full, they went home fat and happy. They ate the fruit that day and every day after that. From then on, they called the fruit, THE OCTOMANGO!

Robert Moriarty
Wilson School
GRade Three

I can't see love, but I know it's there when I get valentines from my family.

I can't see happiness, but when I get good grades I feel happy.

I can't see praise, but when I do well in school and someone compliments me I feel it.

I can't see bravery, but when I do something nobody else can do I feel brave.

I can't see discipline, but when I get in trouble I can feel it.

Joseph Niklasch
Grade Five
Donges Bay School

THE DREAM

Last week, I went to a concert. The Rolling Stones were there. But the guitar player was sick, and a dragon was taking his place. The dragon's name was Rockin' Reptile. He played better than the real guitar player. When the concerts was over, we took the bus home. On the bus home, we saw Rockin Reptile. I was astonished that he asked my name. In a very small voice, I said, "My name's B.. B.. Brian." Rockin' said, " Hi B.. B.. Brian." That's not my name, my name's Brian." "Hey, Brian your name sounds like Bonehead." Brian elbowed his mom in the side. Than she said, "Hey, cut it out, Bonehead!" It was like to world was going crazy. When we got home Brian ran straight up to his room than he heard his alarm clock ring. He woke up and said, "Wow! What a dream!" The Rolling Stones were in town and Brian had tickets but he didn't want to go.

by Brian Gieschen
Second Grade
Oriole Lane School

MILWAUKEE

One day when I was walking to my friends house and wasn't looking where I was going, I bumped into a bush. The bush was hard so I pushed the branches away. It was a time machine! I climbed into it and set it for 10,000 years ago. In a flash, I was back in the olden days. I looked at the rich farmland around me. It was good for growing wheat and barley. A woman came up to me, "What's that?" I asked, pointing to the two towns connected by a bridge. "That's Walker's point, and that's Kilbourn town. Eight years ago, they had a bridge war. None of us wanted to pay, so we fought for 5 years. Finally, we compromised. We split the cost." The woman took me to her hut I looked at the picture of a man and a Indian trading corn. "Who's that" I asked pointing to the man in the picture. "That's Solomon Juneau," she answered. "He set up a trading post. He made friends with the Indians because he treated them fair." "I have to go now," I said, I trudged back to the time machine and got in. I set the dial for 10,000 years in the future. I found myself under a tree, sleeping. "Wow!" I said, after a few minutes, "It was all just a dream!"

by Jan Epstein
Grade 2
Oriole Lane School

42.

BO KNOWS SNOWMEN

Bo was a big, burly 224 pound snowman that liked to play football and baseball. His snow color was a very muddy white. He had coal for eyes and a carrot for a nose. His mouth was also coal. He wore a Raiders hat and a Royals jersey. He also had a pair of Nike Air cross-trainer shoes. He also liked to lift weights.

Bo wasn't always alive. The way he came into our world went like this. There was a large snowstorm one brisk Monday morning, and little Bobby and his friends, Suzy, Willy, Jack, Harriet and Tom decided to build a snowman. They wanted it to have both baseball and football qualities. So, they put a football and a baseball in his right arm. They also found a brand new shiny quarter and stuck that on his chest

Later that day, as little Bobby was going to bed, he wished that Bo, his snowman, would come to life. He slept very comfortably until 2:00 A.M., when he heard a footstep in his yard. He looked out his window to the yard below. There he saw Bo throwing passes to himself with the football. Bobby threw on his clothes, grabbed his jacket and his hat and mittens and quietly snuck out of his back door. Bo was waiting for him. He said, "Yo, Bobby, hit me on a slant!"

As Bo ran the pattern, Bobby threw a perfect pass into the outstretched hands of Bo. "Touchdown!", yelled Bo defiantly.

"Not a bad pass, heh?", asked Bobby.

"They both gave each other a high five and Bobby told him all about himself and how he made Bo. He let Bo stay out in the yard while he went back to sleep.

The next morning Bobby took Bo to play football with him and his friends. Bo was an instant success. Everybody thought he was great. They played football everyday together, weather permitting, and grew more and more attached to Bo. One April morning, Bobby woke up and went outside to find that Bo was starting to melt. He ran over to him and found that he was on the verge of dying. He got a shovel and wheelbarrow and scooped him into the wheelbarrow and put him in his mother's meatlocker. It saved Bo's life.

Every winter since, Bo spends his time outdoors and his summers in the meatlocker. He also holds the most records in Bobby's and his friends mini-football league. It's too bad Bo couldn't be around in the summer to join his friends for baseball fun, too.

Gregg Schall
Grade 7
Steffen

* * *

My superhero's name is Supperreor Stretchy Man. He can stretch around the sun 20,000 times! If he gets hot, he melts into a net. He can rope 120 bad guys at one time. He looks like balls of elastic put together. He can be invisible. He sprays UNPOLLUTE SPRAY at smokestacks and the smoke unpollutes the air instead of polluting it. He gives homes to homeless people. He does lots of other things too. He comes from the planet Zortenchi.

Emily Semrau
Grade 2
Range Line

Two weeks past and it happened again. This time Charlie wasn't going to let it get away. He picked up a chair and slammed it on the thing under the rug. Charlie got on his knees. A chilling wind blew in from the window. A tingling feeling rolled down his spine. He picked up a piece of the broken chair and poked it. Nothing happened. Charlie crawled to the edge of the rug and reached his hand to grab it. His heart was in his throat, he hoped to God is was dead. Then without any warning, fangs 3 inches long ripped through the rug and the thing let out a gastly scream. It tore off Charlie's hand with one swoop. And then, as Charlie lie there screaming in pain, that thing ran to the window and jumped out of Charlie's second story apartment. Screams of horror rang from the streets. And then all of the sudden everything was quiet.

Charlie had died from shock and all the people seemed dead since there were no sounds. Out on the street a little boy lifted the lid of a man hole, that he had been hiding in, a tiny crack. Everything was dark, the sun wasn't out no one was anywhere. The wind wasn't blowing and there were no buildings or objects that he could see. He turned and looked behind him. There, was a man walking along.

Mr.! Mr.!" he cried "What boy, and quit yellin" the man said.

"Where is everything? Where are all the people?" said the little boy. Then the man smiled and laughed and disappeared in a puff of smoke. The little boy was so scared and so confused he started to shake, and shake, and shake and shake. His brain got bigger and bigger until it got so big and smart that it didn't need a body. It oozed out his ear and eyes. His toes exploded and then the brain shrunk and hopped out on the ground, went up in the air and started to spin and spin and spin. And with a flash it was gone.

Scott Williams
Grade 6
Steffen

* * *

BINKY

Once upon a time there was a giant named Binky. He lived on the Grand Mountain. Everyone made fun of him because he always got angry. When he was mad he jumped up and down and cried. That's how he made rivers. When he kicked the peak of a mountain it would become a plateau. When he sat on a boulder it would turn flat.

One day people made fun of him so much that he wrecked his mountain. Before he knew it, it was a canyon. After that no one saw him again. And that's how the Grand Canyon got its name.

Bret Hockerman
Grade 3
Wilson School

AN OLD WOODEN FENCE

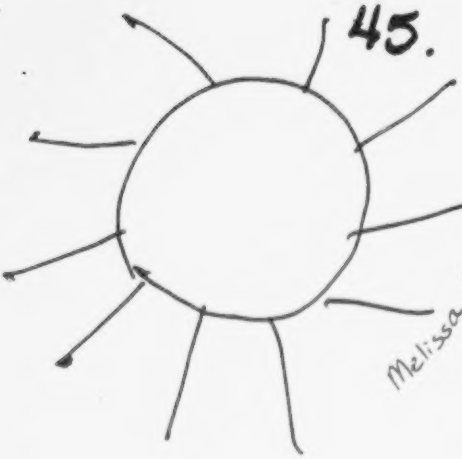
I can see an old wooden fence.
An old wooden fence stands in front of an old house.
It looks like a haunted house.
It feels like a spooky fence.
You can hear the old fence creak.
The fence is gray.
The old ghost sits by the old fence.
I wave to the ghost as I go to school.
I hear him say BOO!

by Sean Friedman

45.

The Priestess of the Sun

There once was a woman
who decided to summon
the worshippers of the sun.
Their god's fiery blaze
which filled their dark days
stopped its journey, for sorrow
had just begun.
The sun looked down and shook
his head on the edge of the shining
blue sea
The gift granted to the priestess,
the gift of prophecy.
He covered his eyes and looked away,
he could not bear to see
poor, niave Cassandra torn by
worshippers of thee.
For the strings fo the lyre
set her world on fire
Cassandra, priestess of the sun.



by
Annie Wipplinger
5th
Wilson
Hall

I CAN BE

I CAN BE AS LOUD AS A GIANT LAUGHING
OR
I CAN BE AS QUIET AS A PRETTY ROBIN
SINGING A SONG.

I CAN BE AS HAPPY AS A HORSE GALLOPING
OR
I CAN BE AS SAD AS A BUTTERFLY WHEN
HIS WING IS BREAKING SLOWLY.

I CAN BE AS HARD AS A ROCK
OR I CAN BE AS SOFT AS A COLORFUL
BIRD FLYING GENTLY.

I CAN BE AS BRAVE AS A BEAR
OR I CAN BE AS SCARED AS ME LOOKING
INTO A LION'S MOUTH.

I CAN BE AS BIG AS A MOUNTAIN
OR
I CAN BE AS SMALL AS A TEENY, WEENY
ANT UNDERGROUND.

BY ERICA GORDON FIRST GRADE
DONGES BAY SCHOOL

Kirsten Mattson

46.

An Interview With A Mountain Man

Range Line
Grade 5

"Hello! I'm reporter Laura Nauth, reporting live from the Appalachian Mountains. I'm going to interview a mountain man named Joseph Smith today. Joseph is in his twenties. He is a tough, tall, muscular man. He has a deep voice and bright, brown eyes. Oh! Here he comes now!"

"Hello, Mr. Smith. So nice to meet you!"

"Nice to meet you too, Miss Nauth."

"Well, our readers are very anxious to hear about you, so, why don't we get started. I have a few questions for you."

"Alright then, feel free to ask me anything."

"Mr. Smith, we've all been wondering how you travel from here down to the small towns."

"I travel by horse, although it is so rocky. I only go to town about once every two weeks to stock up on supplies."

"Speaking of it being so rocky, how do you feel about living all alone up here?"

"Well Miss Nauth, I feel proud. I'm proud that I can survive living in the mountains with only my horse and pet dog. I'm also proud because this is where I grew up and my father would be proud of me for caring for the house and following in his footsteps as a true mountain man."

"Joseph, I have noticed your deerskin pants, fringed shirt, leather boots and raccoon hat, and I was wondering if you had made any of them?"

"In fact I have. I made the furry raccoon hat and the deerskin pants. My mother made the plaid, fringed shirt for me before she died."

"Do you have any hobbies that you work on during your free time?"

"Yes, in fact, I do. I very much like to read. Whenever I go to town I borrow a book or two. I also like to visit friends when I go to town. A small hobby I have is collecting stamps. Whenever someone sends me a letter I take off the stamp. I also buy a few stamps every week when I go to town."

"One last question, how do you feel about the Stamp Act?"

"I feel it is very, very unfair! England has no right to tax us for their country when we don't even live in it anymore. If our country goes to war with England, I'll support the colonists every step of the way!!!"

"Thank you very much, Mr. Smith. We have to go now. Nice to meet you, Bye!"

"Well, that was a very interesting interview! Tomorrow we're interviewing Jack the Farmer. This is reporter Laura Nauth signing out and saying, See you next time!"

THE OLD BASEMENT

The old basement
Where I can feel the feel of spiders,
crawling down my neck.
I think I hear a ghost bird,
doing deadly pecks!
Now I hear the bird's owner
Of course he is a ghost.
I might be a main course for dinner,
Will he settle for a host?
Oh I hate the old, old basement.
I don't know which way is out.
Oh I'm very thirsty.
Where is the spout?
Oh! What a dream!

— by Christine Dickow

48.

The Day When the Rainbow Kangaroo ...

One day I was walking down the street when I heard footsteps behind me. I turned around and I saw a purple baby kangaroo: he was scared... he turned yellow, then ran behind a bush, and went down a big hole!

I could NOT let him go away! He would be a good pet! I could name him Kang! I went into the hole, too.

His hole had rugs, wallpaper, and furniture! I kept following him through. Finally, I came to a big room: he was SITTING on a big chair. This time he was red!

He said, "Hi! My name is Kang. What is yours?"

"Oh, mine's Esther, " I answered.

"Would you like a drink?" he asked. I said yes! I asked him if he would be my pet. "Would you give me a bed?" he asked. "Yes, I will," I replied. "Go ask your mother!" he told me.

So, I ran home as fast as I could. "Mom?" I asked. "Yes, Esther?" "Would you mind if I got any pet I wanted?" "No," she said... I went back to the hole as quick as I could go. He WAS still there, but this time he was BLUE! "Mom said yes," I told him... and so he moved in. My Mom was shocked but she did not mind. When she met him, he was green.

Two weeks later, Mom told me that a Pet Show was coming up. That was my cue... Kang had been going back to the hole to visit, so I had to give Kang a bath and I tied a rainbow ribbon around his neck and took him on a rainbow striped leash.

The Judge went down the aisle of people, but when she came to the kangaroo, she stopped in her tracks! "Wh... wh... what's it's name? And what's special about it?" "His name is Kang, and he can change colors!" I announced. She said, "Let me see him change colors!" So I showed her; I made him change from red to green to yellow. Well, she went down the rest of the aisle, and came back to me and Kang. 'Let's hear it for Kang the Rainbow Kangaroo!"... and she gave him a blue ribbon! "Yah-hoo! We did it!" I said to Kang. And he made a squeaking noise "I knew it, I just. knew it!"

Bethany Marx
Wilson School
GRade Three

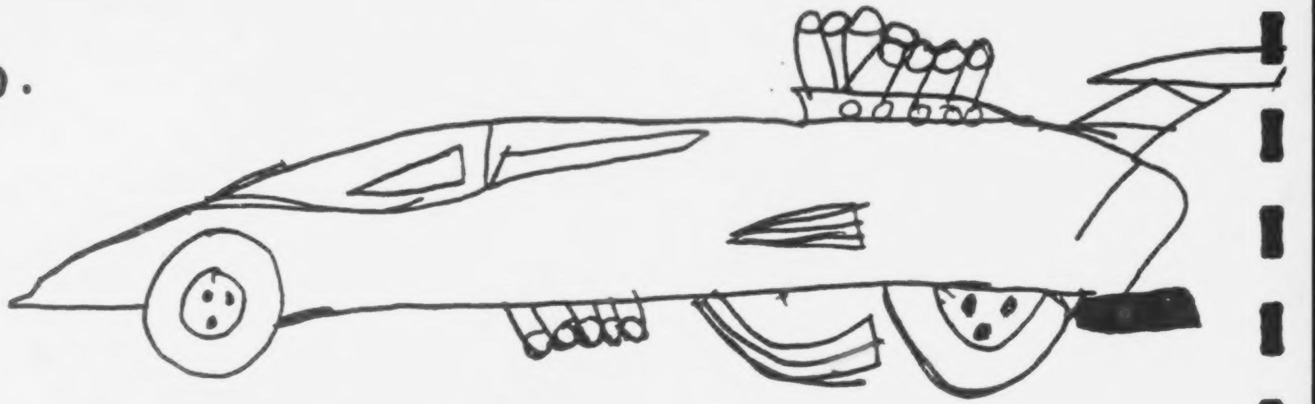
* * *

HOW THE CHEETAH GOT ITS SPOTS

One day a cheetah went to his friends house to cheer him up because his friend had the chicken pox. When it was time to go the cheetah hugged his friend. When he got home he noticed something strange. He had spots! He itched them and itched them. But they never went away. And that's how the cheetah got its spots.

Angela Ticcioni
Grade 3
Wilson School

50.



THE BUTTON

The funniest thing that ever happened to me was about one year ago. I was getting into my new car when I saw a button that I hadn't noticed before so I pushed it. I waited awhile and nothing happened so I went into the shop and asked what it did. The man told me it was to prevent burglars from breaking into your car. I said thank you and left, but just before I closed the door he asked if I pushed it. I said, "Yes, but nothing happened." He yelled, "Oh no! It's probably got all the police in the county over here by now!"

We ran outside and the whole sky and parking lot was full of cops. I pushed my way through the crowd and saw that everything was activated. The trunk was going up and down, the lights were flashing on and off, and the tires were deflating and filling up with air. I asked the clerk why all the police were here and he said, "It calls all the county police stations." Just then everything was silent. I saw a little dot getting bigger and bigger. It looked like a chubby man in a ballerina costume. Then everyone said, "It's a wasp, It's a bee; No, it's Silly Man!"

The little figure said, "Yes, it's me, and I've come to save the day!"

When he landed he offered us brussel sprout pizza and we said, "No, thanks!"

I went home that day in my new car and I haven't pushed any button that I didn't know about since.

Kevin Williams
Grade 3
Range Line School

Local Kids Catch Crooks!

A mystery was solved by local kids yesterday at the Kurt Daub Museum in Milwaukee. Janet Tyler, a museum guide, had been taking dinosaur bones from the museum. She was doing this so she could bury them where they will look for dinosaur bones, dig them up, and get very, very, very rich. But Jennifer Jansen and Eric Shelton stopped them! Janet Tyler has been taken to the police and has been fired.

Lauren Hare
Grade 2
Range Line

Casey Delzell - Wilson

WHENEVER I GO TO DOOR COUNTY

Whenever I go to Door Country
I love to smell the fresh clean air.
Whenever I go to Door County
I ride the horses on the path through the tunnel of trees.
Whenever I go to Door County
I love the sound of the chipmunks crunching nuts on the ground.
Whenever I go to Door County
I hear the sound of the birds chattering under the funnel of trees.
I love to go to Door County!!!

Jessica Mankus
Grade 2
Donges Bay School

52.

SIMILES

A CAT IS AS NICE AS A VALELNTINE.
A BUTTERFLY IS AS NICE AS A FLOWER.
A BIRD IS AS JUMPY AS A RABBIT.
BLACK IS AS DARK AS NIGHT.

REBECCA PATEK
FIRST GRADE
WILSON SCHOOL

Haiku

The Flowers

The sun starts to rise,
When the flowers start to bloom
I start to smile.

Katie Woolsey
Wilson School
Grade 2

Sarah J.
Gr. 4
Wilson

Snowflakes
gentle joyous
falling, drifting, packing,
dressing our ground wonderously.
Precipitation

Katie Peterka
Grade 5
Range Line

Snowballs
slush and ice,
slamming, smashing, throwing,
flying, hitting, and hurting,
Face freezer

Brandon Gray
Grade 5
Range Line

Allison Crouch
Grade 5
Donges Bay

Slush
dirty mushy
squirting, splashing, slipping
making a huge and sloppy mess.
Polluted-Snow

Julie Kolowith
Grade 5
Range Line

54.

PINE TREE

Many moons ago, a Pine Tree had soft and bushy leaves. So on one scorching hot summer day, Father Sun struck the earth at a direct angle so that it swiveled the leaves down to a sewing needle size. 'My, does that tree have the oddest leaves", said one tree. "I agree," said another. The pine tree really did have very odd "leaves". All the new "leaves" had melted to the trunk!! When fall rolled around, a record temperature was recorded at 10 F.!! Because of the bitter coldness, all the new "leaves" froze to the trunk!. "Great, it looks as if these things are on me for good," said the pine tree sarcastically. Pine tree walked to Earthmaker and said: "I hate these ugly things, I demand that I get my old soft and bushy leaves back", said the pine tree. But Earthmaker said "No," so pine tree was MAD!!! "Fine, if you will not give me new, improved, unide, special leaves, I will tear these ugly things off and find me new ones I approve of," said the pine tree. While he walked home he muttered: "I hate Earthmaker, and I hate these ugly things!" He must not have been satisfied, because this is what happened next. "I HATE EARTHMAKER AND I HATE FATHER SUN, IF IT WASN'T FOR FATHER SUN I WOULD BE FINE, HAPPY, AND NOT SCR-R-R-R-E-E-E-A-A-A-M-M-M-I-I-I-N-N-N-G-G-G", said the pine tree. When pine tree arrived home, he tried so hard to pull off his new "leaves", but they wouldn't budge." Great, these are on me for good," said the pine tree. The pine tree kept going back to the Earthmaker for 5 years, but his answer was always "No." The pine tree grew too old to walk to Earthmaker, so he stayed where he was for 20 more years, than he died. On the pine tree's grave, there was an honorable placque that was like this:

Through the cold and winter snow,
a tree walked about.

Complained to Earthmaker,
what his life was about.

Grew old and tired,
just couldn't walk about.

Died to everyone's sorrow,
the whole tribe talked about.

To this day we remember,
what his life was about.

So during the winter, pine tree's needles do not fall, but sag. This is how the pine tree got it's needles.

by Allison Crouch
Grade 5
Donges Bay

Artwork by
Crystal Jackson
Oriole Lane

Wilson Melissa Famighetti

Wind blows the wild grass
Wind blows the trembling trees
The flowers bend down.

Caitlin Satchel
Wilson School
Grade Three

Summer

Summer's an eagle
Gliding freely through the wind
Without a worry.

Jenny Kling
English 9
Homestead High School

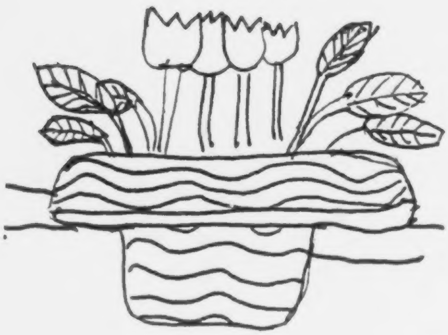
Haiku

The tranquil breeze blows.
Mountain shadows protect me.
Captured by freedom

Darcy Collins
Grade 12
Homestead High School

Sarah Kodner

Donges Bay



Meghan Elgin - Donges Bay

Spring's a Cotton Quilt

Spring's a cotton quilt
Bringing comfort to the earth
With its soft embrace

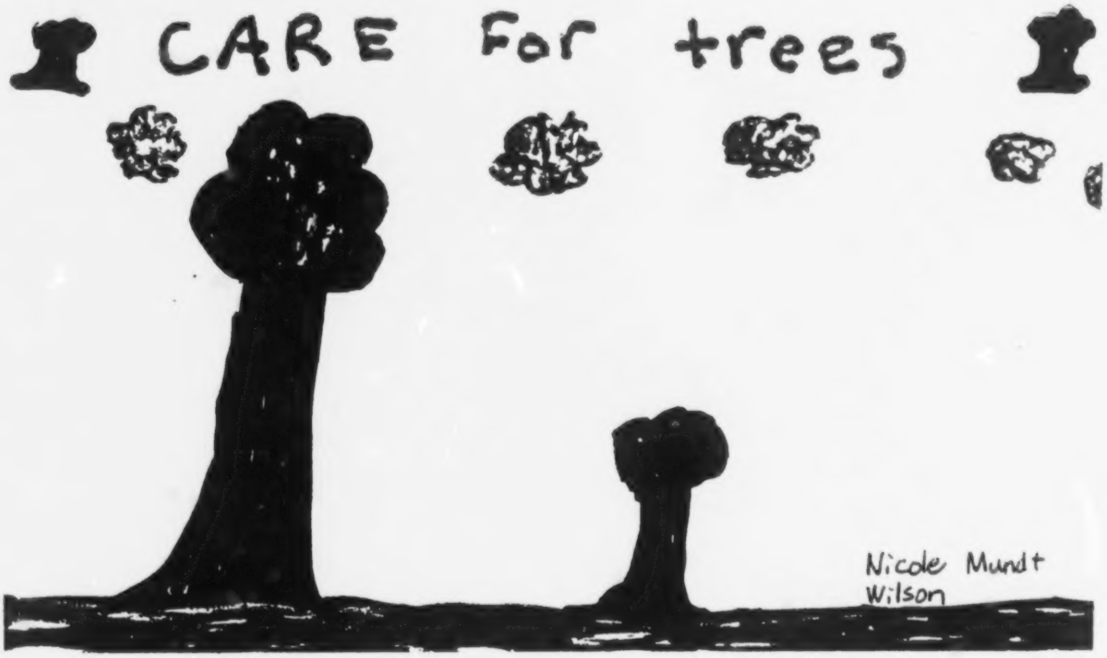
Mindy Herndon
Grade 11
Homestead High School

56.

O
Emily Plotkin
Wilson

Trees
green trees
tall shivering
waving, standing, quietly,
beautifully providing warm shelter.
Soldier

Kori Young
Grade 5
Range Line


CARE For trees
Nicole Mundt
Wilson

SIGNS OF SPRING:

Trees are blooming.
Robins are building nests.
Dandelions and daffodils are blooming.
Grass is green and growing.
Birds, bees, and butterflies are back.

Karin Cook
Wilson

Eric Bryant
Grade 1
Range Line School

DROWN

Dangling in the
River not
Over
Water very long
New life in heaven

Kevin Dmochowsky
Grade 4
Range line

Hans Egelhoff
Wilson

When the stream goes dry
After very hot weather,
Where do the fish go?

Robert Moriarity
Wilson School
Grade Three

Rushing waters flow
Rivers never get to rest
Tired you must be.

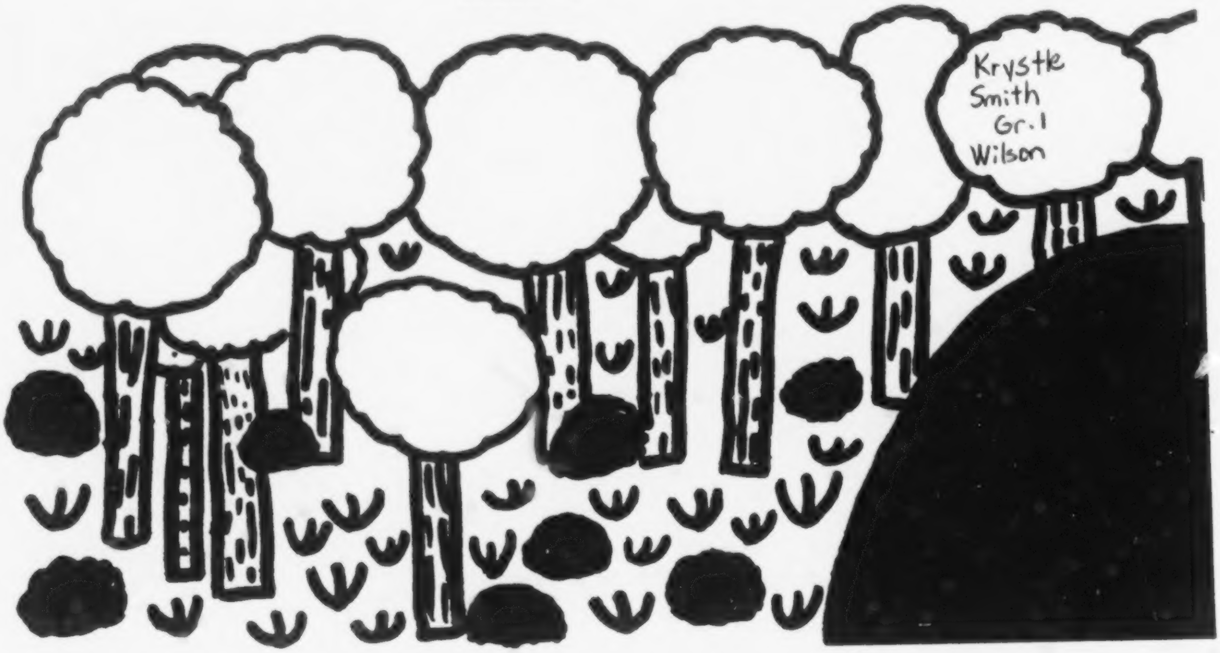
Georgina Gast
Wilson School
Grade Three

58.

My Old Evergreen Tree

I have an old evergreen tree. Birds lay eggs, animals climb on it. It's so special because it's been in my back yard for a long time. On Christmas, my Dad and I put Christmas lights on it. My tree's name is Freddy. I sit by my tree and think about reading a pop-out book.

Ryan Stalter
Wilson School
Grade 1


Krystle
Smith
Gr. 1
Wilson

There is a big tree
Beside a running river
Where the tall grass grows

Colin Shapiro
Wilson School
Grade Three

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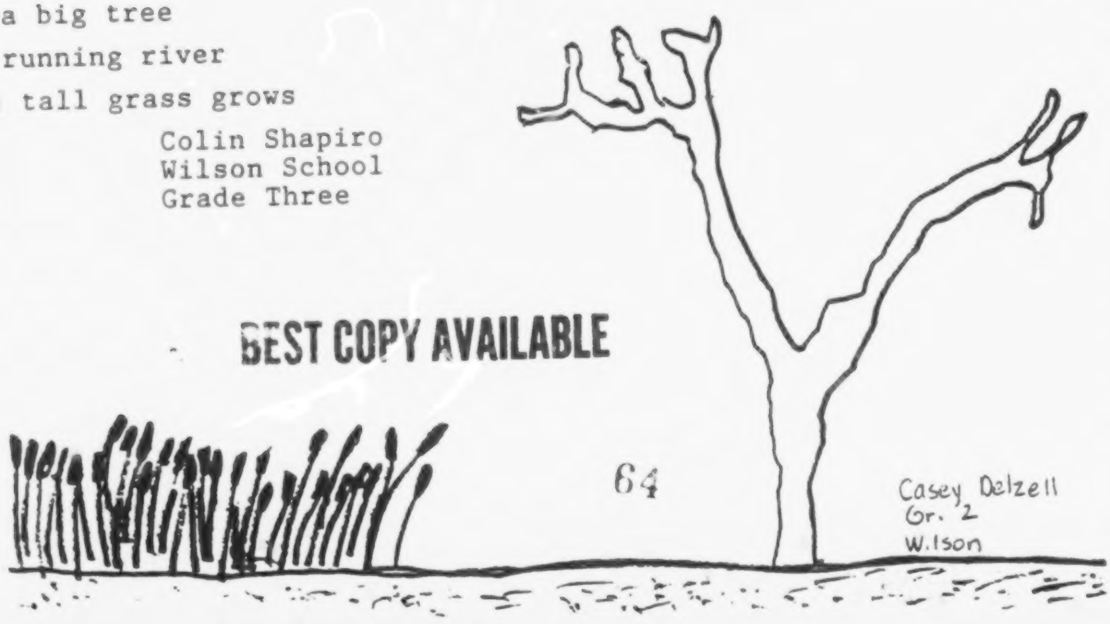
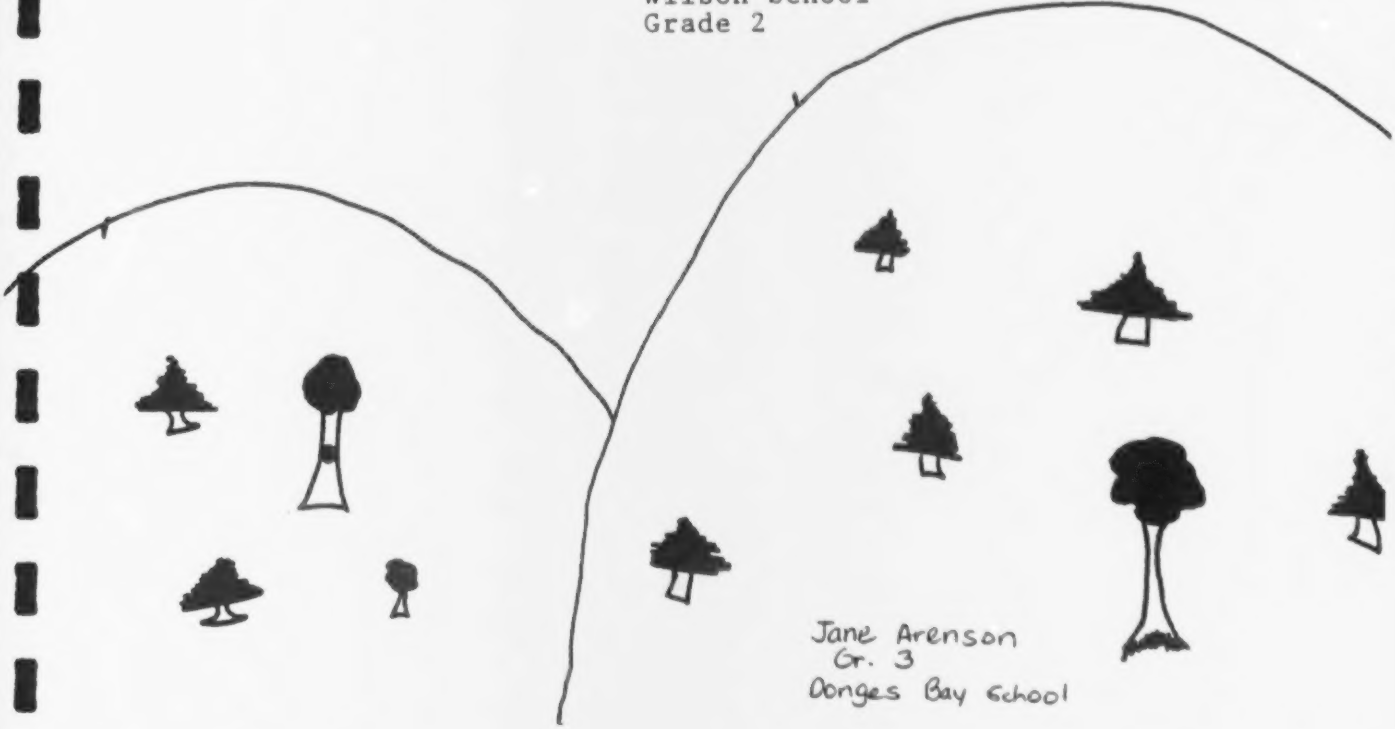

Casey Delzell
Gr. 2
Wilson

The "Anything Tree"

Let me tell you about the "Anything Tree". The tree is in downtown Chicago, in a park by the zoo. There is a door in the trunk. If you walk inside, you see a time-machine, toys, planes, boats and lots of pizza!

You can take a plane to the future or a train to the past.

Paul Dietz
Wilson School
Grade 2

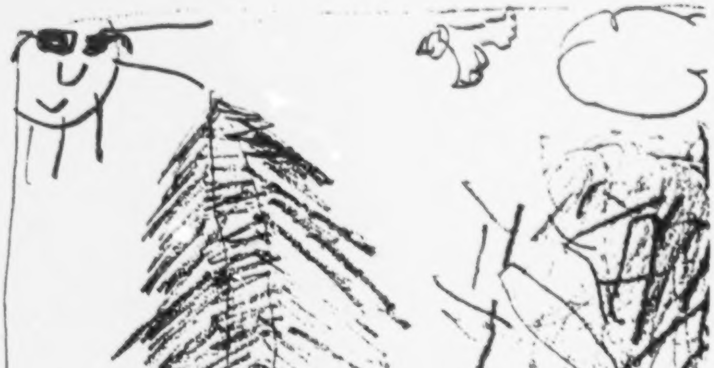


Jane Arenson
Gr. 3
Donges Bay School

Trees Up

The trees sprouted up,
While plants grew leaves again,
Spring has come to life!

B. J. Connolly
Wilson School
Grade 2



Things That Go Together

Dogs and puppies go together
So do flowers and plants.
Apples and seeds, earrings and beads,
Also picnics and ants.

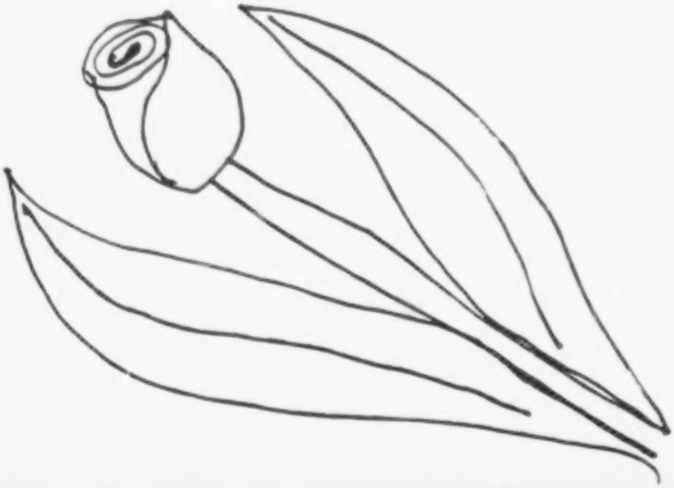
Jenna Rouse
Wilson

Casey Abrams
Wilson School
First Grade

Liesl - Gr. 1 - Wilson

Crickets creeping loud,
So, beautiful
flowers are blooming.

Courtney Haberman
Wilson School
Grade 2



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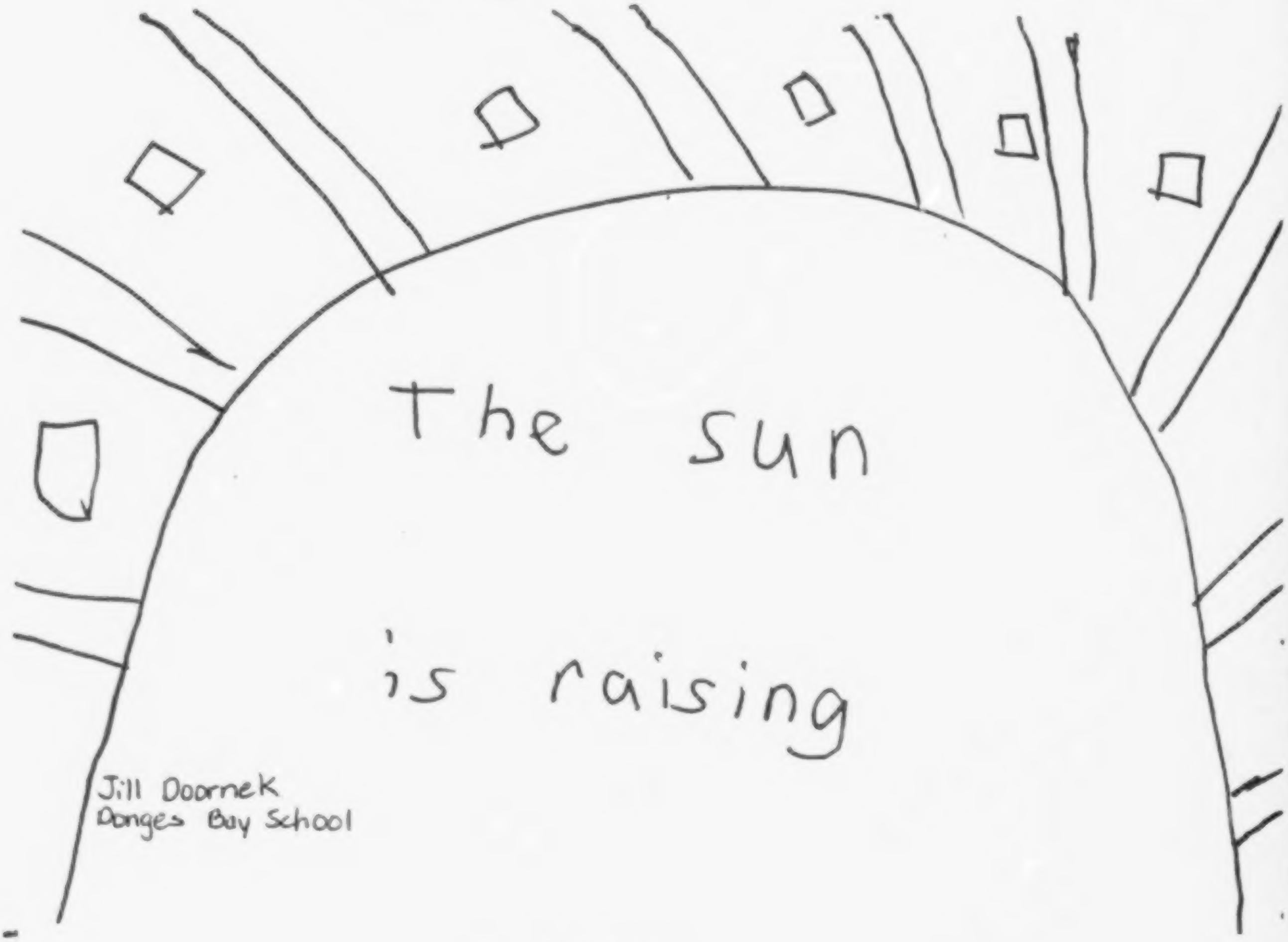
Betsy Moriarty
Wilson

SIMILES

YELLOW IS AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN.
AN ELEPHANT IS AS BIG AS A TREE.
THUNDER IS AS LOUD AS A BOOMBOX ON FULL VOLUME.
WHITE IS AS WHITE AS SNOW.
MY MARKER IS AS WET AS WATER.
A FLY IS AS FAST AS THE WIND.

MATTHEW SAMMONS
FIRST GRADE
WILSON SCHOOL



Jill Doornek
Donges Bay School

THE FOREST

As I walked through the forest, the trees looked menacingly down at me. The owls hooted warnings. All of the animals seemed to be watching as I crept through the forest floor. As the sun began to rise all of my fears began to die as if they were in my head.

Michael P. Murphy
Steffen
Grade 8

62.

COLORS

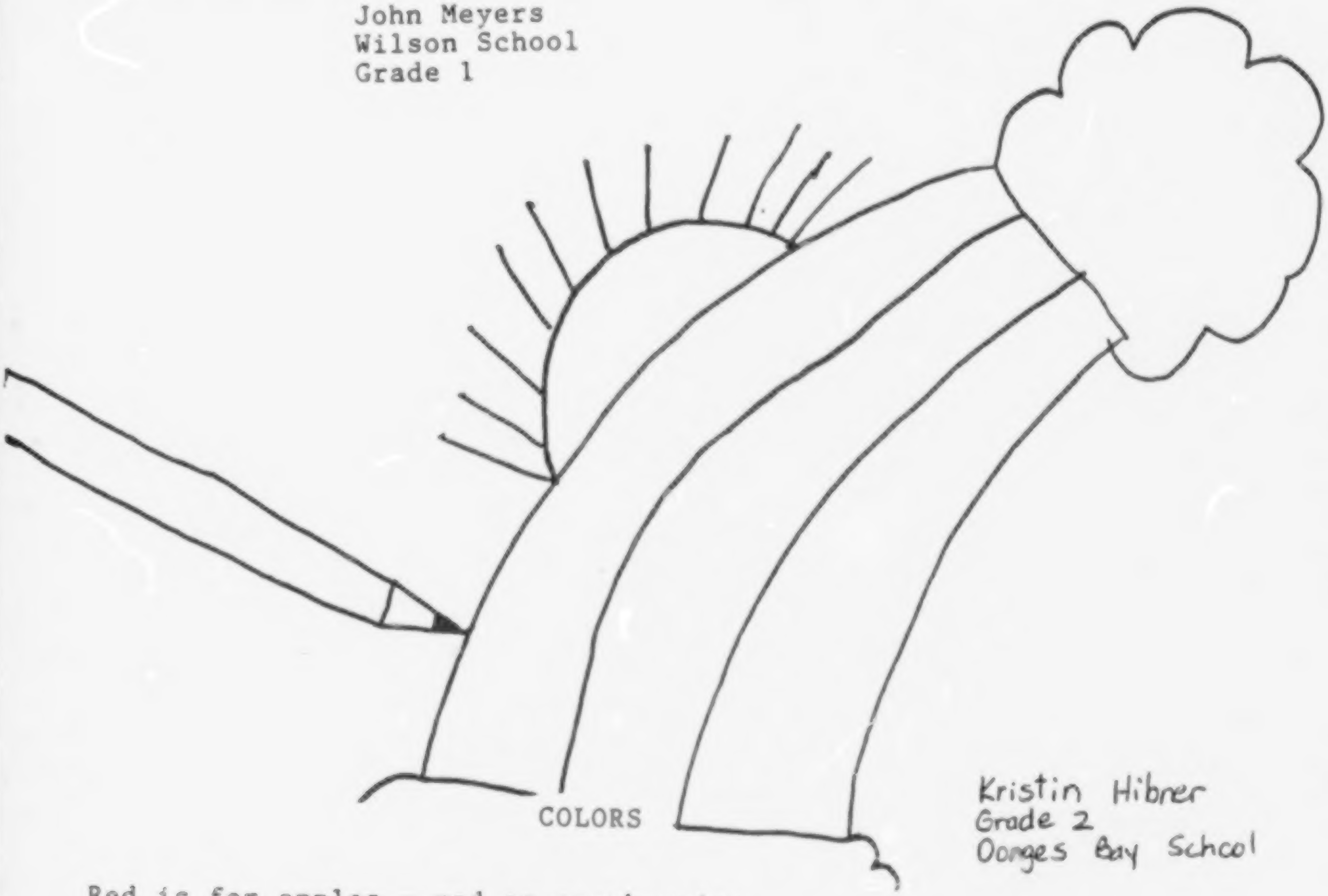
Green is the color of a frog in the pond and Oscar.

Yellow is the color of a Bumble bee and big Bird.

Purple is the color of violets and purple people eaters.

Brown is the color of dirt and Mr. Snuffleupaguss.

John Meyers
Wilson School
Grade 1



Kristin Hibner
Grade 2
Oonges Bay School

COLORS

Red is for apples - red as raspberries.

Yellow is for bananas - yellow as a bumblebee.

Blue is for the sky and the sea - blue as the ocean.

Orange is for the pumpkin and robins - orange as an orange.

Green is for a frog and grass - green as a snail.

Purple is for cabbage and jam - purple as a plum.

Brown is for bears and mud - brown as the tree trunks.

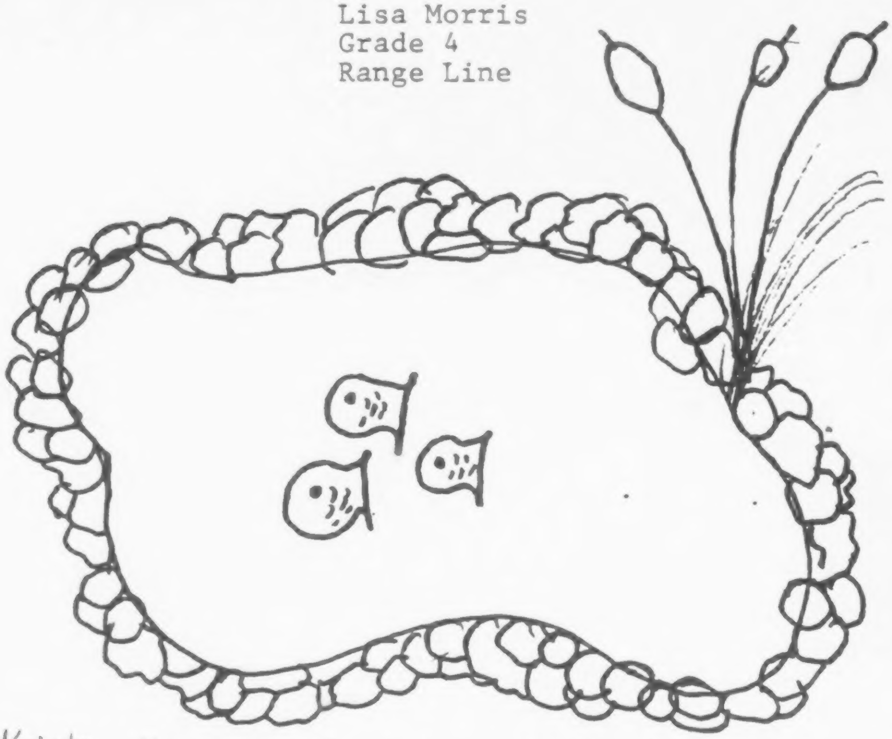
Black is for zebra and the sky at night - black as chalkboard.

Tom Bruton
Wilson School
Grade 2

Lake at Dusk

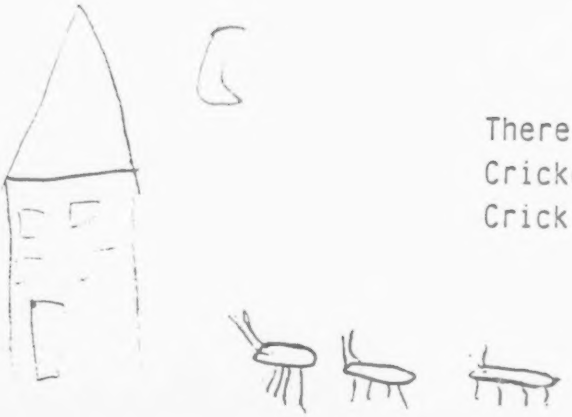
I saw the moonlight shimmering in the lake. The pale moonlight was just bright enough to see. You could hear the soft sound of a cricket chirping, and the waterfall trickling into the lake. The trees made shadows in the lake. It seemed as though a storm was coming, I could feel it in the air. The grass had soft dewdrops on their tips. Black clouds covered parts of the moon. The air felt wet and humid. From overhead the lake looked so deep it never ended. It was a beautiful sight.

Lisa Morris
Grade 4
Range Line



Kristin Mareno Grade 4 Donges Bay

Haiku



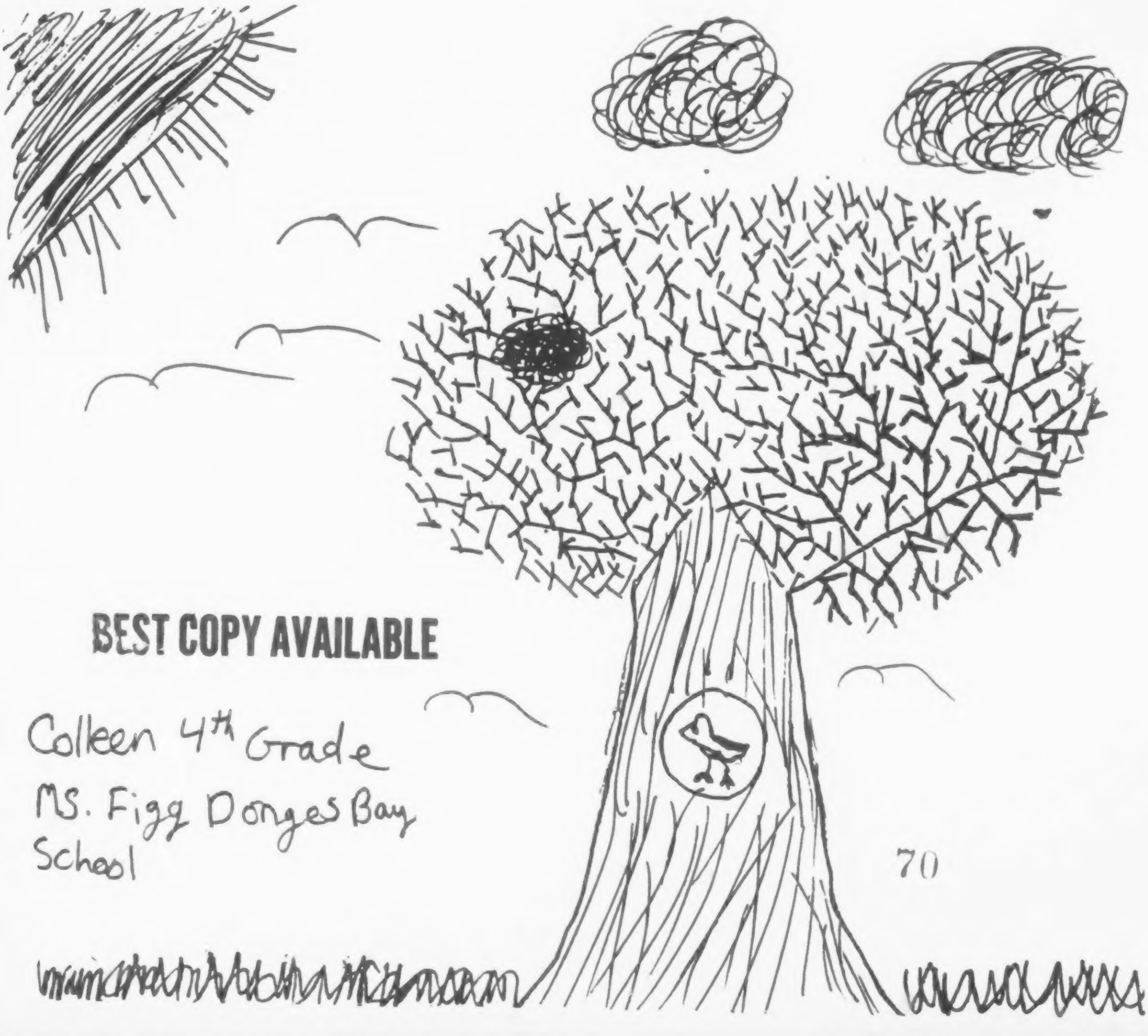
There are some crickets
Crickets cricking all night long
Crick criady crick

Chris Hrapsky
Wilson School
Grade 2

64.

A boy named Andrew Redding was sitting by an oak tree. He was feeling happy. He got an oak tree for his seventh birthday. He felt glad watching the frogs by the pond. He felt delighted seeing the leaves blowing. Andy was waiting for his dog, Quilly, to come jump on his lap. Andy loved being by the tree. The tree was happy to have a boy and a dog loving him.

Andy Redding
Wilson School
Grade 1



Colleen 4th Grade
Ms. Figg Donges Bay
School

Haiku

April flowers like
A laughing child dip their toes
In the morning dew

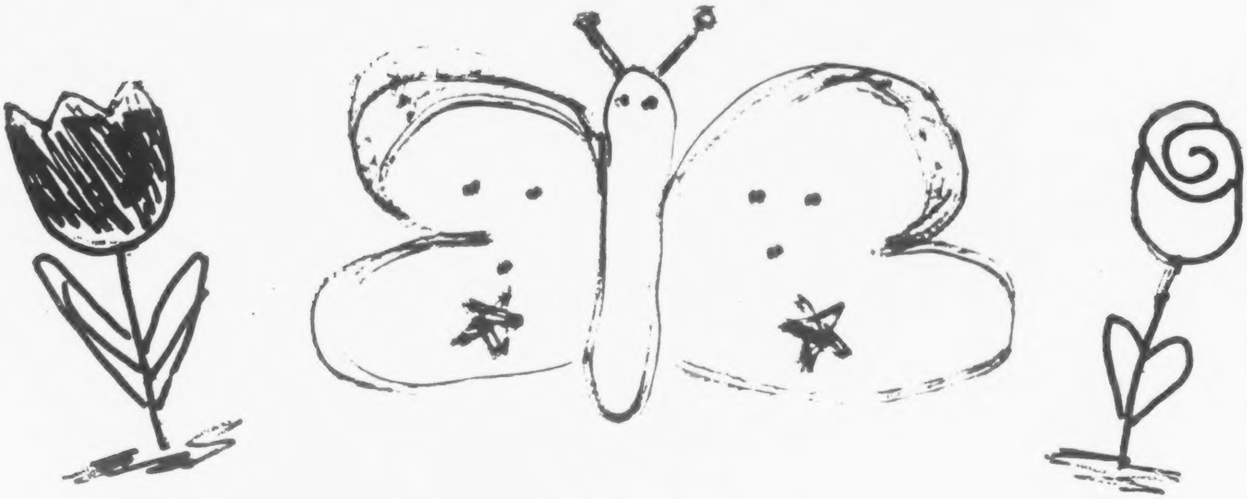
Tracie Grimsley
Grade 10
Homestead High School

Haiku

Seek on high, bare trails
sky-reflecting violets...
mountain-top jewels

Steve Ruess
Grade 12
Homestead High School

Artwork by Katie Gattari and Rebecca - Wilson



SPRING

Spring feels like warm breezes. The ice is melting.
I hear birds singing.
I see animals come out of their winter homes.
I like to go to the zoo and see the animals there too.
I like getting a tan and waiting for it to get warm
enough to go swimming.
I like spring!

Nicole Prunuske
Grade 3
Donges Bay School

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E arth, save it
A ir needs to be clean, save it
R ound ground is dying, save it
T he rain forest is getting cut down, save it
H igh in the sky the ozone is cracking, save it

D uring Earth Day, save the earth
A ir pollution is building up
Y ou can save the Earth!

Chad Clark
Grade 3
Donges Bay School

Lisa S. Gr-7

The Rainforest

I was in the Rainforest. There were animals around me. Trees are important for animals. They need somewhere to live. If people cut down trees, animals won't have anywhere to live.

Please don't cut down trees in the Rainforest. They give us oxygen. We need oxygen. If there are less trees we don't have lots of oxygen. People need the Rainforests.

Jennifer Fait
Grade 1
Donges Bay School

Pretty trees that even
A
Limb grows on them
Magnifacent

Kristin Thiel
Fifth Grade
Oriole Lane

I am a poor apple bud that hasn't blossomed yet,
It is late Spring but I have not blossomed yet.
My other friends are white and lacey, with beautiful pedals but I can't stop thinking about myself because I haven't blossomed yet.
I'm tired of waiting and waiting it seems to long for me.
I just hope the summer will bring some joy for little, little old me.
Now I am white and lacey for the summer has come for I'm as happy as can be !

Erin Raffety
Third Grade
Oriole Lane

73 Ashley Nelson
Wilson

68.

Rainbows

Rainbows are colorful as can be,
I like them They like me.
They're as happy as can be,
You are the best for me.

by: Hilary Wichman

Hilary Wichman
First Grade
Oriole Lane

Emily Silgen
Gr. 3 - Donges Bay

RAINDROP

It wanted to be bigger

Once there was a tiny, little raindrop. It was so tiny you could hardly see it. One day the little raindrop landed with a splat right on the top of someone's very nose. That someone sneezed and the little raindrop became fatter and taller and the little raindrop got it's WISH!

by: Julie Raffety

Julie Raffety
Third Grade
Oriole Lane

A LIGHTHOUSE ON THE LAKE

I see a lighthouse on the lake.
I see the light shining at me at night.
I see myself picking up shells and stones.

I feel the waves pushing softly on my back.
I feel the soft sand mushing between my toes.

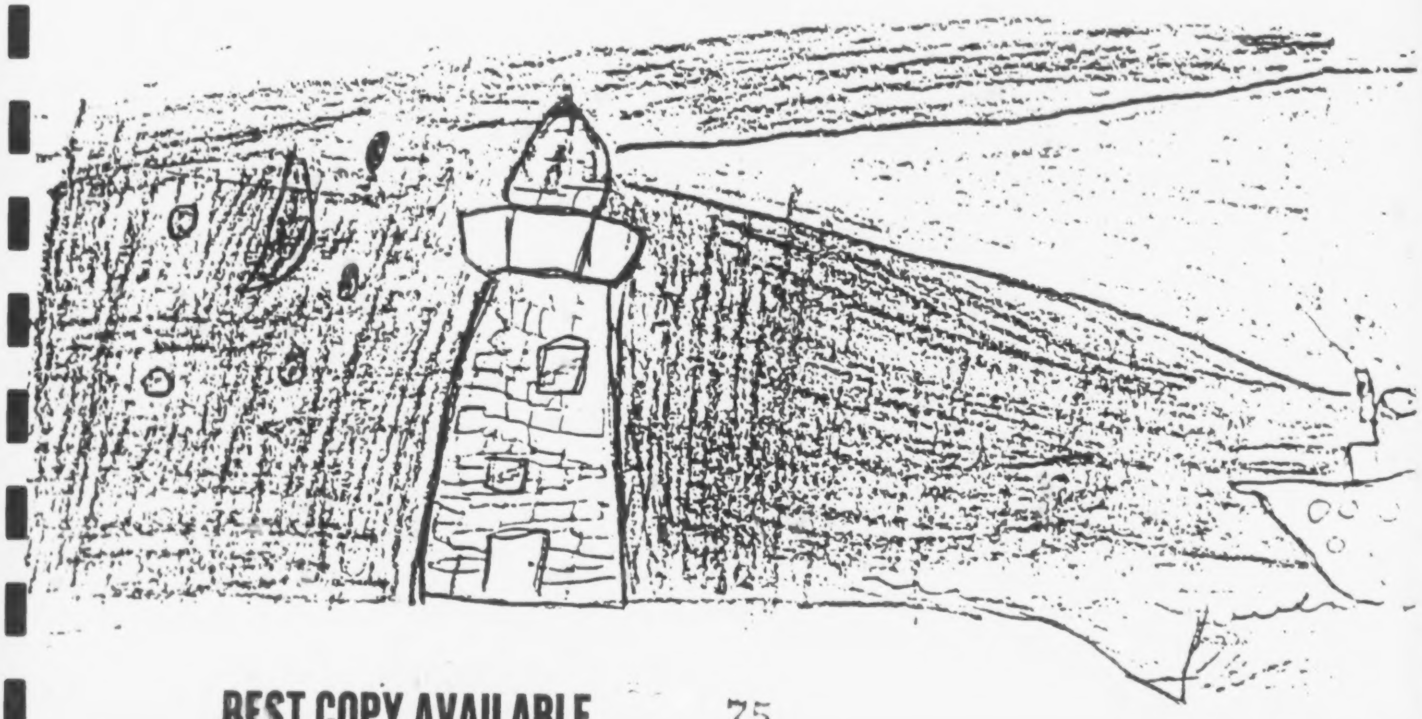
I hear the seagulls honking at me.
I hear the waves splashing on the rocks.
I hear ships honking their horns at me.

I see a lighthouse on the lake.

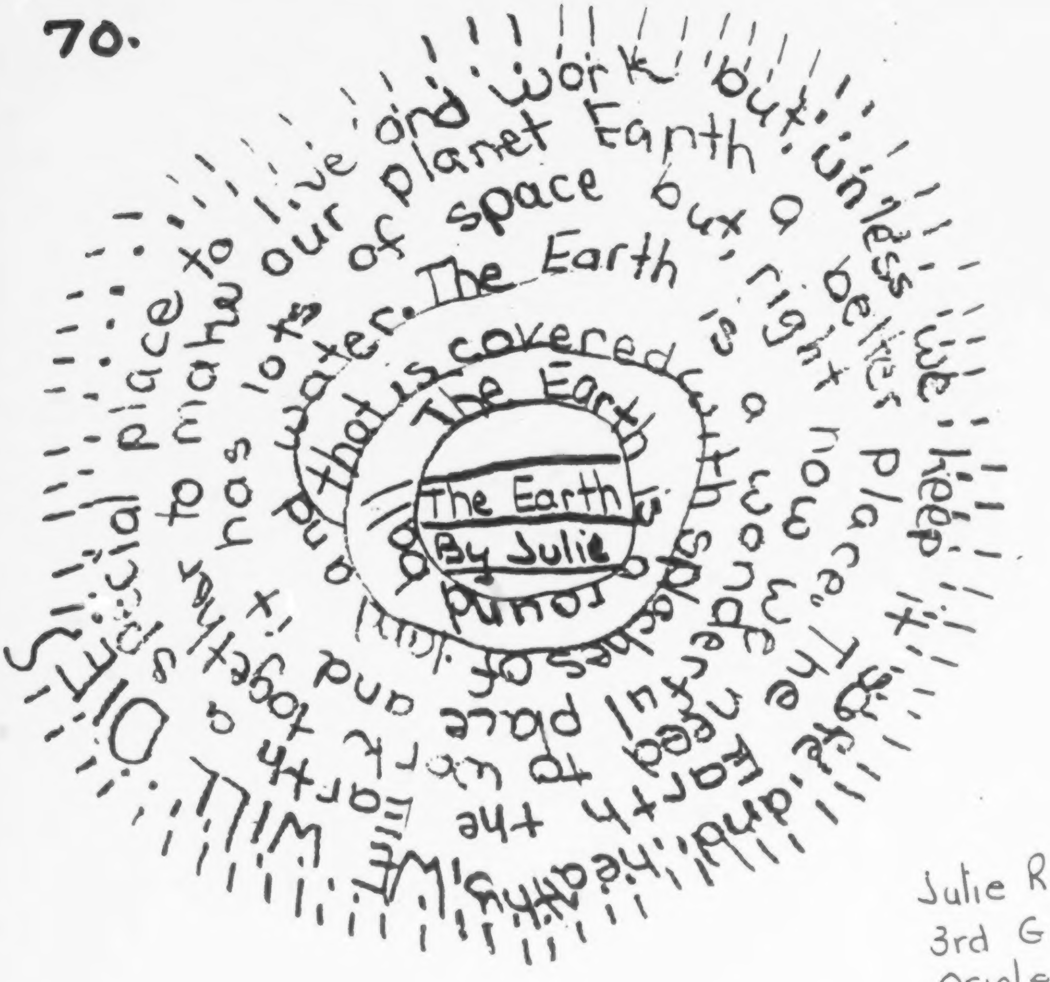
by Colin Stone

Wind
ghostly magic,
flying, gushing, flowing,
magically changing the world,
Fast air

Melanie Kehoss
Grade 5
Range Line



70.



The Earth

By Julie

The Earth is a round ball that is covered with splashes of land and water. The Earth is a wonderful place and it has lots of space but right now We need the Earth to work together to make our planet Earth a better Place. The Earth is a special place to live and work but unless we keep it clean and healthy, WE WILL DIE!

Julie Raffety
3rd Grade
Oriole Lane

Susie Wolkomir
Grade 5
Oriole Lane

The sky is dark blue and the smell of pine trees is in the air. The branches of the trees are covered with white, fluffy snow and greenish moss is covering the bare branches. The new fallen snow is sparkling around the purplish shadows. The trees are many colors of brown as the sun peeks through the branches.

The air smells fresh as my boots crunch against the snow. The wind is blowing through the trees intune to the piping of the birds' songs. The water of the stream is flowing between the snow covered rocks. The water is as cold as ice and flows quickly past the trees.

The playful birds over my head fly from tree to tree, playing a game only they know how to play. Bits of snow fall to the ground because of the birds' playful game. This place in the woods makes me feel content.

Winter is...

Winter is putting on your stupid snowpants
and drinking hot chocolate.
Winter is having to put on warm clothing.
It is waking up and hearing the sounds of shovels
that are scraping against your driveway.
Winter is hearing the sound of wind in the trees
swirling around and around.
It is making snowmen and using father's pipe.
Winter is making snowballs and having a snowball fight.
It is playing ice hockey.
Winter is bushes that look like popcorn balls.
It is sledding and having fun.

Bridget Wallace
Grade 2
Donges Bay School

* * *

WINTER IS ...

Winter is...
Water freezing into ice.
Pink skies, ice skates and animals hibernating.

Winter is...
Snowflakes that fall on pine trees and
Dragon Breath that freezes from my mouth.

Winter is...
Popcorn ball bushes and fat snowpants and
making jolly snowmen.

Winter is...
Slipping, sliding, skating, and making snowballs.

Christin Mortenson
Grade 2
Donges Bay School

72.

— Untitled —

by
Brenda Foster, Gr. 5
Oridle Lane

It was a gloomy day, and the sky was dark. A November snowfall had covered parts of the dark green pine trees, dotting the beautiful, calm stream. I touched the thick pine needles on a lower branch of a pine, and bent over and smelled the sweet, fresh smell of pines. As I turned around, I noticed a large green pine tree that had just fallen recently, lying in the beatiful white snow, and a certain group of lovely pine trees looked like a gigantic, snow covered castle.

When I had looked at the imaginary scene a while longer, I bent down and felt the white, fluffy snow covering the frozen grass. The snow was tremendously cold, but was still very beautiful.

I felt a light, mild, breeze blowing against my face, making it feel good.

Over to my right, were two bunches of grass standing out of the snow. The grass looked so lonely and sad, but happy at the same time.

I walked slowly over to the sparkling stream. It was calm and snow had covered the little areas of the steam that were frozen. I dipped my hand into the beautiful water. My hand felt just as cold as it had when I touched the cold snow, but even colder yet.

I took one more look at the calm, beautiful, sparkling stream, the pretty, white snow, and the snow covered pine trees. I took a deep breath and smelled the fresh air and the beautiful scent of the pines. I took one last look at the sky and then walked off behind the trees, having a good picture in my mind of what I saw.

SPRING

Spring is like the whole world has come alive! Spring is when you wake up to birds singing their morning song. It is when flowers bloom and bees buzz from flower to flower collecting pollen to make sweet and sticky honey. The sounds I love to hear are birds singing and bees buzzing. When bees buzz and apple buds bloom you know it's Spring! My favorite spring taste is fresh strawberries. That's why I think spring is like the whole world has come alive!

Christie Groh
Grade 3
Donges Bay School

GREEN

Green is the sea and, Ireland, and grass,
Green is the taste of lime,
Forests and gardens smell green,
Envy makes me feel green,
Green is the sound of birds and leaves rustling
and trees rustling,
Green is pretty, beautiful, and plentiful.
Green is a lovely color.

Siobhan Jordan
Steffen
Grade 6

Spring

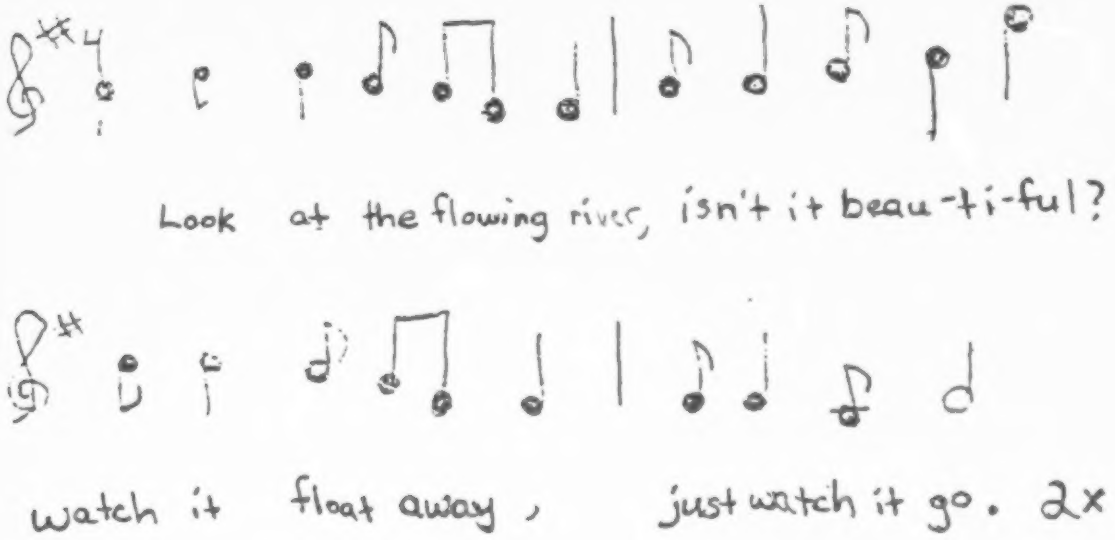
Spring is a child
Unpredictable
Reborn

Dan Schueller
Grade 9
Homestead High School

74.

The RIVER

composed by
Jennifer Haler
Gr. 4 - Donges Bay


Look at the flowing river, isn't it beau-ti-ful?
watch it float away, just watch it go. 2x

MARCH

Soggy, foggy
Raining, blowing, snowing
The end of winter
Unpredictable

Zack Jiles
Fifth Grade
Oriole Lane

75.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD MYSTERY

One day a group of kids got together because there was something strange going on in their neighborhood. Their names were Henry, Dennis and Rafe. After meeting in their treehouse and talking together, they discovered that they all had something in common. Each night something was going on in their yards that they couldn't explain. Henry told about loud noises on the roof of his house at night. Dennis told about the night when he was awakened by loud noises outside his bedroom window. When he turned on the yard light, he saw something big, with shiny eyes run into the bushes. Rafe told about the morning when he saw the garbage cans tipped over and garbage laying all over the yard.

One night they really wanted to find out what it was that was doing all the weird things, so they slept outside in a TENT!! They lit a fire and sat around the fire for awhile, and then they got tired so they went in the tent to go to sleep. That night they heard the same noises........only closer!!!! They went outside the tent and saw bright and shiny eyes in the back of the fire! They discovered that all the strange things they saw and heard were caused by a furry animal! So now they solved the neighborhood mystery. It was a pesty raccoon!!

Zach Lieven
Wilson School
Grade Three

Eric Jackson

MY SNACK

The object came toward me like a flying saucer. It was circular shaped, about three inches in diameter, and flat like a pancake. There were many tiny indentations on top and the color was chestnut biege, with coffee shaded chunks in it.

I felt it. The object was ripply and uneven with knobby bumps on top. It had a crisp feeling, like a dog biscuit.

I dropped the item to see if it would make any noise. The dessert came down with a thud. I broke it in half. It made a crisp, crunchy sound.

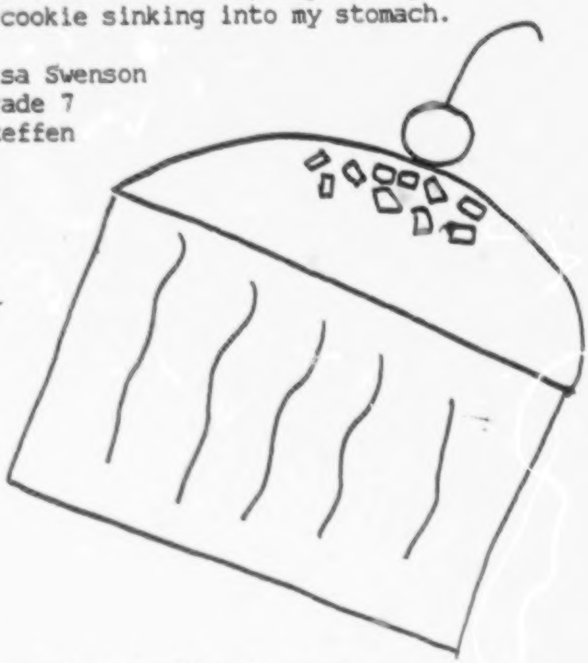
Next I smelled the item. It smelled sweet and sugary. In fact, it almost smelled syrupy.

My chair tipped as I leaned back to enjoy the taste. My snack tasted as delicious as it had smelled. I savored the taste. It was sweet with a chocolate flavor. The object also tasted like butter and sugar, its two main ingredients.

What is it? A chocolate chip cookie. Cookies are wonderful, especially when eaten during English class. I imagined my cookie sinking into my stomach.

Lisa Swenson
Grade 7
Steffen

* * *



Kristin
Hibner
Grade 2
Donges
Bay

UNTITLED

As I returned home from a perilous day at school, I could tell something was cooking. A sweet aroma captured my helpless body, and dragged it to the kitchen. Only my nose knew what was happening. As I left the hall and entered the aromatic temple, the sweet godess was, shall we say, tanning in our oven. Its round, silver-dollar shaped body was sprawled across the silvery sheet. I crept to the oven and slowly opened the door.

Suddenly, I gave up my will power. I pounced, grabbing the warm body into my hand. The rough surface smeared my hand with sweet chocolate. I tasted it. The heavenly treasure was soft and chewy. It crunched as I brought my jaws upon this marvelous snack. Nothing beats mom's chocolate chip cookies.

Julie Eisenhardt
Grade 7
Steffen

POETRY TO PROSE

Julia Phillips
Grade 3
Donges Bay

This Poem:

Look at itsy-bitsy Mitzi!
See her figure slim and ritzy!
She eatsa
Pizza!
Greedy Mitzi!
She no longer itsy-bitsy!
Ogden Nash

Became this Prose:

My best friend told me this story. It's about a girl named Mitzi. She was so skinny if she hid behind a branch you couldn't see her. I know my best friend wouldn't lie to me so this is true. Then one day when she was reading the newspaper she discovered this new food called pizza. It sounded so delicious she ate 55 boxes of it with all the toppings in the world. When she was done with that you couldn't believe how fat she was! She was the fattest person in history. And that's the last I heard of old Mitzi.

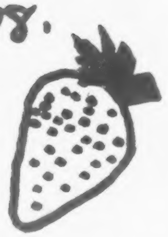
Jesse Blom
Grade 1
Range Line

* * *

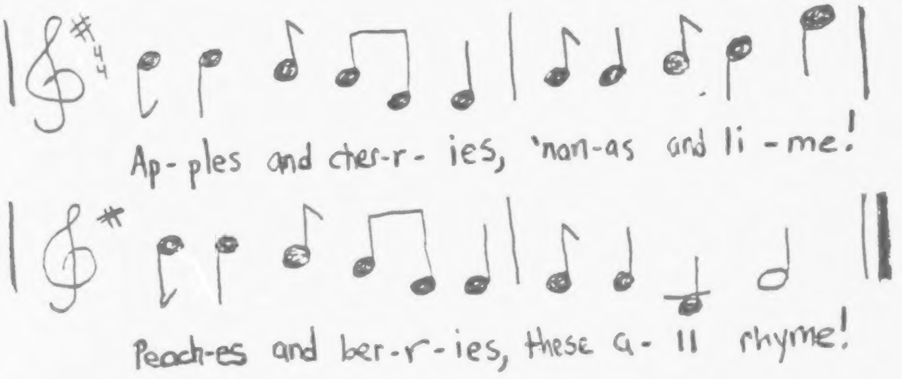
If I were an apple I...would be red and shiny. I would win first prize. I would be delicious. I would travel to many countries. I would have apple friends and their names would be Jennifer, Liz, and Erin. I would be owned by rich people. They would put me in a high place. They would crown me and I would be beautiful.

Kim Kowaleski
Grade 3
Donges Bay School

78.



The Fruit Song


Ap-ples and cher-r-ies, 'nan-as and li-me!
Peach-es and ber-r-ies, these a-ll rhyme!

2. Ms. Miller is a dude, Playing the flute!
never in a bad mood, she loves fruit!

composed by:
Bradley J. Olson
4th Grade
Donges Bay

WHAT COULD IT BE?

DON'T ASK ME!!!

It smells of a mess,
cooked up by your old Aunt Jess.

It would not taste that good,
but to a feline it would.

Fish, meat, and a little beef too,
but to you it would taste boo-hoo.

It might sound meaty,
but afterwards you'll want a peace treaty.

It is usually brown,
please don't eat it in a gown!

It comes out in a thump,
every last clump.

Use a can opener to open it,
come on it won't make you spit!

This doesn't feel good,
the way a good meal should.

It may feel like goosh,
but to tabbies it wouldn't taste like moosh.

Kibbles is a brand,
but to us it tastes like sand.

Meghan Martin
Grade 3
Donges Bay

By: Adam Goodberg
Grade 5
Donges Bay

AN AFTERSCHOOL SNACK

After school many students hunger for a snack of real good. Some have ice cream, others have something else. I'm here to introduce to you what maybe the other snack some students have.

The familiar object had been shaped slightly irregular. It had formed to become a flat and bumpy circle. The roughness seemed to have tiny holes all around it. As I cornered the object, I noticed that it was shaded. Darker towards the outside rim and lighter towards the center. When approached the aroma of the circle makes your nostrils crave for more of the fragrance. The bittersweet flavor made my taste buds dance and my mouth perspire. As my jaws motioned up and down the rhythmic noise instructed my mouth to continue chewing. After the sensational sweetness leaves your mouth, to continue to your stomach, you may crave for more. If you haven't guessed by now, the object I'm describing is a cookie.

Portlynne Fisher
Grade 7
Steffen

Cocacola
classic

Eric
Jackson
Grade4
Donges
Bay

Kristin
Bapes
4th Grade
Wilson

Kristin
Bapes
Grade4
Wilson

Valentine's Day

Valentine's Day is
All about
Loving
Each other.
No one in
The world can take away these most
Inner feelings.
Not
Even your closest friend!

Melanie Kehoss
Grade 5
Range Line

80.

Making Toast

1. I am going down to the freezer.
2. To get a loaf of bread.
3. I find there is no loaf of bread.
4. I have to go to the grocery store.

5. I drive to the grocery store.
6. I find that the grocery store is closed.
7. I drive to another grocery store.
8. Oops, this is the donut store.
9. Oops, this is a shoe store.
10. Oops, this is a clothes store.
11. Oops this is a pet store.
12. I finally found the right store.
13. I am driving home.
14. I am going to put the bread in the toaster.
15. Oops, the toaster is broken.
16. I will take it to the repairmen.
17. Come back in one hour.
18. I came back in one hour.
19. I drive home with the toaster.
20. I plug it in.
21. Oops, I forgot to put the batteries in.
22. I unplug the toaster.
23. I put the batteries in.
24. It works.
25. I put in my toast in for three minutes.
26. I have my toast.
27. I put butter on my toast.

by

Casey Kashnig

Grade 1
Range Line

DAYDREAM

I look out the window,
Suddenly something happens.
I'm not in the boring room
With the teacher, who is
Really wierd.

I hear nothing,
Just see what I want to see.
I don't dream about the piles
and piles of homework I have,
I dream of nice things, friends, food, candy.

As a loud noise comes and wakes me up
I am forced to start all over again.
I think of new things
My girlfriend, family,
The snow.

Just as the fun is just beginning-
POW!
The teacher hits me upside the head.

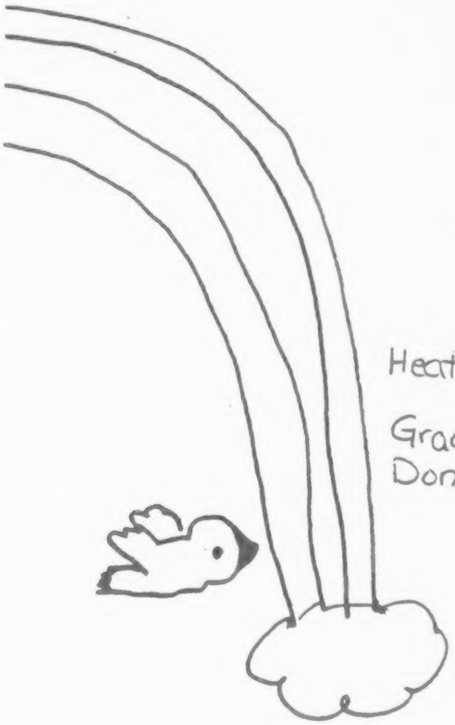
As I give him a dirty look
He gives me one back.
I drift back to my dream world.
I think of things that I have long forgot.
The bell rings, but I don't hear it.

The second bell rings -
I don't hear it either.
The teacher leaves,
Locks the doors,
Turn off the lights.

Am I still here?
The buses leave.
I am still here.
The night has fallen.
I am still here!

Now that is a Daydream!!

Austin Rechcygl
Grade 7
Steffen School



Heather
Foster
Grade 3
Donges Bay

BLUE

Blue is the color of my life.
When I think of blue I see a
picture in my mind, I see the
clouds,water,birds fluttering
in the sky. I see myself I
don't know why.sometimes blue
makes me sad.then I cry at night
and talk to my dad. see blue is my
life on can't you see without blue
I'm just not me!!

Sasha Wendt
Steffen
Grade 6

82.

Valentine's Day

Very, very, sweet
Always loving
Lace and chocolate
Everyone be mine.
Never kiss and tell
True love.
Irresistable and appealing
Never a dull moment
Everlasting romance.

Allison Reeves
Grade 5
Range Line

Reflections

He peers into the mirror and he finds
The paths that time has left upon his face.
Now time likes playing tricks upon his mind.
What happened to his youth and all his grace?
Dim memories are all that now remain
Since silence tells him he is left alone.
Familiar names and faces come with strain.
He longs to hear the ringing of the phone.
The ticking clock reminds him time goes on;
The face and hands unseen by dimming eyes.
The carefree days of youth are long since gone,
Yet times of trial have left him more the wise.
Recalling they have been such precious years
He smiles and gently dries the trail of tears.

Kristi Camp
Grade 12
Homestead

LONELINESS

Loneliness is
dark rooms,
locked up secrets,
cold hallways
with the echos
of your footsteps.
No sound
just blank walls
and dark skies.
Sitting in corners
hearing the empty sound
of the essence
of live.

Loneliness is
songs with no meaning
no tune.
Books with
no words
just empty pages.
Trying to speak
but finding no voice
the words just won't come.
Still trapped in corners
hearing the empty sound
of the essence
of life.

Kira Norris
Steffen
Grade 7

Shae Schoenherr
Grade 4
Donges Bay

HOW MRS. APPLE WAS DIGESTED

One day Mrs. Apple was sitting in a basket when all of a sudden someone picked her up. She started saying "help, help". Then someone took a bite of Mrs. Apple, she said give me my skin back. Then she was all gone, she went into the mouth. She said "why is it so dark in here". She was getting soft and all wet and slippery from the saliva glands. "I am starting to break up" said Mrs. Apple, when all of a sudden she went down a huge slide called the Esophagus. She said "that was fun". Then all of a sudden she was very very hot. Mrs. Apple said "what's happening", she started to break up. Mrs. Apple was being broken up by the Gastric Juices in the stomach. Then she got rushed into a long tube called the small intestines. She said "Oh good another roller coaster." Mrs. Apple was again being broken up. She was being mixed with a chemical that breaks down nutrients called bile. Bile comes from the liver and pancreas. All the good nutrients from Mrs. Apple were then taken by the Villi and absorbed into the bloodstream. All the rest of Mrs. Apple went into a huge thing called the large intestine. One more roller coaster to go on, she said "Oh dear." Then what was left the waste called feces came out of the rectum and splashed into a bowl of water. Mrs. Apple noticed that she was not red any more she was soft and brown. This was because of the bile she was mixed with. Then once again with a rush of water Mrs. Apple was all gone.

The End

By Sarah Eynon

Grade 5
Wilson

DAYDREAM

I look out the window, suddenly something happens.

I'm not in the boring room, with the teacher who is really weird.

I hear nothing, just see what I want to see, hear what I want to hear.

I don't think of the piles and piles of homework I have.

Austin Rechcygl
Grade 7
Steffen School

* * *

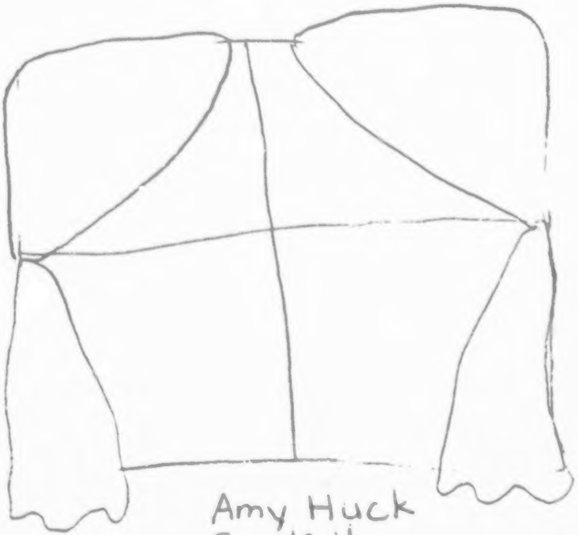
Blue ...

Some people say blue is ordinary, but it is not.
Blue is majestic, and royal...
Blue comes in my feelings: my sorrow, my joy, my sadness, my enjoyment.
Blue is the taste of the sea.
It is big, and it is bold.
When I hear, "Blue" I think of the waves crashing against the shore.
Then, I think of all that water- And when the Earth was born- there was nothing but blue....

Jennifer Washington
Steffen
Grade 6

Sometimes I'm told that I could be so great:
I'm sure to win the Nobel Prize someday
Inventing new machines, the people say:
To work in labs appears to be my fate.
And yet I often wonder why it seems
That I am never happy with such dreams:
In spite of all we've done, there's so much hate.
Instead, I find my solace in the wild
Amid the mountains, trees and winding brooks
With sunsets over rocks from glaciers piled,
But this because of science have I forsook
Forgetting that, as nature, I'm God's child.
My soul belongs with nature, God's own son,
Immortal brothers after form is gone.

Jeremy Porter
Grade 12
Homestead

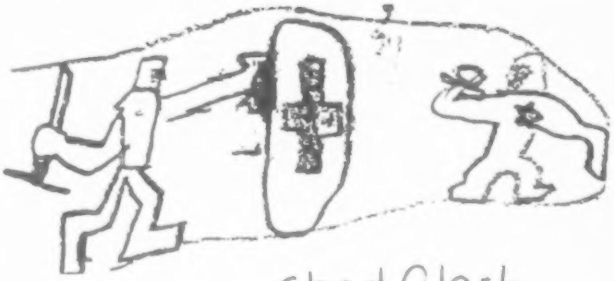


Amy Huck
Grade 4
Donges Bay

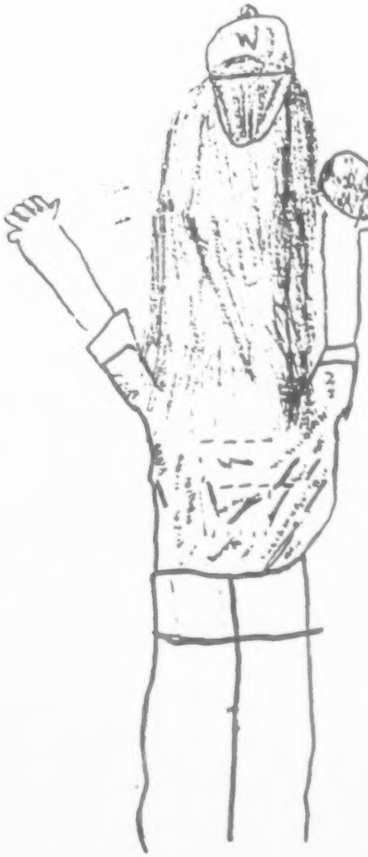
ME

I'm Me
I'm not perfect or stupid, I'm ME
I pick up a ball and say,
I'm not Sara, Beth or even Jenny, I'm ME!
I like balls, Sara doesn't.
I love jeans, Beth doesn't.
I absolutely adore chocolate.
Jenny hates it.
All I really care is that nobody
Has a right to hurt me or tease me
Because I'm ME!
They just don't understand

Meg Guy
Fourth Grade
Range Line



Chad Clark
Grade 3
Donges Bay



Extra!

Extra! Extra! war started today.
Nervous missles spying on towns,
Nervous missles wandering in the night.
U.S. soldiers on the move,
Extra! Extra! missles duel,
Dueling missles, patriots and scuds.
Two months, six months, How long will it last?
POW's as shields, plucked from the skies.
Extra! Extra! A scud wins a duel.
Soldiers making plans to fight;
Allies, troops, no time to feel fear
A wars best friend, fear
Extra! Extra! Sanctions fail,
Timing critical, for attack, so
Stage is set, the final countdown.
U.S. wary, A new Peace
Extra! Extra! Hopes raised before
Get out before Saturday
'A deadline is set, get out or else.
Soldiers go in, ready to fight
Extra! Extra! Victory!

Sean Odenwald
Grade 7
Steffen

86.

Opening Up

That day my heart cried silent tears of pain,
But few wet tears left stains upon my face.
True peace of mind, my soul could not obtain
Until that day when grief had found a place.

That day I said to him a last good-bye.
No longer would I hold his wrinkled hands
But always would my love for him survive
E'en though my grief I could not understand.

That day I sat alone in his old room,
Unable to release the grief inside
And then with one small tear falling in gloom
I pushed the tomb of grief's large door aside.

Although the last of tears may never come
At least no longer would my heart feel numb.

Lorie Stellmacher
Grade 12
Homestead

MEAN

Angry, fierce
storming, pouring,
pounding, knocking
down of trees.....Mad

Aaron Matthews
Fifth Grade
Oriole Lane

Imagination

Ignoring the
Monotonous surroundings
As you
Go
In to another world where
No one can tell you what to dream.
An animal talks to you
Inside of his cave home.
Oblivious ideas come to mind
Now playing in a far off land...

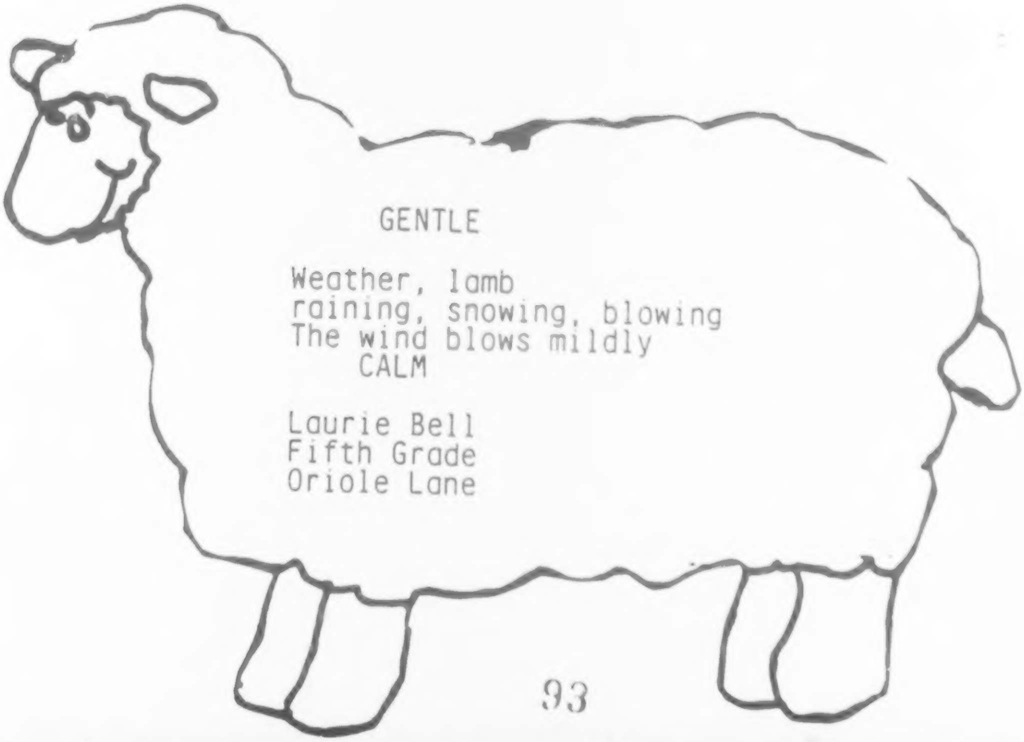
Dana Gagnon
English 9
Homestead High School

CAN DREAMS ALWAYS COME TRUE?

In John Steinbeck's novella, Of Mice and Men, many of his charactes had dreams and plans that nevver came true. One such character was Curly's wife. Her name was never stated. She was said to be a good-looking lady. She always wanted to be respected by men, but she appeared to them as a tart. Curly's wife dreamed of being a movie star. A guy she met at the Riverside Dance Palace said she was a natural. He told her he would write her a letter as soon as she got back to Hollywood. She never received that letter. She had reason to believe her mother had stolen it, but her mother wouldn't say she had taken it. Curly's wife only married him so she could get rid of her mother. She dreamed of being in the movies, wearing nice clothes, staying in big hotels, having pictures taken of her, and always being interviewed. Her dream was ended when Lennie killed her, somewhat by accident. It was partly her own fault.

George was another character in Steinbeck's prize-winning novel. George's plan included two other characters. These characters were Lennie and Candy who was going to supply most of the money. He planned of taking the money the three of them accumulated at the end of the month to buy a house with a little land. They would be their own boss, plant their own crops, and eat what they harvested. George said they might raise a cow for milk and meat when it got older. Like Curly's wife, George's plans were ended when Lennie killed Curly's wife. Sometimes plans that are planned perfectly don't always come out the way they are expected.

Kevin Kincaid
Grade 8
Steffen



GENTLE

Weather, lamb
raining, snowing, blowing
The wind blows mildly
CALM

Laurie Bell
Fifth Grade
Oriole Lane

"I Have a Dream"

I have a dream and in my dream all living things would live in peace. This means that there would be an end to all wars. Because there is no destruction, the WORLD would be a beautiful place to live. The rainforest would not be destroyed so we'd have a lot of clean oxygen. There would be no pollution and no litter. NO! one smokes cigarettes, cigars, or pipes in my dreams. The people would no be selfish, mean, greedy, or hateful. The secret to my dream is that all people would be respected as equal and would take good care of the earth.

I hope my dream comes true.

Alexander Rothstein
Grade 2
Donges Bay School

* * *

LONLINESS

As lonely as:
A person parachuting alone over the ocean,
A tree that lost its leaves.
A confused fox lost in the Alaskan tundra,
A candy with no wrapper.
A pencil with no eraser, a car with no wheels,
A boat lost in the ocean.
A sock with no match, a book with no pages,
A door with no knob.
A flag without stars or stripes,
A pen with a lost cap.
A garbage can with no garbage in it,
A soda can with no soda in it.
A cactus standing alone in the desert,
A flower with no stem.
A knitted sweater that is unraveling,
A shoe with no laces.

by: Suzanna Cota
Fourth Grade
Oriole Lane

jiG-SaW

This world is like a jig-saw puzzle,
my piece does not quite fit.

Many attempts to fit me,
do not push me in.
But I am not steel or benumbed.

The choice of shape is mine,
and the hammering and piercing inflict the pain,
if not the visual blemish.

I choose not to fit,
Perhaps because of my position ,
not conjoined with the hard, melancholy view.

I dislike the justice
of the larger picture.

And perchance it would hinder my image,
lessen my borders or colors.

But perhaps my image would not be faded,
but the large picture bettered by my tiny impression.

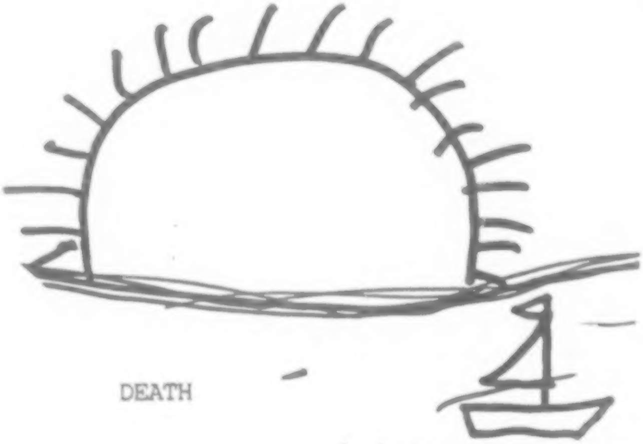
I am but a tiny bewildered piece,
that cannot yet fit into a vast puzzle.

Ryan Maxwell
Grade 9
Homestead High School

QUIET

As quiet as-
A campsite in the cold winter,
As the middle of an open field,
As a mouse that got frightened of a cat,
As quite as a spring drizzle,
As the only person on the playground;
As sleeping by a warm crackling fire,
Or like sleeping in a hamock on a warm
day, coloring on blue paper.

by: Leah Horwitz
Fourth Grade
Oriole Lane



Kate Oehler
Grade 4
~~Wilson~~

DEATH

A plaguing sadness
A mournful silence
An overwhelming rush of melancholy
The sound of a lonely cry comes
out of the silence and into the hearts
of those surrounding
Tears trickle down long, saddened faces as
the flowing of water in a bay of grief and
sympathy
As a man meets his Creator, all others shall
grieve, suffering the loss of one whom all around
him had loved
This man shall leave us, passing onto us his wisdom and courage,
and meet his
Maker, going on toward a land of light
peace, happiness, and tranquility, leaving
behind a world of grief, sorrow, and sadness.
He is going on to immortality, strenghtening himself, weakening other
He is passing on and leaving behind his soul to comford us in our
loneliness and grief, to help in our conquest of our sorrow in his
Death.

Laura Kirkbride
Steffen
Grade 7

Courage

My father, the night in shining armor.

He leaves at dawn for Vietnam.

Frightened?

Not he.

He is deep down inside, but show it?

Not now. He must live for one more night, the knight.

Anticipation

He dreams of himself fighting the horrible dragon.

Loose?

Never.

Not our hero. Not our knight.

Prisoner in its dark and dismal cave?

He'd rather die.

Morning sun. Terror in the house.

Not a word spoken at breakfast.

Fear

Fear stacked up in this family overflowing into my mother's tears.

"He'll be home soon," she states.

Will he live? Will he die?

Why is mother crying?

Suspense

Mother waits each day, silently.

Wondering if he's alive.

And I, the poor child. What to tell me?

Sadness

An answer to her questions arrives.

Daddy came home in a box.

What happened?

"I don't know," mother sobbed,"I just don't know."

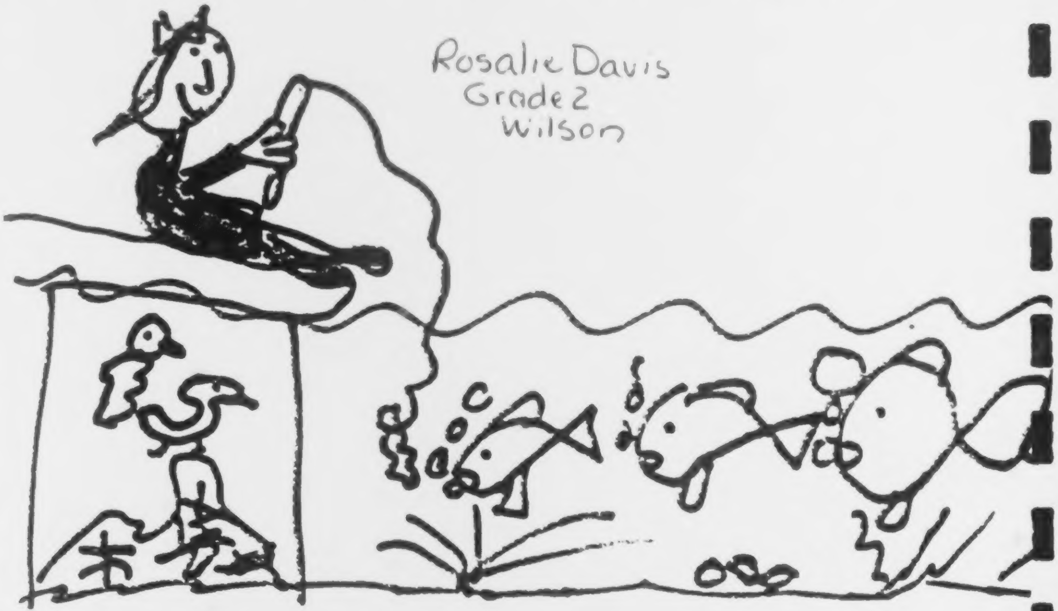
Julie Eisenhart
Steffen
Grade 7

92.

The Fishing Trip

One morning Erv and Karen went fishing. Karen caught a bass, a big bass. Then Erv caught a small bass and they kept the bass. Then they went home and for dinner Pat had the bass for dinner. Pat said the bass the good. The next morning at 7:00 am they went fishing and Karen caught a small, small bass at 7:15 am. Erv caught a bluegill right after Karen. When they went home at 6:30 pm they were cold and made a fire. It was hot because Erv made the fire. When we went to bed, it was hot upstairs. The next morning Emily went fishing at 7:30 am. Emily caught a big, big northern. Erv caught a small northern. At 2:00 pm they went home and they let the bass go. They both caught a bluegill at the same time. They were hot, it was cold in the house. The next day at 3:30 pm their friends came over to see if Karen and Emily could play. They said yes. At 5:30 they came home from their friends's house.
The End

Karen Helms
Grade 2
Wilson



Rosalie Davis
Grade 2
Wilson

THE RACE

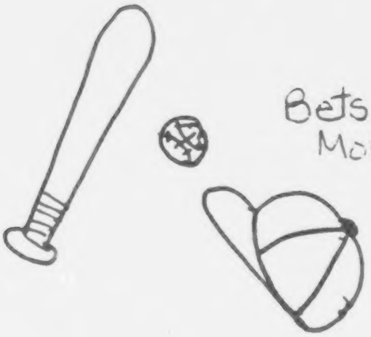
BANG! Went the starting gun. The cars in the race had begun. Chug. Chug, went the motors of the powerful, exciting race cars. Number 7 sped around a sharp curve. Down the slick track went the cars. Number 19 was ready to pass when POP, his tire went flat. Too bad Number 19! Number 7 zoomed over the finish line to win th championship race.ihaa, went the crowd. Number7 felt very happy. Number 19 went home.

By: Dan Jacobson
Grade 2
Wilson

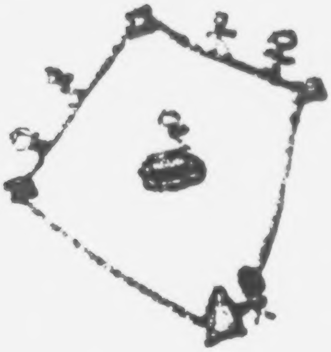
Matt
Wilson

BREWER STADIUM

I big Brewer Stadium
   three miles away.
It is opening day
   I think I'll just stay!
Five players here
   Four players there.
Someone is up
   I hope they're aware.
There is my friend
   two seats away.
He's holding an umbrella
   but it is a beautiful day!



Betsy
Moriarty
Wilson



John Hawkins
Grade 2
Donges Bay School

Ryan Steffen
Grade 2
Donges Bay

If I could ride anything at all, I would ride on a flying garage door. I was walking on the driveway to put out the garbage, and when I came back I got stuck on the garage door. I got so scared that I screamed. My mom, dad, brother, or dog could not hear me. They also could not see me. When it came night, I got kind of used to it. It was fun. I could go up and down. I just needed to watch not to dent my nose. I had already done it twice. If I did it any more times I wouldn't have a nose anymore. I was flipping up and down. This was a very fun activity. I'm used to it. I should try this more often. Will I ever get down? When my dad got outside to go to work he found me and got me down. Everyday after school I got myself hooked on the garage door and played. When I called, my mom got me down. When my friend, Jane, came over that is what we did. We had a ball. We could play ball, lie down, and suntan when we went up and down. It was fun. I should try this at home all the time and ask my dad to get us down.

Jessica Stark
Grade 3
Donges Bay School

94.

Ambivalence Aglow

The arsonist lobs the Molotov cocktail into a second story window and runs. He glances back; the ensuing blaze dances before his eyes. Delighted at seeing the spectacle, he stops a few hundred yards away to observe it. The flames lick at the roof from all sides as a family scrambles out of their home. A hysterical mother counts heads while a distraught child weeps for his missing cat. A frustrated father can't bear to watch his dream disappear into the black smoke, rising from the inferno. Fire, misused by another person, has practically destroyed the lives of an honest, hard-working family. Fire, however, has also made their lives what they are. It was fire that made the nails to hold the house together. Fire cooked their meals and soothed them in front of the fireplace. Fire drove their automobile and created the electricity they needed. Fire is power, and power is a tool, not concerned with the morality of its master. The wielder of power may use it to promote the well-being of those around him, or he may use it to hurt and destroy. In the second world war, some world leaders used power appropriately while others did not.

Winston Churchill's power shone brightly to ensure an Allied victory in the European stage of the war. Before the outbreak of aggression, Churchill had urged Britain to strengthen its armed forces, especially the Royal Air Force, in response to the threat posed by Hitler and his expansionist policies. In his first statement as Prime Minister, Churchill forewarned his people of the approaching hardships and pledged only "blood, toil, tears, and sweat" in the years to follow. The British suffered from the countless bombs dropped upon them by German warplanes. Demoralized, the citizens looked to the strong leadership of Churchill and listened to his radio speeches: "We have but one aim and one single irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of his Nazi regime. From this nothing will turn us -- nothing." These commanding words set the British people aflame. Churchill's capable Royal Air Force sustained the public fervor as they downed numerous German planes. Ultimately a victory, the Battle of Britain tempered the British spirit rather than melted it. Churchill employed his power admirably to destroy the Nazi's in Europe and reinforce democracy everywhere.

Sharing a common enemy with Churchill but never agreeing on how to best fight that enemy, Stalin ruthlessly exercised his power. While subordinate to Lenin, Stalin shrewdly maneuvered himself upwards through the ranks, finally being appointed Secretary General of the Communist Party. Once on top, he manipulated his subordinates and their positions by awarding his supporters and punishing his opponents. Stalin quickly acquired absolute power in a totalitarian state. In an unrelated but relevant letter, Lord Acton wrote, "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely." Upholding this idea, Stalin's policies oppressed rather than aided the Soviet people. His five-year plans and collective farms failed, but when citizens spoke of such failures, they were imprisoned, exiled, or executed. Similarly, Stalin purged dissenting officers in the Communist Party and the Soviet military. Stalin's iron curtain fell over neighboring Europe, also. When the Western powers questioned Stalin about his establishment of puppet communist regimes in Eastern Europe without popular elections, Stalin said, "A freely elected government in any of these East European countries would be anti-Soviet and that we cannot allow." Terrorizing the Soviet people and the rest of the world, Stalin misused his power.

Also using terror to empower himself, Hitler ruled as a totalitarian leader, but, in the end, he was consumed by the power he so blatantly abused. Hitler first warmed himself in power's glow as the leader of the National Socialist Workers Party. The Nazi party supported him when he ran for chancellor of the Weimar Republic, a democratic nation riddled with economic problems. From there, he ascended to the self-proclaimed title, der Fuhrer. As the Fuhrer, he renamed Germany the Third Reich and claimed it would last for a thousand years. He aggressively made and broke treaties to acquire more power and additional "living space" for the Aryan race. At the Munich Conference, Hitler requested the annexation of the Sudetenland, part of Czechoslovakia but ethnically tied to Germany. The Allied leaders appeased him, and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain summed up their thoughts, "We have achieved peace in our time." They were sadly disappointed and sharply criticized though when Hitler annexed not only the Sudetenland but all of Czechoslovakia. Hitler, similarly, signed a non-aggression treaty with Stalin only to invade adjacent Poland and later the Soviet Union. Already fighting the Allies on the other side of Europe, Hitler put his country once again in a two-front war, an almost suicidal situation. He odds were slim, but his desire for power burned so hotly. As his empire abated, Hitler realized the power that he needed so desperately was wavering. His power, tenuous in the incoming rush of the Allied forces, would be extinguished and so, too, would he. Ravaged by the wildfire he attempted to control, Hitler committed suicide.

These three leaders wielded power over a great number of other individuals. One was effective and won the war. The other also won the war but was hated by his people. The third was revered by his fanatic followers, but he lost the war, his power, and his life. Hitler, like the arsonist lobbing the incendiary, ignited a fire. A fire he reveled in, but, captivated by its hypnotic glow, he allowed the fire to spread beyond his control. The arsonist will make the same mistake someday. He will carelessly trap himself in his own walls of flame and disappear into a thick, reeking smoke, rising from the carcass of a madman.

Jamie Smith
11th Grade
Homestead High School

96.

MY MYTH

Kevin Krejci

Well, lightning and thunder are made by Tim the Totally tubular dude. He forms lightning by spiting and he makes thunder by stomping up and down. But he only does this when he looses. Let me tell you about that...

Well, it all began when Time started to have an interest in soccer. He began his interest when he saw his friend Will Storm. Will loved to play soccer and he never lost.

Will taught Tim how to play soccer and what to do when he lost. That was having a fit and stomping up and down and spitting alot. Just when Tim was getting the hang of it, Will showed him the other trick which was rain. But Tim never got the hang of it.

After that Tim went around the world getting soccer tips from the best players of all time, like Pele, and Tatoo, and Tony Pierce. After about 3 years getting all the tips he could, he finally went back to see Will to show him everything he learned. Tim showed him how to do a bicycle, a dive, catch, and roll, and all the keeper and outfield moves he had learned and he already knew.

They were almost brothers every soccer move they knew they shared with each other. After a few years, they decided they would go around the world and play anybody that challenged them. They got hundreds of offers and beat most of them. They beat 99% of the people they played.

So as you can see they were practically unstoppable. But after about 8 years of touring the world, they got bored of playing the same people over and over again. (They played everyone that wanted to play them at least 10 times).

So they decided to go around the world one more time and the place with the most teams was the place that they would settle down in. So they toured the world one more time. They figured that it would take about one year. So they went to Italy first and they played about 10 teams and beat 9 of them (they tied the other team). Then they decided to look around for another team that they had never played before.

It was very hard to do since they had played about all the teams in the world but they finally found a team they had never played. They had never played them before because this team was in jail for killing 1,000,000,000 people with knives.

So finally they got another team that they had never played before but what they didn't know was that this team had a ritual if they lost. That is why they killed those 1,000,000,000 people because their ritual was killing the people that they lost to!

But since Tim the Totally Tubular Dude and Will Storm didn't know about this so they practiced for about 3 hours before the game with each other. So after they practiced they played a long hard game because they were up against a really good team. First the killers (the new team) scored 2 goals, then Tim scored 2 goals by a bicycle. Then Will scored 1 goal. Then the killers scored a goal. So it was tied up with 30 seconds left. Will dribbled up and shot a midfield goal and it went in!

The killers were infuriated and they both yelled "You will pay for this" and Tim and Will took it as a joke, so they kept on playing other teams. But after touring the world they still didn't find a good place for settling down so they decided to tour the world one more time. That time when they were in Italy again they met up with the killers again and they tied them.

The killers were so angry at Tim and Will that they took out their knives and threw one at Will and one at Tim. Both missed and Will and Tim got away. Will and Tim toured the world alot more because they still couldn't decide on a place to settle down. They never went to Italy again but they knew that the killers were after them. One day they accidentally ran into the killers and the killers have now killed 1,000,000,002 people and finally got the chair because they killed too many people but that is enough about the killers. Let's talk about the thunder and lightning.

Well, as I said before lightning is formed by Tim's spit and thunder is formed by Tim stomping up and down. But before I didn't tell you why rain comes when lightning and thunder comes. It is because Will makes it when they loose. So that is why there is thunder and lightning and why rain is formed. It happens because Will and Tim are up in heaven on that soccer field up beyond the Pearly Gates and that is what they do when they loose. So whenever you are outside and a thunder storm comes, that means that Tim the Totally Tubular Dude and Will Storm just lost a soccer game up on that soccer field beyond the Pearly Gates up in heaven.

Kevin
Krejci
Grade 5
Wilson

Jennifer
Sulaiman
Grade 3
Donges Bay

JEAN NICOLET

I am Jean Nicolet. I was born in 1598, married in 1637, and am the father of two children. I work for Samuel de Champlain. I discovered Green Bay. Maps I made were very useful to fur traders who came through the area north of Lake Michigan. I had two jobs: to trade furs and to make friends with the Indians.

I was the clerk for the Company of One Hundred Associates and also worked for the French. I came from Quebec. To get to Green Bay, I sailed through Lake Michigan and I discovered the Fox River.

I was the first white man to explore the area by the Wisconsin River. I was well respected for my extensive knowledge of Indian languages and customs.

My life was cut short by an accident: my ship was overturned by a strong wind and I was drowned, in October of 1642.

Brenda Miller
Grade 4
Range Line

Jennifer Lee
Grade 2
Donges Bay

IN MEMORY OF MISS HAVEY

Miss Havey was someone I loved,
Who counted on me for a hug.
She loved her cats dearly,
And that we saw clearly,
Oh, she was someone I loved.

Heather Lang
Wilson School
Grade Three

School Day

Mandy
Grade 3
Donges Bay

Lisa Lefco
Grade 2
Donges Bay

The Heart Family

Come here to me

The sun is down

What will we do

We will die

But we can fly

Up to the sky

to ask God

Jennifer Butcher
First Grade
Wilson School

MY SUPER HERO

My super hero is Mr. Z. He's better than Mr. T because he's farther up in the alphabet. Once Mr. Z was walking down the street singing do wa diddy diddy dum diddy do when he met Mr. Y. To Mr.Z's surprise Mr. Y was SCREAMING!!! and very loud. Mr. Z said, "Don't have a cow man, what's your problem?" Oh, Oh X man was in town.

This looked like a job for Mr. Z who will save the day. All of a sudden there was a voice that said "Hey boys and girls we are gonna have fun today." Look out, look out it's a number, no it's a letter, no it's Mr. Z. Mr. Z defeated the bad guys and did save the day. So when there is trouble who ya gonna call? Mr. Z.

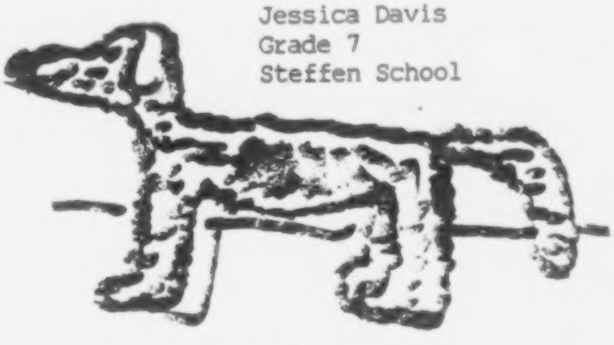
THE END
DANNY UNGER
Grade 2
Wilson

Nicole
Mundt
Grade 2
Wilson

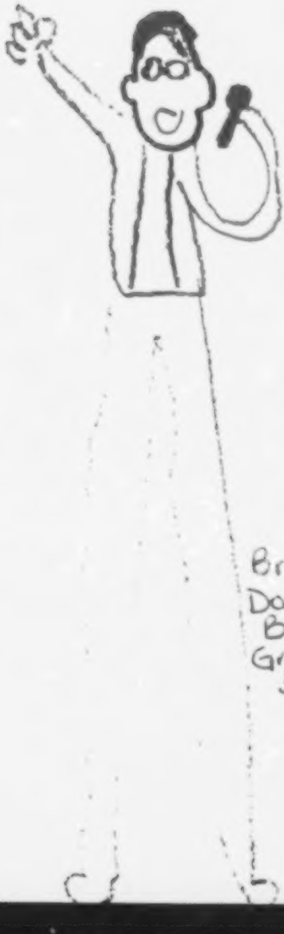
Old Yeller, an animal story by Fred Gipson, takes place in Texas after the Civil War. The central character is a boy named Travis Coates. One day his father goes to Abilene to sell cattle. He won't be back for several months, and Travis must take care of the family. Then, in a few weeks, he finds a runaway dog eating the family's meat. He wants to chase it away, but his little brother, Arliss, won't let him. They name the dog Old Yeller. Travis doesn't like the dog until Old Yeller saves Arliss' life. Then he takes Old Yeller hunting and becomes very fond of him. In a while, Old Yeller saves Travis from a group of wild hogs and almost dies. Travis gets a bad cut on his leg. While they are recovering, a girl named Lisbeth Searcy brings him one of Old Yeller's pups. He doesn't like it. In a few days, one of the family cows gets hydrophobia. Travis shoots it. His mother and Lisbeth Searcy go to burn the body. While they are gone, a mad loafer wolf attacks them. Old Yeller fights it, but it bites him. Travis shoots the wolf, but he has to kill Old Yeller, too. In the end of the story, Travis' father comes home and tells him that he was brave. Then the puppy acts just like Old Yeller, and Travis begins to like it.

Old Yeller was a good story. Because Gipson tells the story from Travis' point of view, we get to see how he likes Old Yeller. We get to know and understand why he is very devastated over killing Old Yeller. So you can see, I thought Old Yeller was a very good story.

Jessica Davis
Grade 7
Steffen School



Catarino Solorzano
Grade 3



Brett
Dong &
Bay
Grade
3

Yes, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, heroes of past time,
And living on until eternity,
Were gifted kings of pen and ink and rhyme,
With talent for creating poetry.

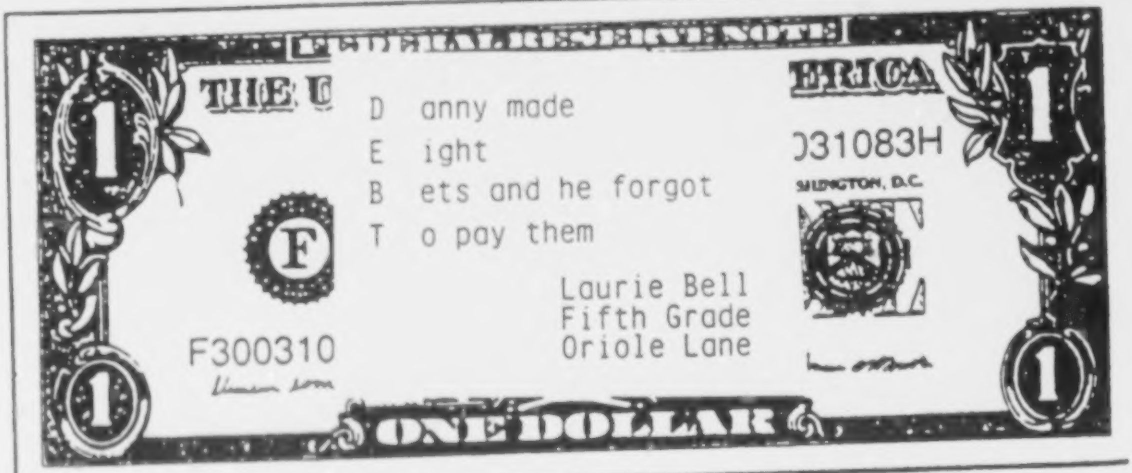
O'Keefe, Van Gogn, Monet, and Rembrandt too,
Have left a lasting mark upon the earth.
Their drawings, sculptures, and creative view,
Have led artistic culture to re-birth.

While Edison and Newton were once known
As masterminds of relativity,
Their giant genius still remains as shown,
To stir quotidien activity.

All of these great men mean so much to me,
As I can choose still what I wish to be.

Melissa Kling
Grade 12
Homestead

102.



D anny made
E ight
B ets and he forgot
T o pay them

Laurie Bell
Fifth Grade
Oriole Lane

The Velveteen Rabbit Goes on a Trip

One morning the Velveteen Rabbit woke up to get ready for his chores. Then he sat down to watch T.V. He thought for a minute. "I thing I will go on a trip", he said. And he packed his things and then he went to the airport to fly to America on an airplane.

In a couple of minutes he was there. Then he rented a room, at a hotel. Then he wanted to play with his friends.

When he was done doing that he ate he watched T.V. and then he went to get some Dunkin Donuts. Then he went outside to go for a run.

He flew back to his hole to play Nintendo and read a book.

His mom and dad came over to his hole to celebrate his birthday. Then they left him and said we'll be back in 2 minutes. Then he went to bed.

Santino Valente
Wilson School
First Grade

Kangerbear

He has a pocket with a joey in it.
He looks like half bear and half kangaro
He lives in a cave and he jumps and walk
sometimes and he eats fish and seals, bu
a kangaroo doesn't like it so he doesn't
eat so much.

Brooke Seipel
First Grade
Oriole Lane

Justin Myers
Donges Bay
Grade 2

THE ADVENTURE OF MR. FUNNY MAN

My super hero is Mr. Funny Man. He tells old jokes which bugs crooks and brings then to justice. Mr. Funny Man does his thing all day. One day he was called on the phone. "Hello, he said. "I'm the Mayor of the city and I'd like yolu to solve a case, said the Mayor. "I donh't know, I'll think about it, O.K.?" asked Funny Man.

DAY TWO

"I think I'll go down to the Mayor's office," he said. Ding, dong, went the doorbell. "Who is it, asked the Mayor, "I don't know", said Funny Man. "Come in," said the Mayor. "I want to have the case Mr. Mayor. I'd like to bring the villians to justice, but I'll need to go to Washington,D.C." said Funny Man.

DAY THREE

Funnny Man finally started the case. While he was at the Mayor's office, another bank in Wisconsin was being robbed. Funny Man started right away. Mr. Funny Man went to Washington D.C. "I don't like going away from my home in Washington, D.C.", said Funny Man.

In Washington,D.C. Funny Man was going to the bank that was robbed. He found some money on the floor. Then he took fingerprints on the money. He found out who robbed the bank. It was Yo Simady Sam and Yo Simady Sam, Jr. He went to go get them, but his car just blew up. When he got his new car then he got going. Then he finally got them. When he got to the hideout, he started chasing them. They had guns. But he had old jokes. As I said before, Mr. Funny Man's jokes bug crooks and brings them to justice. That's just what he did.

DAY FOUR

In Wisconsin it was a simpler case. Yo Simadey Sam robbed the bank. So the case was solved.

THE END
TEDDY FISHER
Grade 2
Wilson

104.

Jack and The Beanstalk

Once upon a time there lived a little boy and he lived with his mom. One day his mom told him to sell the cow at the market.

So Jack set off at once. On the way he met an old man. He said, "Oh what a nice cow you got there sonny. I'll trade that cow for these magic beans." Jack was so excited. So Jack said yes.

When Jack got home his mom saw Jack's beans she was very angry with him. So Jack's mom sent him to his room.

"Silly, silly boy," Jack's mom said. Then she went up to Jack's room. She said to give her those beans.

Jack said, "but, but..."

"Never mind the buts," said Jack's mom.

She took the beans and threw them out the window.

The next morning Jack's room was dark. Jack looked out the window. It was an enormous beanstalk!

Jack got outside as fast as he could. Jack climbed and climbed and climbed and finally he got to the top. At the top there was an old lady. She said,"don't go in there. An evil giant. His wife was serving him dinner. Jack hid in a pot. After that the giant fell asleep. Then Jack found some gold that the giant had taken from Jack's dad. Jack took the gold and wanted to go to his house but the gates closed too quick. But that didn't stop Jack. Jack slipped through the gates and went to his house.

Then the giant come down but Jack chopped the beanstalk.

Daniel Kelly
Wilson School
First Grade

Technology: Advancement or Downfall?

"The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet," from Emerson's essay Self Reliance, is very true of today's world. The average family lives in an environment made up of household applicances, electricity and automobiles. Take away the car keys or remote control, however, and these same people would hardly survive. Much of this is due to laziness. After a hard day's work, many people stop at the store and get microwave dinners, full of preservatives and other unhealthy ingredients. On weekends, when they could spend the time growing their own vegetables or making home-cooked meals, most people would rather spend what free time they have playing leisure sports or relaxing. Obviously, men are all pampered by conveniences such as air conditioning, but if people cannot spend a little time doing gruntwork, they will lose touch with reality. It used to be that many people could fix their own cars, and some men actually thrived on the activity. Today's technology is getting so advanced, however, that some of these same men are helpless in an area where they used to be experts. As can be seen, technology is seemingly getting the best of man.

Not only is technological advancement an American problem, it is also occurring worldwide. As affluent as Iraq was with its oil fields and military holdings, it could not take care of its own people. As a result of the war, several thousand Iraqis are trying to flee the country on foot just to survive with the basic necessities of food and shelter. This can be compared to a gerbil in a cage. If put into the outdoors, it would have a very low chance of survival. Are human beings, like the Iraqis who were so dependent, putting themselves into the same situation? Are they trapped into mechanically running on a wheel, with no control what's going on outside? Hopefully, this is not so. If man is brilliant enough to get himself into this mess, why is it that he can't get out? And now, with the threat of nuclear warfare, oilspills, pollution and destruction ruining this beautiful world, it seems man really has created a huge, uncontrollable monster. As Emerson so aptly describes in his quote, sometimes as man advances with the help of technology, he becomes less capable of surviving on his own.

Heidi Staats
Grade 10
Homestead

Dear President Washington,

Life in 1991 is awesome! There's furnaces, they are things that give you heat. There's a couple things that are bad, so I'll just get those out of the way. There's a war going on right now in Iraq. Crime is a big thing too! But drugs is probably the biggest problem in the city. Pollution is another problem. Lets get back to the good stuff. There's 50 states now not 13 colonies. There's cars now instead of horses. Education is easier now at least that's what I think. The buildings are a lot bigger now. We have light bulbs that give light called electricity and a lot more good stuff! Like I said life in 1991 is awesome!

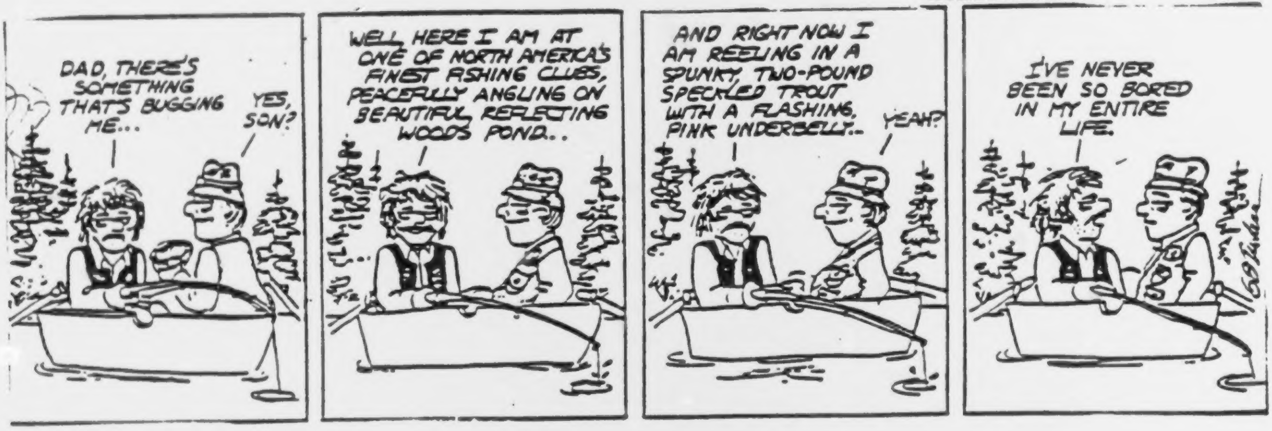
Sincerely,
Jeffery W. Leupold

Jeffrey W. Leupold
Third Grade
Oriole Lane

Similar Philosophies

The philosophy of cartoonist Gary Trudeau in this particular strip resembles that of Henry David Thoreau in his work entitled Walden. The first resemblance noticeable is the appearance of the man's son (the one on the left). He obviusly appears out of place, wearing not a fisherman's jacket or hat, but rather a vest and a dress shirt. It seems that he does not see his retreat as a time to relax and forget about the city; perhaps he didn't give it a chance. This portrayal resembles Thoreau's belief that one must adapt to his surroundings, as he did by building his own cabin early in his stay at Walden Pond. Since Thoreau realized he could not have the comforts of a city lifestyle, he improvised, adapting appropriately to the environment. Furthermore, another way Trudeau resembles Thoreau is in his attitude toward the enjoyment of nature. The punchline of the strip is, "I've never been so bored in my entire life." This is humorous because the "city slicker" depends on nature to make itself enjoyable for him. He expects to have a good time because he is fishing at a beautiful place and doing an exciting thing, yet as Trudeau and Thoreau realize, he will not enjoy his stay in nature if it is not in his soul. Thoreau states that the true fisherman's "...life itself passes deeper in Nature than the studies of the naturalist penetrate." Obviously, in order to truly relish the wonders of nature, one must find the innate love he has for it in his heart. Continuing, a third and more obscure way the authors of Doonesbury and Walden compare is in their abilities to observe. The way the son in the strip speaks is an expression of Trudeau's awareness; however, Ralph Waldo Emerson would most likely never describe Trudeau as having "additional senses" as he did Thoreau. In conclusion, the beliefs of a modern cartoonist and a nineteenth century author are actually more similar than they may seem.

Steve Phillips
Grade 10
Homestead


DAD, THERE'S SOMETHING THAT'S BUGGING ME...
YES, SON?
WELL, HERE I AM AT ONE OF NORTH AMERICA'S FINEST FISHING CLUBS, PEACEFULLY ANGLING ON BEAUTIFUL, REFLECTING WOODS POND..
AND RIGHT NOW I AM REELING IN A SPUNKY, TWO-POUND SPECKLED TROUT WITH A FLASHING, PINK UNDERBELLY..
YEAH?
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO BORED IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.

BILL PEET
by: Chad Sardina.

B..ill Peet is a good author
I..enjoy reading his books, Bill
L..oves writing and
L..oves drawing

P..eet is one who likes
E..xcitment in his
E..xciting books
T..he best one of his books is I
think, Big Bad Bruce and
Cowardly Clyde

Chad Sardina
Fourth Grade
Oriole Lane

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

Thomas Alva Edison was born February 11, 1847 in Milan, Ohio. As a young boy in school, he questioned everything and people said he was stupid, but his mother believed in him, and thought he just wanted to know how things worked.

Thomas Edison, by the time he was twelve, had read many long books and conducted many experiments. When he was 13 he became a newsboy and printed many articles, with all the work done by himself. He called the paper "The Herald". When he was only 15, he saved the life of a small boy about to get run over by a train. Out of gratitude, the boy's father taught Edison to be a telegraph operator. As a telegraph operator Edison dressed poorly and was often moved to different telegraph offices. When a stock ticker broke down Edison fixed it. The company manager offered him a job to perfect the stock ticker. Edison accepted and was given $40.000.

Edison's main use for the money was to buy more scientific equipment. He bought a laboratory in Newark, N.Y. Many inventions were made in that laboratory. Unfortunately, when he was 30, his health failed and the laboratory was closed down. When he regained his health, he opened a new laboratory at Menlo Park, N.Y. He devoted most of his time to inventing. In one year alone, he applied for 141 patents. Some of the more significant ones were the phonograph, motion picture projector, automatic and multiplex telegraph, and alkaline storage battery. Yet there is still one more important invention that improved America. It is the electric light bulb. After trying and failing many times, he finally perfected it.

Despite being busy with his inventions, Edison still had a family life. His wife's name was Mary G. Stillwell. He married her in 1871 and had three children; Marion, Thomas, and William. Mary died in 1884 and Edison married Mira Miller in 1886. They had three more children; Madeline, Charles, and Theodore.

Thomas Edison died at the age of 84 on October 18, 1931. He had earned many medals, degrees, and patents. All together, they totaled 1093.

Thomas Alva Edison had a meaningful life, and the impact he made on America was great.

Matt Schmidt
Shannon McKenny
Grade 5
Range Line

Nathan Hawk
Grade 4
Donges Bay

108.

Blissful Isolation

Honking horns, bawling babies, ringing phones, piercing laughter. These myriad miserable sounds tear at a man's sanity. Work and worries pound his mind. Anxiety, dread, and fear attack his soul and infect him with a loathsome disease of society. The weak, suffering man struggles to maintain an outward calm, an appearance that all is well. He drags through the day's drudgery, and he suppresses his spirit although it pleads for freedom. In these trying times, life's pressured pace exhausts even the strongest individuals. Luckily, a cure exists which replenishes one's soul, revitalizes one's spirit, and rejuvenates one's attitude: solitude. Without regular doses of solitude, man regresses to hypocritical hysteria and becomes a confused mass lacking identity and character of his own.

The "bliss of solitude," as William Wordsworth describes it, is the overwhelming contentment and tranquility experienced when a man secludes himself from the world's annoyances and distractions and indulges in the company of his favorite surroundings. These surroundings could resemble those of Thoreau-- pine trees and wild animals-- or those of Sherlock Holmes-- a worn armchair and a crackling fire. The environment in which a man finds solitude is an extension of himself. Therefore, those objects which clash with his mood and state of mind prevent him from reaping solitude's benefits. Undoubtedly, a noisy factory neighboring Thoreau's quaint cottage would have tainted his years at Walden Pond. Contrary to popular belief, one is never alone in solitude. The familiar objects which surround a man are alive, each exhibiting a distinct personality, each a sincere friend. In the presence of these objects, the man fearlessly abandons his facades and barriers and unshackles his true identity. Another person may enter this solitude only if his soul blends so entirely with solitude's ambiance that he creates no disturbance to shatter the serenity. Few souls share such companionship; therefore, other people rarely claim a place in a man's solitude. Solitude is an intensely personal time one enjoys with the things around him.

Nevertheless, in the shadows of solitude lurks discomfort, fear, and loneliness This deviation of solitude results from unfamiliar surroundings or unsettling situations. For instance, in The Scarlet Letter, *by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Reverend Dimmesdale senses someone evil always in his presence. He cannot escape the threatening intruder, and, consequently, he does not attain solitude. For Dimmesdale, his sin of adultery and Chillingworth bind his heart, holding it back from peace. For others, however, the disruptive force might be less severe: the annoying habits of a friend, a frightening sound. Almost anything or anyone can sever a person's solitude. Conformity and close-mindedness, for instance, irritated Henry David Thoreau so that he agreed, "We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers." To eliminate barriers to solitude, a person must push annoyances and disturbances aside, creating an open, inviting door to tranquility.*

Some cherish solitude as though it was a precious gem, yet others overlook solitude's priceless qualities. For the most part, those who love solitude also love themselves. As a result, they derive comfort from the sincerity and honesty solitude offers. Those who dislike solitude are unfamiliar of uncomfortable with their true identities, and they dread solitude which strips them of their masks of hypocrisy. Ironically, those who hate solitude need it the most. They must learn to know and appreciate their inner character instead of hiding behind false images; they must obtain strength from self-confidence rather than others' opinion. On the other hand, for those who love solitude, it is a resort, and escape from the pressures of the world, a chance to open their souls without feeling vulnerable or susceptible to rejection. Once *a person realizes the exhilarating peace of solitude, he may consider forfeiting the anxiety of society to remain in delightful isolation forever. Society, however, possesses worth as well, and a man should drink the essence of solitude, quenching his thirst so he can resume his other life with refreshed vigor.*

Solitude is a vacation for the soul, a prelude of contentment which relieves life's burdens so as to make them bearable. As John Milton once said, "Solitude is sometimes the best society, and short retirement urges sweet return." Stress melts away like snow under a warm spring sun; satisfaction and relief replace the tension. Energy radiates from one's spirit, emanating new determination. When the sun of solitude sinks below the horizon, rays of brilliance illuminate the cloudy sky with reassuring colors. Although nighttime and darkness will follow, the sun always rises again in the morning.

Erica Greenwood
Grade 11
Homestead

* * *

CLARA BARTON
by: Loren Hickey

C..lara died on August 12th
L..ived 91 years
A..lways helpful
R..ed cross helper
A..n understanding person

B..irthday Dec. 25th 1821
A..perfect person
R..adiant
T..errific
O..ptimist
N..urse

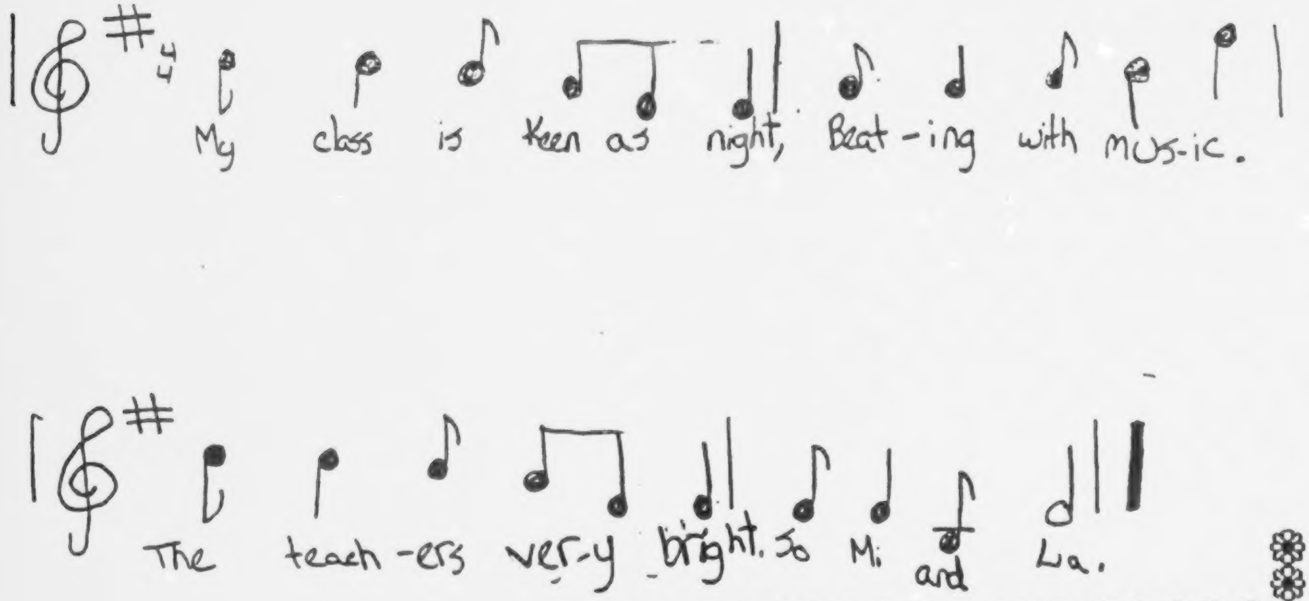
Loren Hickey
Fourth Grade
Oriole Lane

Amelia Klem
Gr. 8
Steffen

Margaux
Carini
Wilson

110.

School Time


4/4
My class is keen as night, Beat-ing with mus-ic.
The teach-ers ver-y bright. So Mi and La.

composed by:
Sarah Kodrez
4th Grade
Donges Bay

* * *

WRIGHT BROTHERS
by: Andy Nimmer

W..ilbur and Orville
R..eally famous
I..nvented planes
G..reat pilots
H..eights to 300 feet
T..ested more than 1000 gliders

B..rothers
R..ead lots of books
O..wn test pilots
T..he first to fly
H..uge success
E..xperimented
R..an test flights in Kitty Hawk
S..urvived crash

Andy Nimmer
Fourth Grade
Oriole Lane

NEIL ARMSTRONG
by: Nick Sisolak

N..eil was an
E..xtraordinary astronaut
I..n space
L..anding on the moon.

A..s a test pilot he
R..aced at thousands of
M..iles per hour.
S..teering
T..rough the
R..ocks on the moon is
O..ne of the ways
N..eil Armstrong
G..ot his reputation.

Nick Sisolak
Fourth Grade
Oriole Lane

Dr. Strauss slowly climbed the dead, lonely stairs that led to the floor Charlie's room was on. His steps were slow and heavy, as if he was walking into the very gates of hell. He knew that the experiment that they had performed on the subject Charlie Gordon was a failure, and what was happening to Algernon was, if not already, going to happen to Charlie. Now he stood outside the apartment door with the numbers 311 engraved on it. This was Charlie's apartment.

Sighing, he slowly knocked on the door. No reply. Three more times he did this, and just as he was beginning to turn around to leave, there came an impatient voice from the other side of the door.

"Who is it?" It demanded, "What do you want?"

"Its me Charlies, Dr. Strauss. We need to talk, Charlie."

"I don't want to. Go away."

"But its important, about the ex-."

"No!" the voice screamed, "Go away!!"

Defeated, the doctor slowly turned around and started back to the stairs. He knew that the experiment, his experiment, was a failure. Looking up, he heard the sound of something hitting the wall, followed by a series of curses.

"A failure," he muttered to himself. "I am a failure."

Mark Soref
Grade 8
Steffen

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

I love the sight of mom reading me
a book.

I love the smell of mom's freshly
cut brownies.

I love the sounds of my mom's singing.

I love the taste of my mom's chocolate
chip cookies.

I love the feel of my mom feeling
my face.

And I love my mom.

Benjamin Jacobson
Grade 2
Donges Bay School

Jessica
Hyche
Grade 4
Wilson

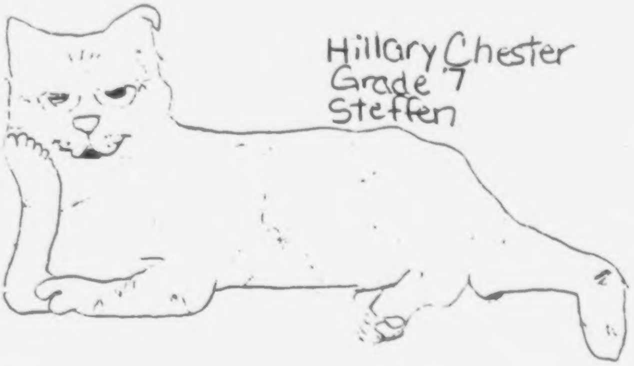
112.

10 Good Things About Callie (My Cat)

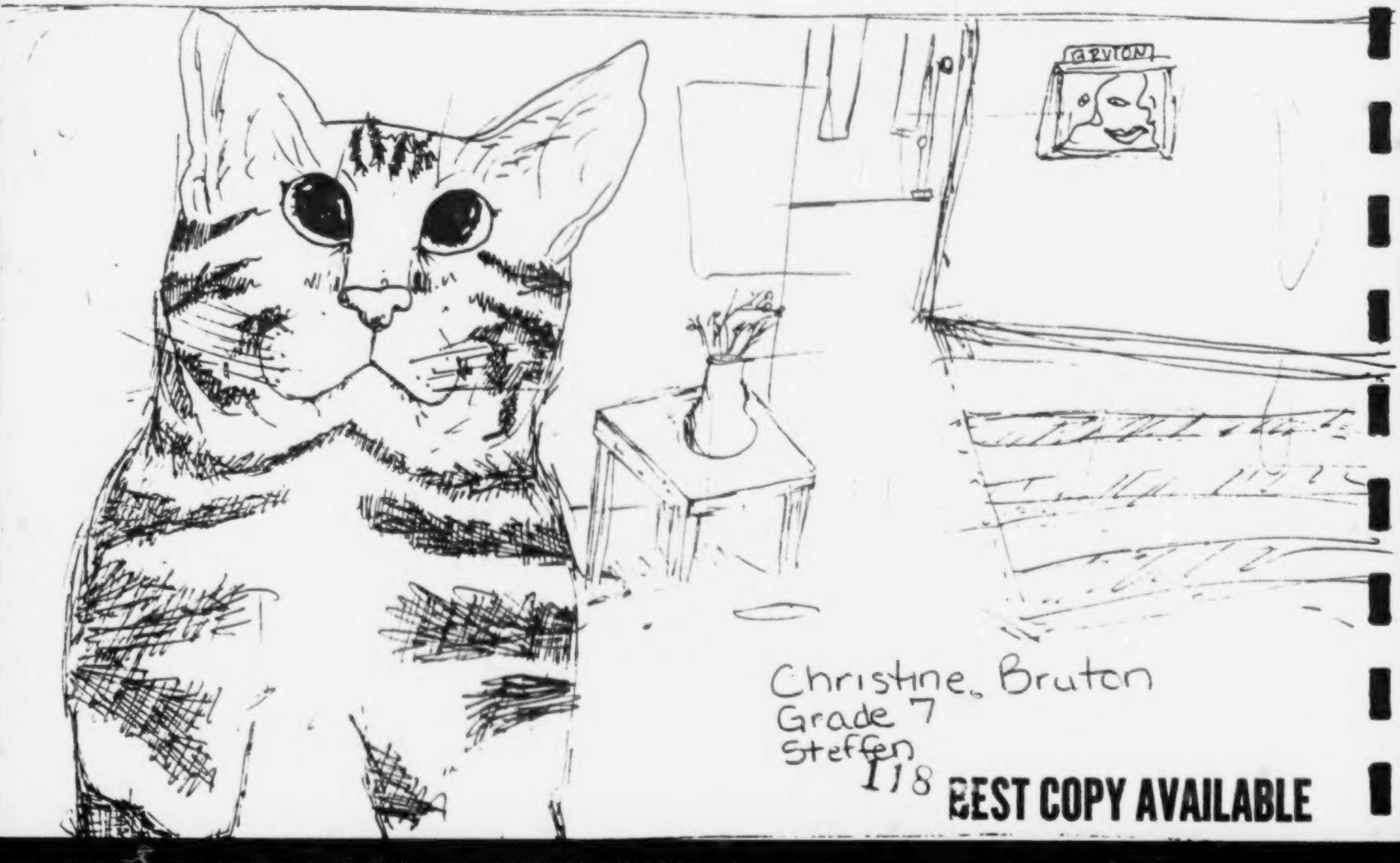
1. She slept on my belly and kept it warm.
2. She always went in the woods.
3. She went hunting for mice.
4. She was cuddly.
5. She was smart.
6. She was brave.
7. She would purr.
8. She was pretty.
9. She ran fast.
10. She was my friend.

Callie died today. I am sad. May 17, 1991

Jenny Butcher
Wilson School
Grade 1



Hillary Chester
Grade 7
Steffen



Christine Bruton
Grade 7
Steffen

A Modern Cinderella

One day while Cinderella was dusting her step-sister's boombox she overheard a T.V. commercial for Billy Joel's concert party. Cinderella happened to be crazy over Billy Joel. Then she heard her sister's screaming. Pretending that she did not hear she said "What's Up?". Then one of her ugly step-sisters said "You dork didn't you hear the T.V.". Then her other ugly step-sister said "Don't tell her". But, Cinderella didn't feel bad. Her step-sister's were always like that. It turned out that Cinderella's step-sister's were able to go to the party but, unfortunately Cinderella could not go. At first she was not displeased but when her step-sister's left she began to get sad and then to cry. Then a woman came along the road and said, "What are you crying for dear?" she asked "Oh see my step-sisters get to go to Gilly Joel's party and I don't just because they don't want me to". "I also don't have anything to wear". Well you're in luck, said the lady" It just so happens that I'm a fashion designer," and she pulled out a mini skirt, a fancy top, and a pair of high top Rebock's. "Oh cool dued I can never thank you enough. "You don't have to", But I must warn you of one thing you must be careful about your step-sisters you must stay out of there way and you must be home befor your sisters at the latest 12:00 midnight. I can drive you". "Thanks". So the woman drove Cinderella in a limo to Billy Joel's mansion. As she wakled in, silence fell over the room. The next thing she knew was that Billy Joel was right next to her asking for a dance. "Of course, she said, "yes". They went out several times after that and then got married. They lived happily ever after.

THE END!

Erin Raffety
Keisha Arnold
Kelly Heipp
Julie Raffety
Third Grade
Oriole Lane

Benjie
Dickum
Grade 4
Donges Bay

Laura
Dick
Grade 4
Wilson

114.

Do Americans Have the Right to Kill Their Future?

I, Katie Frommell, believe that under no circumstances do Americans have the right to take away another human's chance to life. More than 1.5 million unborn children are deliberately killed each year through induced abortions.

First and most important, aborting a child is murder. I believe that human life begins at the moment of conception; therefore, taking the life away from an unborn child is the same thing as taking the life away from a living child.

Secondly, both the mother and the child experience a lot of pain during an abortion. While an abortion is being performed, the mother is given an anesthetic to reduce both her pain and awareness of what is happening. The baby is then removed by suction methods, dismembered and removed, or a saline solution is injected into the mother to kill the fetus and start labor. We cannot begin to imagine the physical pain that a fetus feels as its limbs are being pulled apart or it is injected with a solution that causes much pain as it slowly kills the fetus.

Another point to consider is that after having an abortion a woman may develop Pelvic Inflammatory Disease. This disease can damage your reproductive organs, thereby reducing your chances of having another child.

Additionally, the after-affects of an abortion can be as painful as the abortion itself. After a woman has aborted a baby, she may experience guilt, regret, and sadness. If she does not get the right counseling and support, her guilt may lead to depression, which can have an affect on all aspects of her life.

Finally, if a couple does not want, or is financially unable to have a child, they should practice birth control. There are many types of birth control available today that outweigh the risks of using abortion as a birth control.

I conclude that reproducing another human life is a miracle. God gave us this power and we should not abuse it. Children are our future. They could grow up to discover cures to diseases that are incurable today, bring peace to the world, or simply bring a smile to someone's face. Let's not take that opportunity away from them!

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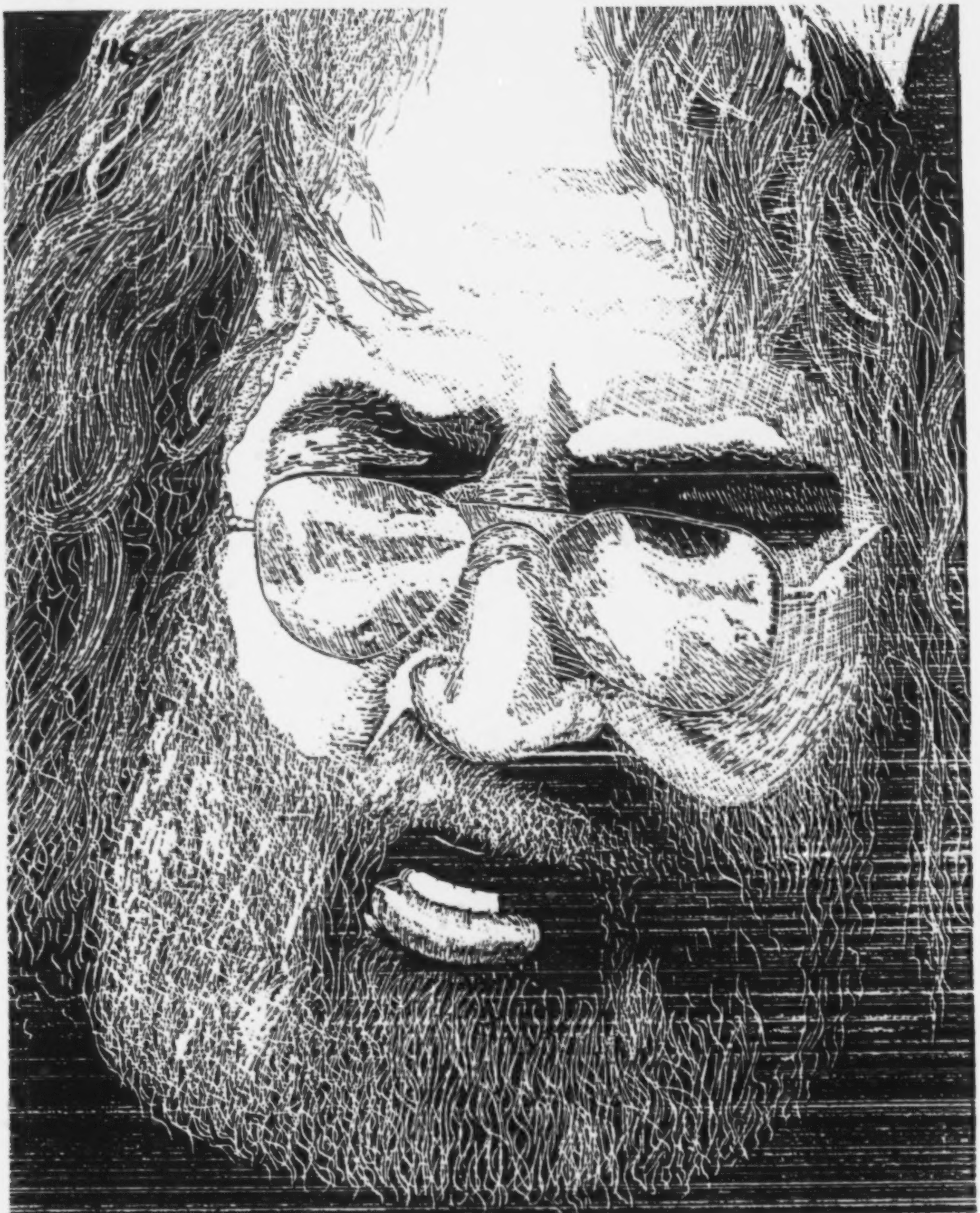
Katie Frommell
Steffen
Grade 6

116.



Justin Kasper Grade 11, Homestead

She Always Gives In

A Man toils about in the
most frustrated of ways.
He is forced into his toil by a woman
A woman of great power by all ratings
Yet she frustrates this impatient, seemingly anxious man.
He, too, is a man of great strength.
This may be his problem.
Or his source of frustration.
The woman pushed him down to a mimicking.
A mimicking of lesser beings.
Beings powerless against him.
Yet he is their puppet.
A puppet that has no power, controlled by a being
of nothing but power and status.
Anger his tool.
Strength his weapon.
A useless tool and a pointless weapon.
For now,
She will tire
His puppeteering has become tedious and he loses his
ability to wait and give up the "hobby."
He lashes out his strength and uses his anger against her.
grabs her, pulls at her resisting force.
But she has tired and he will succeed.
She pulls away and tries to hold her position.
But no, he has her and he will soon have her power
Down, down, BUT she finds something
a beacon, a light, a hope, and she throws it into the air.
But the man ignores the nothing and lets it take its place.
She is defeated.
Almost in a romantic way, he gives her a last glance.
A last glance at the world.
And taking power, he covers her in his dark cloak.
His name, NIGHT!
Hers, DAY!

The puppet, SHADOWS
The beacon, THE MOON

Hogan Hayes
Grade 9
Homestead High School

MY LIFE IN SAUKENUK

My name is Silver Fox. I'm in the Sauk tribe. Chief Black Hawk is our chief. Chief Black Hawk resisted White man's efforts to take our land. In his youth he led raids against other Indian camps. He was a warrior, not a speaker. Most of his life he was in battles and raids. Black hawk and our tribe lived in Illinois, and we were chased out of our village , Saukenuk, by the white men, and went to Iowa. We returned to Illinois because the British and other Indians said they would help Black Hawk and our tribe to reclaim the Sauk and Fox tribes' land. The British and other Indians did not come to help Black Hawk so we lost the battle, and went to Wisconsin.

Every year we go on a winter hunt. On one winter hunt we killed many deer and two beavers. We used the skin and fur for clothes, and rubbed the fat on the clothes to make the clothes waterproof. We also rubbed the fat on our skin so we wouldn't get insect bites. The meat we used for food.

One night we went to an Osage Camp to raid and steal their food. We killed about fifteen Osage Indians, and they only killed three of our warriors because we took them by surprise. After the raid we went to our camp and ate some of the food we stole.

119.

In 1838 Black Hawk died at the age of 71. I think Black Hawk had a bad life because he was chased all over Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin and when he came back to our village another Fox Indian by the name of Keokuk was chief of the Fox and Sauk tribes.

Andrew Levine
Grade 4
Range Line

Joshua Lipp
Grade 1
Wilson

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

120.

Should Abortion Stay Legal?

I, Ailyson Giesen, think that abortion should stay legal. I am Pro-Choice. If you are Pro-Choice you believe that a woman should have the right to choose if she wants to have an abortion. The other side of the abortion issue is Pro-Life. The Pro-Lifers are the ones that are fighting to make abortion illegal. If you are Pro-Life you believe that abortion is wrong and should be illegal.

Firstly, I think that rape victims should not have to have and raise a child. If an adoption agency cannot find a home for the baby, they will have to raise the child.

Next, if abortion is illegal, illegal abortion will become more common. Some results of illegal abortions are life-threatening blood loss, infection, infertility, being maimed for life, and sometimes death. Illegal, or "back alley", abortions are usually performed in unsanitary conditions by untrained people.

My third reason is that unwanted children not put up for adoption will usually have problems. Psychological disorders are more common among unwanted children than among wanted children and we have enough unwanted children in this world already.

Finally, I believe that a severely deformed or drug-addicted child should not be made to come into the world to lead an unhappy life. A U.S. News and World Report reader writes, "Which is the greater sin, to terminate a germinating seed or to bring into this world an unwanted or deformed or cocaine-addicted child to lead a life of unhappiness as a burden on society?". I think that this is a very good question to ask.

Some people say that women's rights are at stake. Some say abortion is murder. I believe that there will be more suffering, of children and parents, through back alley abortions, raising of unwanted children, and many other problems, if abortion is made illegal.

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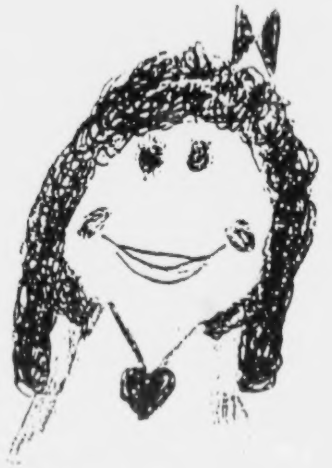
Allyson Giesen
Steffen
Grade 6

All by myself I can play
baseball.

But I need a friend to
pitch to me.

Andrew Hoffman
Grade 2
Donges Bay



Christine Todd

"A face is a house for
a smile, but a house is
a house for me."

All by myself I can post
a letter.
But I need a friend to
get it.

Thomas Humphrey
Grade 2
Donges Bay School

Cricle Lane
Second Grade

Tom Thumb Found Guilty

After total investigation Tom Thumb has been found guilty for sticking his thumb in a plum pie. The judge, Miss Bo Peep, sentenced Tom Thumb to 2,000,000 years in prison. He said afterwards, "At least it wasn't life."

The pie is being sent to a laboratory to check for poison. It also was inspected for germs at St. Tom's Hospital. They found Tom had a temperature of 103°C; he was sick.

He was overall accused of sticking his thumb in a pie while he was sick, walking in public with a temperature of 103°C, and arguing with a policeman. Miss Bo Peep clapped very nicely.

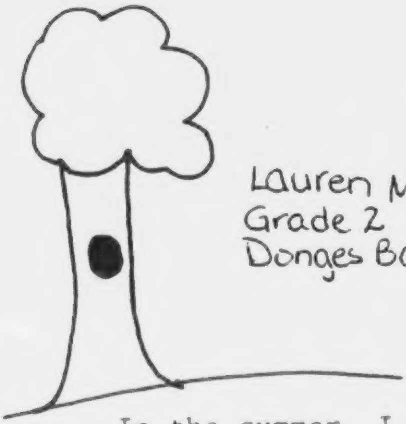
This is your top egg reporter, Humpty Dumpty, signing off.

Dale Chudnow
Grade 4
Range Line

MON NOM

Je m'appelle Anna pour deux raisons. La première raison pour laquelle mes parents m'ont donné ce nom c'est parce que la tante de mon père s'appelait Anna. Mon père l'a beaucoup aimée et il pensait que sa fille s'appellerait Anna. Aussi, un jour quand mon frère était petit, il regardait la télé et George, mon frère, a vu une actrice qui s'appelait Anna. Il voulait m'appeler Anna parce qu'il l'aimait. J'aime mon nom parce qu'il est très original. Je ne connais pas beaucoup de personnes qui s'appellent Anna. Je n'aime pas les noms Ann ou Anne parce qu'ils ne sont pas originaux mais ordinaires. J'appellerai ma fille Marie parce que c'était le nom de ma tante. Alors mon garçon s'appellera Mark parce que c'est le nom de mon père.

Anna Kofman
(11) French 4



Lauren Major
Grade 2
Donges Bay

BIRTHDAY TREE

In the summer, I went to my Grandma's house. She has lots of trees in her backyard. My dog, Floppy, and I went exploring and Floppy found a birthday tree. It had presents on its branches and cupcakes on the tree. The tree had a note on it that said, "take me home for Cory's birthday" - so we did!!

Cory Stuettgen
Wilson School
Grade 2

124.

LE MAUVAIS JOUR

Maintenant, jeudi est toujours un mauvais jour pour moi, et c'est tout à cause de ma mère. Quand j'étais dans le deuxième classe, j'avais beaucoup de robes mignonnes parce que toutes mes tantes me les ont achetées pour mon anniversaire. Je n'avais pas beaucoup de jolis vêtements parce que l'année avant, je suis allée à l'école catholique où je portais un uniforme. A l'école publique, je voulais porter des blue jeans et des sweatshirts, toutes les choses que je ne pouvais pas porter à l'école catholique. Mais ma mère avait une idée différente. Elle voulait que je porte une "jolie robe" tous les jeudis (c'était un petit compromis!) Donc, tous les jeudis, avant l'école, je faisais la grève. Je disais, "Alors, je n'irai pas à l'école." Et tous les jeudis, je pleurais jusqu'à ce qu' un jour ma mère ait dit "D'accord, tu ne dois pas porter de robes si tu ne veux pas." Et j'étais heureuse. Mais aujourd'hui encore, j'ai un problème avec le jeudi.

Becky Orth
(11) French 4

MY FIRST SPEECH

NOT TOO LONG AGO THIS HAPPENED. THIS IS A TRUE STORY, AND I AM PROUD OF IT. THE DAY WAS "DR. KING DAY," AND ON EACH HOLIDAY, RANGE LINE (THE SCHOOL I GO TO) HAS A PROGRAM. IT WAS A VERY SPECIAL TIME FOR ME BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY STUDENT PERFORMING IN THE PROGRAM! I WAS SO EXCITED! I WAS TO SAY MY "DR. KING SPEECH."

FIRST THE WHOLE SCHOOL HAD TO SAY THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY, THEN I WAS ON! THE STAGE LOOKED LIKE THE GLOOMIEST THING IN THE WORLD. I HAD TO STAY CALM OR I MIGHT GET TOLD BY A FIFTH-GRADER AT RECESS AFTER THE PROGRAM, "YOU'RE SO CHICKEN! YOU DORK!" (IF THAT REALLY HAPPENED I WOULD BE TERRIFIED.) WHEN I FINALLY STARTED, I WAS LIKE A ROBOT; I FINISHED IT UP WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

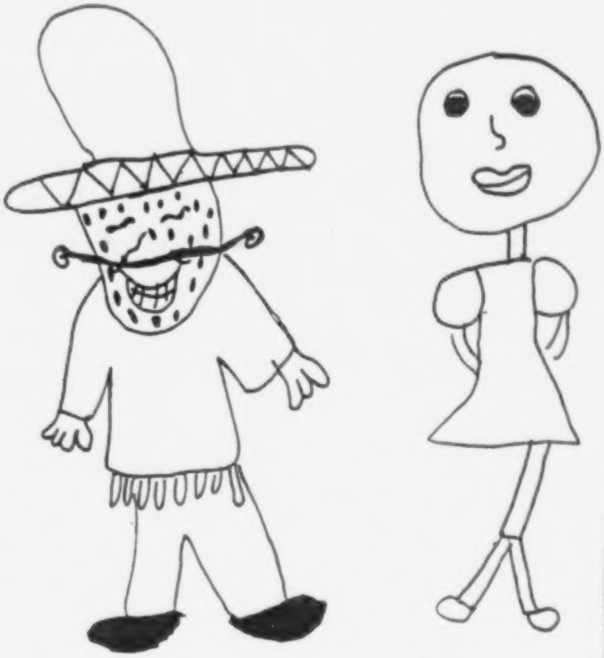
AFTER THE AUDIENCE CLAPPED, I BOWED TO MAKE THEM CLAP EVEN LOUDER. MY NAME WAS IN BOLD-FACE PRINT ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE P.T.A. NEWSLETTER! I HAD DONE IT!

MICHELLE RENEE PHILLIPS
GRADE 3
RANGE LINE SCHOOL

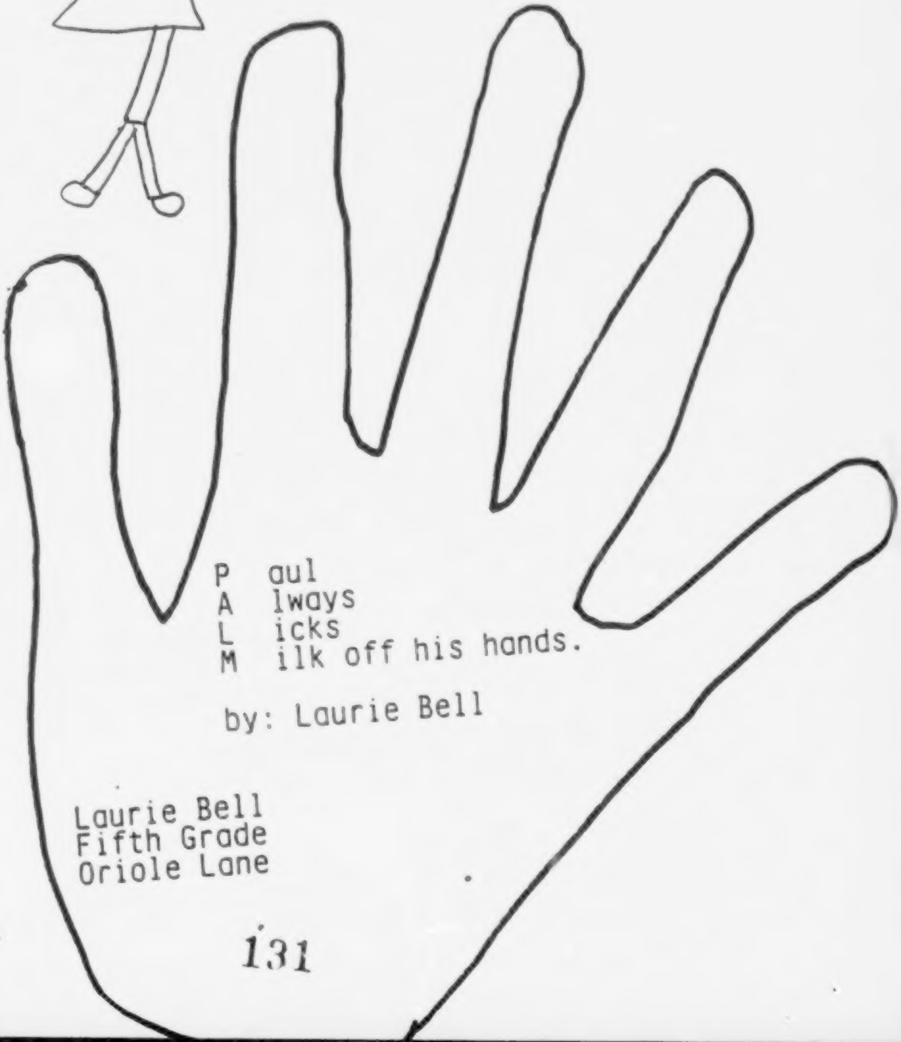
My parents are my heroes because they help me. They are nice to me and they stand up for me. They get me things when I need it. When I'm scared they hug me. They give me money and let me watch T.V. They take me on trips. They are buying me a dog for Christmas. They bought me a bike. They let me get this haircut. They bought me Nintendo and bought me some toys. They sent me to school.

So that's why they are my heroes!

Michael Webb
Wilson School
Grade 3



Meghan Martin
Grade 3
Donges Bay



P aul
A lways
L icks
M ilk off his hands.

by: Laurie Bell

Laurie Bell
Fifth Grade
Oriole Lane

126.

PLEASE DON'T BEAT ME

It was the best of times, not the worst of times; the summer of 91. During this period of time, violence was at its peak, and so was the use of drugs. Watts, California, is where it was the worst. Police would have at least thirty drug busts a day, but some of the people arrested weren't users or dealers. Let me tell you what happened to my friends; you decide whether it was an accident or not.

The story you're about to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the INNOCENT.

Joe Joe was a twenty year old African-American male living in Watts, California. Joe Joe was an average. African-American male. He was in rap, had a high-top fade, and liked his music loud with a lot of low bass. He wasn't in a gang, but always wore his hat to the right.

One day Joe Joe found a wallet. In it was an uncountable amount of money. So he traded in his "hoopty" and bought a GMC mini-van. He then proceeded to "dope it out". He put "trubes" and "vouges" and "gold spinners" on his car. On the inside he had a fully accessorized stereo, and for speakers, he had some fifteen-inch house speakers. He also had a television, V.C.R., and a car phone. Joe Joe drove the car home and called Buba.

Buba was like Joe Joe, but he like to wear "daskikkies". Buba was studying to be a psychologist at Howard University.

The phone rang twice; finally Buba answered.

"Hello"

"Yo G, what's up. I found some bank, bought a mini-van, and doped it out. Call up Rin, we gon roll at about ten tonight."

"Dope G, I'll dial him now. Check man."

Buba told Rin, and at ten Joe Joe pulled up to Rin's house; Rin hopped in and they left.

Rin was nineteen and went to college at Tuskeegee. He was trying to get his engineers degree so he could become an airplane pilot. He had a beard and was like Joe Joe, but he was over-protective of his clothes and hair. He carried a beeper because so many women would call him.

Rin asked, "Where we going G?"

Joe Joe answered, "We jut cruzen."

"Let stop by Compton to get some women?"

Buba said, "Cool I'm witit."

They were almost there when two L.A. police officers stopped them. Before they got out of the car, they called for backup. They waited for the backup and then approached the car.

Joe Joe asked, "Yo, what we do?"

The cop said, "Shut up and get out the car."

"Was I speeding?"

"You didn't hear me the first time? Shut the ---- up and get on the ground."

"And get my new leather outfit messed up? "Rin said, "You must be out of your mind!"

Then a seven foot two inch officer pulled Rin out the car, shot him through a triple pain plate glass window, and continuously slammed his head on the hood of the car. Joe Joe was being kicked and beat, till he was half dead. Buba was trying to get up and fight back, but after an officer shot him in the leg twice, he couldn't move too quickly.

Little did these people-supposedly appointed to uphold the law-know that this was all being videotaped by an unknown person.

Rin, Joe Joe, and Buba were sent to the county hospital, and put into a coma for five years.

After their five-year recovery, they saw the video, and sued the L.A. Police Department one thousand dollars for every time they got hit. After their thirty-second trial, because they were evidently innocent, they went to Compton to find those women.

Chris Allen
Grade 8
Steffen

Jackie Kelly
Grade 2
Wilson

MY BEST FRIEND

by Rebecca Dawson
Second Grade
Oriole Lane School

The name of my best friend is Pierce. He is part of my family. Even if he is a boy, I still like him a lot. He is five years old and I am eight. I still like him just the same. He's very active and fun to play with. He is like no one I've ever met. Sometimes I get tired of him. But in the inside I still love him. If I had any other brother, I think I would still like him the most. Pierce is just the best!

Jenny Butcher
Grade 1
Wilson

128.

L'AUTOBUS

Quand j'avais cinq ans, j'ai commencé le kindergarten. Le premier jour, j'ai porté une nouvelle jupe et ma mère a brossé mes cheveux en pig tails. La journée était bonne, mais après e'école j'avais des problèmes. Je me suis assise dans l'autobus. Aloers, une autre fille m'a demandé si elle pouvait a'asseoir avec moi. J'ai dit "Oui" et nous sommes parties pour aller à nos maisons. Quand l'autobus est arrivé à ma maison, la personne qui conduisait l'autobus nous a demandé, "Est-ce que quelqu'un habite ici?" Toutes les personnes dans le bus ont crié "Non!" à l'exception de moi et ma nouvelle amie. Alors, l'autobus a passé ma maison. J'étais très triste. La chose drôle était que l'autobus a aussi passé la maison de ma nouvelle amie. Alors, quand le conducteur a fini la route, deux petites filles étaient toujours dans le bus. Elle était tres gentille et elle a dit "où est-ce que vous habitez?" Et nous lui avons montré nos étiquettes sur nos jupes que nos mères ont préparées pour une situation conne ça. Finalement, quand je suis arrivée à ma maison, j'ai dit à ma mère toutes les choses qui sont arrivées. Après ça, j'ai joué avec ma nouvelle amie--une amie que j'ai toujours.

Jenny Minarovic
(12) French 4

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by Jacob Shimon
Grade 2
Oriole Lane School

Dear President Bush,

I hope you will stop the war and let there be peace in the world again. Tell Saddam Hussein to call off his men. Well, you're at least trying. You are a very kind and happy man, and if you want to stay happy your gonna have to stop the war for me, for the world, PLEASE STOP THE WAR.

from Jake

WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN TO ME?

"Mom, I"m home," I called from the front door as I slipped off my shoes and walked into the kitchen.

"So, how was the job?" my Mother asked as she walked into the kitchen. I sighed, the job had been terrible.

"Okay," I said. My Mother must have sensed something suspicious because then she asked me to tell her what happened. So I started to tell her what a terrible night I had.

I was babysitting for Melony Anderson, I started to explain. The night went wonderfully until Melony went to get cookies from the kitchen.

I was sitting on the couch watching TV when I heard what sounded like pieces of glass shattering. Of course, right away thoughts ran through my mind of what could have happened. I leaped off the couch and ran through the hall way to the kitchen. There was Melony and a cookie jar in pieces on the floor. Melony looked as if she was going to cry and sure enough she did.

We had cleaned up the mess and were now sitting on the couch watching TV when the phone rang. I got up to answer it. No one was there. A prank I thought. Who ever it was who called was not making it funny . After the 10th time they called and hung up.

I heard a huge crash! This babysitting job was going swell, I thought, just swell! I had a good clue as to what made the crash. The sound came from the basement. I got up from the couch and walked downstairs. Sure enough, there was their cat, Casper, and a huge box of Christmas ornaments on the ground.

" So Mom, that's exactly what happened tonight," I said.

"Well, it could have been worse," she said as I smiled slightly.

"I guess you're right. It could have been worse, but not much worse." I let out a sigh of relief The day was finally over!

Tilah Larson
Wilson School
Grade Five

130.

NOTHING MUCH HAPPENED TODAY

By Heather Lang

One day, my little sister Ashley and I went to the Hoppers Store for some groceries. On the way, Ashley was trying to get me to go to the "Hopper Hot Dog Stand". I said, "O. K." When we got there, Ashley bumped into the hot dog stand and I knocked it over. "Ah, I think we'd better be going," I said, grabbing Ashley's hand. Then Ashley cried. "Be quiet!" I said, feeling guilty.

That was just the beginning of the trouble. When my sister saw a candy store, she wanted to go there. "Oh, no," I said, "you are not getting into any more trouble!" But I was wrong, because when we got to the grocery store, Ashley saw a holdup man in the door. "He is ugly," Ashley complained. The old man looked at Ashley. "You cutie pie," he said. Ashley stuck her tongue out. I said, "Don't pay any attention to her."

We went in the store. I told her to be good. Ashley plugged her ears. When we got to the dairy case, I thought the trouble was over... I was wrong again. There was another child at the dairy case. I put my eggs in the cart. Ashley grabbed the eggs. I gasped, and took them away. Just then the other child's mother put eggs in their cart. Ashley grabbed our eggs. The two of them had an egg fight! Eggs flew from every direction! I gasped, and tried to stop it, but now they were throwing them at me! When the other child left, the manager came. "What in the world happened?" he asked angrily.

I ran with the cart, and Ashley slipped on the broken eggs. When this happened, the cart rolled into the jelly shelf. The jelly jars broke and when the jelly jars broke, other people slipped. That's what got me into big trouble. When the people slipped they ran into the bakery, the dairy, and the ice cream. Everyone was mad at me! "What did I do?" I asked. "You totally ruined the store!" the people said. I said "Sorry", feeling even more guilty than ever.

When Ashley and I went to the cash register, Ashley wanted a candy bar. "No," I said, "No! No! No!" But, I got her one anyway.

On the way home, we stopped at the drug store to get some Chapstick. I got five tubes. But when we got out, "splat!" All the Chapstick was out of the tubes. "This is it, Ashley," I said, "we're going home!" When Ashley got me to give her the candy bar, she wiped the chocolate on my skirt!

When we got home, Mom asked me what went on. "Oh, nothing much," I said. And I told her the story (it took me an hour!). When it was over, Mom asked if we had enjoyed ourselves. I shook my head.

Ashley nodded.

Heather Lang
Wilson School
Grade 3

132.

A Short-Circuited Day

I woke up at 8 a.m. "Oh, no! My alarm didn't go off, I'll be late!" I thought to myself. I ran downstairs and turned the lights on, but they wouldn't go on. I ran upstairs. My mom was still asleep and my dad had left for work. I shook my mom and she woke up. I told her about the lights and she came downstairs.

"Power must have short-circuited," she said.

"Is it just here?" She looked out of the window.

"Either the whole neighborhood is asleep or the power is out," she said.

"No school, then!" I said with a sly smile.

"This is your lucky day," she said smiling.

My brother came running downstairs and turned the T.V. on.

"What happened to the T.V.?" he screamed.

"Michael, we don't have any power," my mom stated.

"How come?" asked Mike.

"She doesn't know; there just isn't!" I said impatiently.

"Mom, can I have some French toast?" Michael asked sweetly.

"Mike, there isn't any power, but you can have some dry cereal," she said.

"All right," we said together with a sigh.

I ran upstairs to find all of the flashlights and candles I could. Then, I got dressed; scooped up the candles and the flashlights; and went downstairs.

"These will really help," my mom said. Then I sat down and ate my breakfast.

"Mom, I'm cold," my brother whined.

"Since there's no power, the house is getting cold," my mom said unhappily.

"Oh no," I groaned.

133.

"Rebecca, please go upstairs and find all the blankets you can; throw them down the stairs; then get a whole bunch of small batteries and your little T.V. Then, find some things for you and your brother to do," commanded my mother.

I finally got all the things my mother had wanted. She had made a fire. I snuggled up in the blankets and went to sleep.

When I woke up I was hungry; so I went upstairs to get my watch. It was twelve o'clock.

"Mom, can we please have lunch now?" I asked.

"Sure, come downstairs," my mom said.

So I ate my dry peanut butter sandwich. My mouth was dry; so I asked my mom for some lukewarm water out of our water cooler.

After I was done eating, I used a flashlight to read my book and then I helped my brother build some buildings. Finally, my brother said he was cold; so he snuggled in the blankets and went to sleep. When he fell asleep, I started to do my science report.

When I was done, I went into the kitchen to set the table for dinner which consisted of some rolls from the night before and some lasagna from the fridge which wasn't cooling anything. After dinner, I got up and started to put another sweatshirt on because it was getting colder. My brother came into my room and asked me if I could put a sweater over his other two sweaters.

"Sure, just let me put another sweatshirt on," I told him.

"Thank you, Rebecca!" said Mike.

So I went into his room and helped him put another sweatshirt on. Then we talked for awhile, and then we went downstairs.

"It's 8 p.m. How about going to bed now?" my mom said.

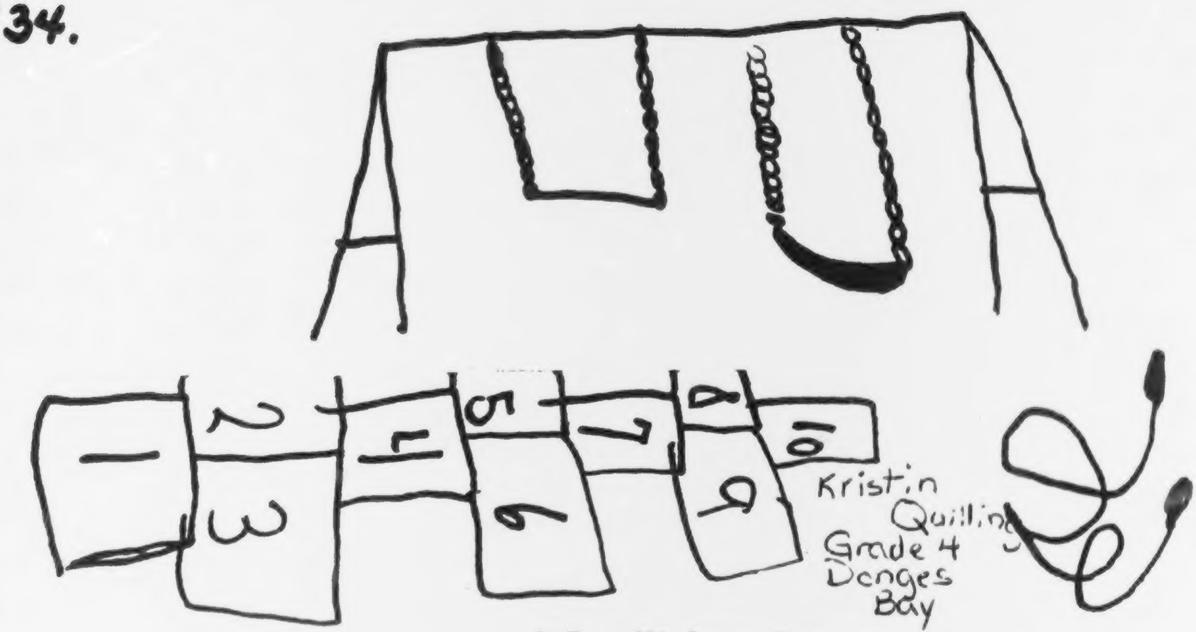
"But, Mom!" we both said.

"No buts!" she stated.

"All right!" we said.

So we both went upstairs and got into bed. My mom came in and covered me with a blanket, and then I went to sleep. I woke up at 1 a.m. I was really hot. I took the blankets off and then my other sweatshirt. The electric blanket was back on. At last, it was over.

Rebecca Ewing
Grade 5
Range Line



A Day Without Energy

One Monday morning I woke up feeling very well rested. Now that is definately very unusual because I normally wake up at 6:35 A.M., and at that time I'm still very tired. So I immediately knew something was wrong. I looked at my digital clock. Unfortunately, it was turned off. I looked outside, and the sun was already far from sunrise. Then I quickly got up. I got dressed and went to brush my teeth and wash my face. There was only one problem. There was no water coming out of the faucet. So I gladly skipped brushing my teeth and washing my face. I ran downstairs, and boy was it dark. I tried turning on the lights, but it was no use. I realized that there was no energy power.

After my warm glass of milk, I ran off to school. I saw that there were no cars in the parking lot and no people in the school building. So I ran back home. Tired and out of breath I returned home.

For lunch I had a dry piece of bread. It didn't taste that good, but it certainly tasted better than that glass of milk I had earlier that day. I was getting fairly hungry.

During the next few hours I did nothing but sit around and finish up the homework I got the day before.

When it came time for supper, all I had was another glass of warm milk, and I had all of what was left in the cookie jar.

When I went to bed that night I thought about two things. First of all I said to myself, "Now I know how important energy is to us and our lives." Second of all, I never want to go through a day like that again!

Martin Treu
Grade 5
Range Line

A Day Without Energy

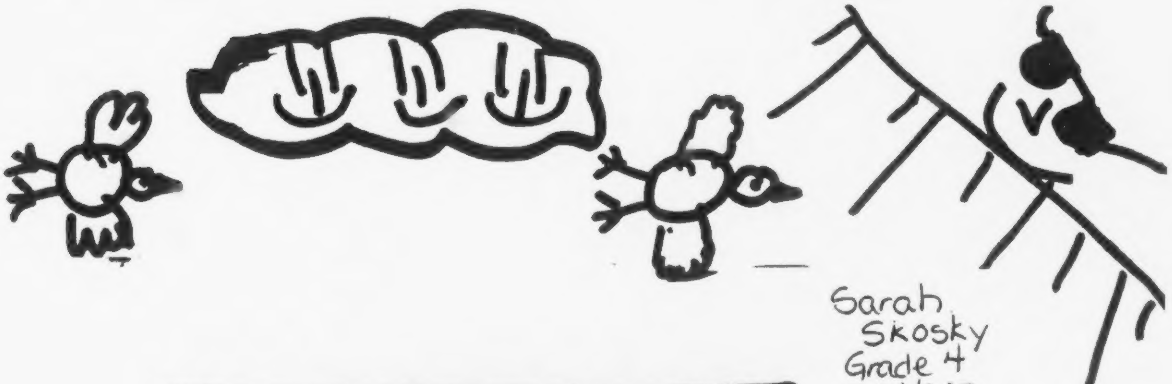
"Tweet, tweet, tweet". I would wake up to the sound of birds singing and the sun in my eyes. I would get up and put on my school clothes. Then I would brush my hair and teeth. My mom would get breakfast ready for me while I got my school books and folders into my bookbag. After I ate my apple I would put on my jacket and walk to school.

It would be on a Wednesday. I would get to school and put my things into my desk. I would have to wear a sweatshirt because there was no heater. We would have to keep all of the shades up so there could be light.

School would start soon. We would have math, break, reading, English, science, then lunch. There wouldn't be any refrigerators, stoves, etc. You would have to bring your lunch from home.

After lunch there would be a recess. All the children would go out and play. When recess was over you would have to go back inside school. I would have social studies, spelling, penmanship, physical education, and then it would be time to go home.

Christie Mole
Grade 5
Range Line

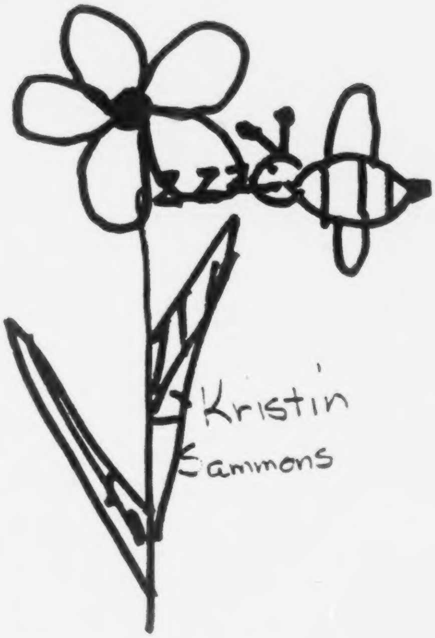


Sarah Skosky
Grade 4
Wilson

Megan Rafferty
Grade 2
Wilson

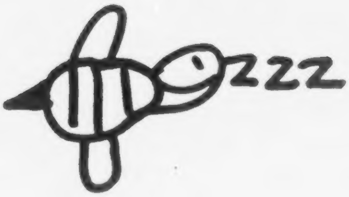
Above Our Heads

We see bees in the flowering trees,
We brought them some good things to eat,
As they sit at their table to eat our treats
Now they can make a final buzz-zz-zz-zz.



Kristin Sammons

P.M. CLass
Wilson School
Kindergarten



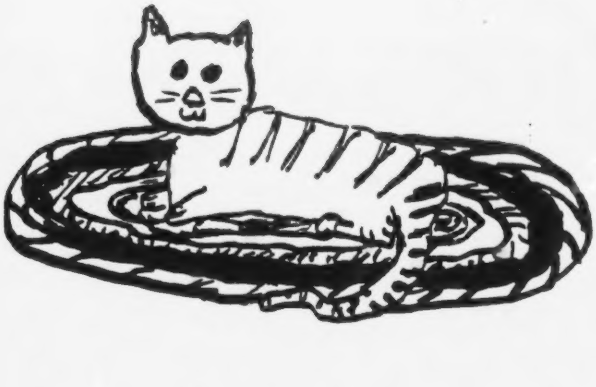
CATS

CATS ARE MANY COLORS. CATS HAVE MANY RELATIVES. SOME WILD CATS LIVE IN THE ZOO. IN EGYPT MANY PEOPLE USED TO THINK THAT CATS WERE MAGIC. CAVEMEN KEPT CATS TO KEEP AWAY MICE AND SNAKES.

CATS HAVE ROUGH TONGUES. SOME PEOPLE ARE ALLERGIC TO CATS, LIKE MY DAD!

LONG AGO QUEENS AND KINGS HAD CATS FOR PETS. CATS SEE WELL AT NIGHT AND SOME OF THEM HAVE CUTE BLACK NOSES. THEY ARE VERY GOOD PETS.

BY GABRIELLE SATTLER
FIRST GRADE
DONGES BAY SCHOOL



Lisa S. DI-7

THE LOST MITTEN

One Friday a school bus came to pick me up. I wore two mittens and I sat in the back seat. When I got off the bus my mitten was gone.

The next day I looked, I looked, and I looked but I couldn't find it. All I could find were five strings of yarn lying on the floor.

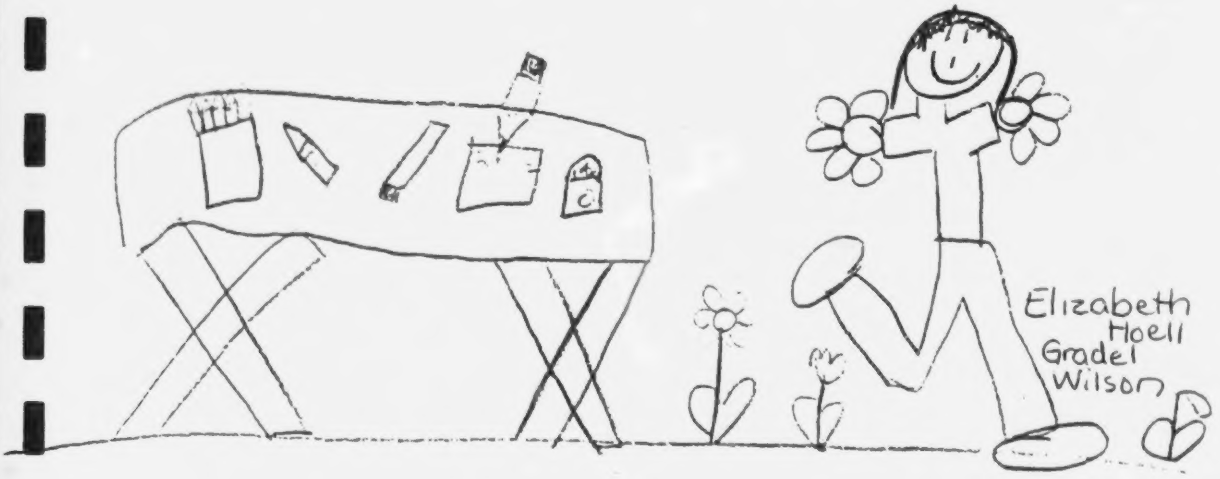
I went to the lost and found. They only had a blue mitten but my mitten was red. There was also a hat.

When it was lunch time I had one dollar in my pocket. My teacher said that I should have bought my ticket in the morining. She took me to the office to show me where to buy the ticket. I sure was having a bad day!

I kept my eyes open for the lost mitten all year. On the last day I opened up my lunch box and there it was! It was lying there. I wondered how it got there.

When I got home I told my mom that I was glad I found my mitten.

Philip Mahlstadt
First Grade, Wilson School



THE LOST MITTEN

One morning I lost my mitten in a tree. I was throwing my mitten up into the air and trying to catch it. It got stuck in the branches but I didn't know where it was.

I looked and looked for my mitten but I couldn't find it. So I went back home to tell my mom. She made me a new mitten.

One day I was playing by the trees and I decided to climb one tree. There it was! My mitten was stuck in the tree! Now I have THREE mittens!

Daniel Anderson
First Grade, Wilson School

138.

THE TRIP TO TOWN

A new chapter in: Little House In The Big Woods

I was very excited to get to town. When I got there, I saw a girl about my age. Her hair shone in the sun. She had a time piece on. I smiled at her and she smiled back at me, she had a beautiful smile. When the horses stopped, I jumped down on the mushy sand. The girl looked a little like me, brown hair, blue eyes. Then she introduced herself as Crystal Sapler. She followed us into the General Store and told us her father was the storekeeper. He gave us each a piece of candy Mine said, "Roses are red, Violets are blue, Sugar is sweet, just like you. Then Crystal asked me my name. I announced proudly that my name was "Laura Ingalls Wilder." She asked if I would like to come to her house. I said it would be wonderful, and it was. As soon as I walked in the door, the sweet smell of apple pie filled my nose. I introduced myself to Crystal's Ma. She offered us a piece of pie. We gladly took one. It was sweet and delicious, just as good as Ma's.

When we finished, we went into Crystal's room. It had white lace curtains, a brass bed, with a calico of pink and white. There was a nightstand with a small lamp and a dresser. But the most interesting thing was her dolls. They were dressed in fine clothes and lace petticoats, and silk hair with broad optimistic faces. She asked if I would have loved to play with them but I was so flabbergasted I couldn't speak. But after a minute I said it would be magnificent. She had six dolls so we each got three. I named mine Emma, Jane, and Sarah. Soon I had to go. Crystal's Ma walked us back to the General Store. Our Ma's introduced themselves and started talking. After a few moments it was said that Crystal was to stay over at my house for the night. Then I noticed Mary. She was talking to another girl. Crystal told me it was her sister. Mary was going to stay over at Crystal's house with Crystal's sister.

Tomorrow was the dance at Grandpa's. Crystal's family had been invited as well as our family

We talked all the way home without stopping. When we got home we played with Baby Carrie until bedtime. That night I fell asleep thinking about what a great friend Crystal was. I hope we will be friends forever. . . . .

Heidi Nelson
Grade 4
Donges Bay School

Nick Moore

Lauren Major
Grade 2
Donges Bay

Erica
Larson
Wilson

The Hearts Behind the Faces

My stomach churns with worry and upset as I sit in the back seat of our big brown station wagon. The car stops, the sound of the roaring engine dies away, and I realize that the time has come. I throw the heavy car door open. My family and I make our way over to the huge wooden church doors. On the way, we see some vagrants. They have torn, dirty, smelly coats on. They reek of spoiled garbage and car exhaust. Their snarly hair is blowing over their dark eyes. Their eyes are like tunnels going into their pain-filled souls. We walk down into a basement area. My stomach begins to settle when I see a group of people from church. Soon after we arrive, people start pouring into the dimly lit basement. They begin to line up for their hot meal of the day. The food is greyish and cold. The dessert holds the only bit of true color. The cupcakes are covered with pink frosting, and they have a rainbow of sprinkles scattered over them. They seem to be the only bit of cheer in the room. The people take the food graciously. After they go through the line, they walk over to the long steel tables with wood benches. My mother asks me to go around to the people and pour milk. I decline because I am too afraid; I don't want to be close to them. I think they will try to hurt me or rob me. I feel like their eyes are shooting right through me like bullets of anguish. Another girl, about my age, beings to walk around instead. As I watch her, I start to realize how silly I am for being afraid of these people. They are smiling at her and talking to her. As everyone finishes serving the food, our family sits down to eat with another family. The mother, Becky, has a narrow face and scraggly blond hair. She is thin and pale. Her eyes are dark, and the circles around them look like pools of despair. She has two children. Sarah is about my age, and she is very proud of her hair. Her long hair is in a French braid with a yellow ribbon at the end. She asks me if I would like her to braid my hair. I was so surprised! She really wanted to do a favor for me. I have a nice house, three meals a day, and a warm bed. Why does she want to help me? A very handsome boy is in the corner. She points him out to me as she tries to keep from drooling. We start to giggle and have fun just as if we are best friends. Her little brother Nathan is playing with his food as my brother does the same. They jump up and start chasing each other just as Danny, my sibling, always does with his other friends. We are all totally ignorant of our different lifestyles. After we finished cleaning up, everyone walks out into the cold night air. As we drive away, I see Becky, Sarah, and Nathan sitting on the sidewalk across from the church. I watch them fade away into the distance as we begin our drive home. Unfortunately, we left them at their home - the streets.

Debbie Zarling
Grade 12
Homestead

140.

THE RIDE

The clods of dirt began to dissolve as the first drops of rain splattered down. The man stepped out of the seemingly innocent tribal hut and grimaced when he saw the sky. This delivery was not going to be easy. He laced up his boots and mounted his horse. A ten mile ride lay ahead, and his nation depended on it. As he inconspicuously rode down the road, in one of the dirty ruts made by truck tires, the rain began to pour. He increased his speed, knowing the chances of a flash flood. It also might be the last safe rain he saw, because if the message was not delivered, nuclear war was imminent. Unfortunately, they might get him. A band of guerrillas that fought against anything good had risen up on this island, Guam. They had heard that someone was going to ride, and that he was good. Just thinking about this gave him chills, so he increased to a full gallop.

Those receiving the message were getting antsy. The rider was nine minutes late. If they did not get this intelligence report, the war between the Vipers, an evil organization that craved world power,and the now united Allied and Axis powers would reach nuclear proportions, and a truce would never be reached.

The deliverer was Michael Frazier, age 28. He had been drafted, when the United States discovered him, and placed him in the 82nd airborne division. They thought he was a hunk of muscle with no mind. They were very wrong. Becoming the perfect spy, he had lived in thirteen major countries including the U.S.S.R., Germany, Spain, Japan, and the United States. Originally being an English actor, he could transform his voice to any accent. He also knew all local customs. Changing identities was not a problem with his experience and intelligence, and his six foot four inch height and 220 pound weight were also assets.

Now the rain was coming down in sheets. In the distance he heard the sound of a far off machine gun. Fortunately, it was only two miles to the designated reception area. Now his horse was going as fast as it could go. The guns were getting closer. He felt a very brief flash of heat and something whistled past his ear. He kept repeating in his mind the message the general had said to him," The free world depends on you." The guerrillas' motorcycles were slowly catching up to him. In the dim dusk light he saw the entrance to the outpost. Fumbling for the opener, he pressed it in the nick of time. Two hard punches hit his bullet-proof vest just as he entered the building. The door closed, just ahead of the guerrillas.

" Good work, Frasier.",the general muttered dully. Frazier mumbled a thanks and went to his bunk. As he sprawled on his cot, he wondered if the army considered him to be expendable, for those bullets, even with the vest, had really hurt. As the tired darkness closed about him, far away he heard the general give a whoop of joy. The war was now over. Frazier slept.

Jordon Hare
7TH Grade
Lake Shore

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142.

The Legend of the Wyoming Valley

Far out in Wyoming, deep in the mountains, is a small valley called the "Wyoming Valley." It is a very scenic place, and it is known best for its fresh air and clean water. But deep in the heart of the valley is a small abandoned cedar cabin. This cabin is from the early 1800's. But it is more than just a cabin; it is the place where an early legend had taken place--the legend of the Wyoming Valley, and this is how it goes.

There once wandered a lonely cowboy. He was rather tall and always had a stern mean look on his face. I don't think he had ever smiled once his whole life. He wore a dirty old stetson hat and a long dusty old black trench coat. He chewed the dirtiest, rawest tobacco in the west and had the coldest heart of stone. This cowboy lived off the land, and everyday was a game of survival. It seemed as if mother nature was his best friend.

One day, while he was riding his black horse, he came across the Wyoming Valley and decided to venture down into it. He had found it to be a very pleasing and relaxing place to be. So he got off his horse and decided to sit down next to a huge oak tree. After thinking for a while, he decided it would be a great place to build a cabin just so he could make it through the long, cold winter.

But soon down began to appear, and he was getting very tired, so he pulled out a bottle of whiskey and drank himself into a quiet, pleasant sleep.

The next morning, the cowboy cleared out some land and started to build his cabin. It was very hard work, and now and then the cowboy would stop for a drink, or to play his six-string, but mainly all he did was work. This was the basic procedure for the next two months, but he was finally done. He had built a small cabin. It smelled of fresh cedar, and looked very well-built.

The cowboy had stayed here all winter, and he had felt very close to it and the land around it. He began to feel that if his life were to come to an end, this valley would be where he would like to be put to eternal rest.

Within time, the young cowboy soon grew older and wiser. Every day he had to work hard to stay alive, but on the other hand, he really had nothing to live for except his whiskey, guitar, and the beautiful land.

One night in the spring of 1832, the old cowboy heard an Indian chanting in the mountains that surrounded his home. As he woke up, he heard horses galloping and parading past his cabin with Indians screaming on them. He ran outside, only to find nothing but fresh air and thunder in the distant mountains.

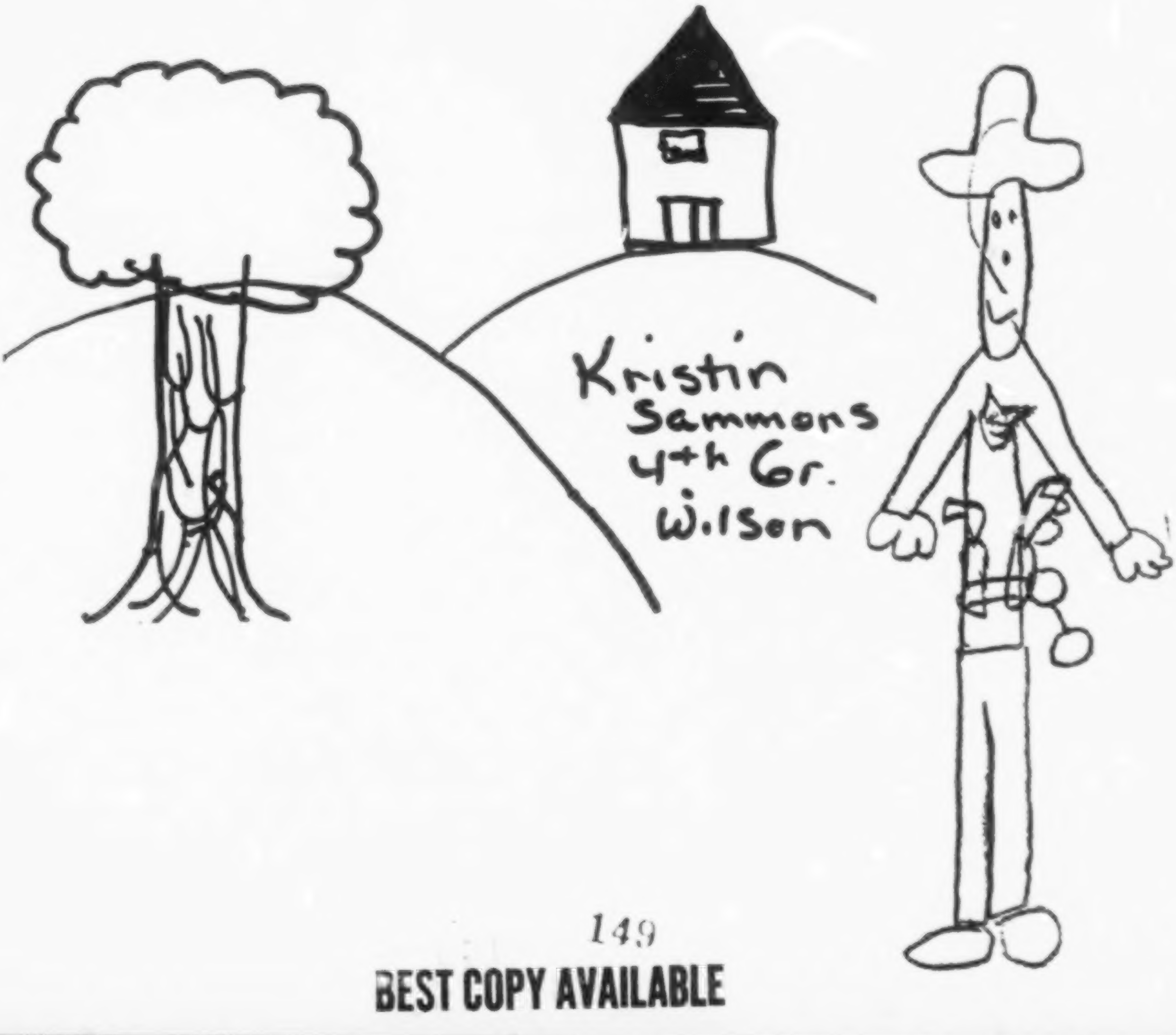
"That's funny," he said to himself.

From that day on, he heard Indians chanting through the valley, but every time he would go outside, he would find nothing.

One windy night, a huge storm rolled into the valley. The sound of thunder rattled through the mountains, as lightning lit up the skies in hugh flashes. The cowboy had felt very weak and sick, and didn't know if he would make it through the night. But late that night, the sound of Indians had awakened him, and he walked outside. To his amazement, a whole tribe of weird-looking Indians were sitting on horses outside his front door. The chief rode up to the sick old cowboy. They looked each other in the eye, and the cowboy climbed on the chief's horse, and galloped away into the countains and never returned.

Legend says that if you go to the Wyoming Valley, and spend a night in that cabin, you will hear the chants of mysterious Indians and the sound of the cowboy's acoustic guitar in the wind.

Andy Gulotta
Grade 8
Steffen



Kristin
Sammons
4th Gr.
Wilson

RAIN FOREST CRUNCH

Chocolate chips
Raisins
Banana Chips
Nuts
Coconut

Whitney Skold
Kindergarten
Range Line

Truthful Fear

It was fall outside.
and the smell of mud was in the air.
While the leaves on trees were turning to
colors of red. orange. and yellow
someone appeared before me and said hello.

As the words flew by in a whirl.
I felt as if someone had given me a twirl
because I just stood there like a scared
squirrel
not knowing what next to do.

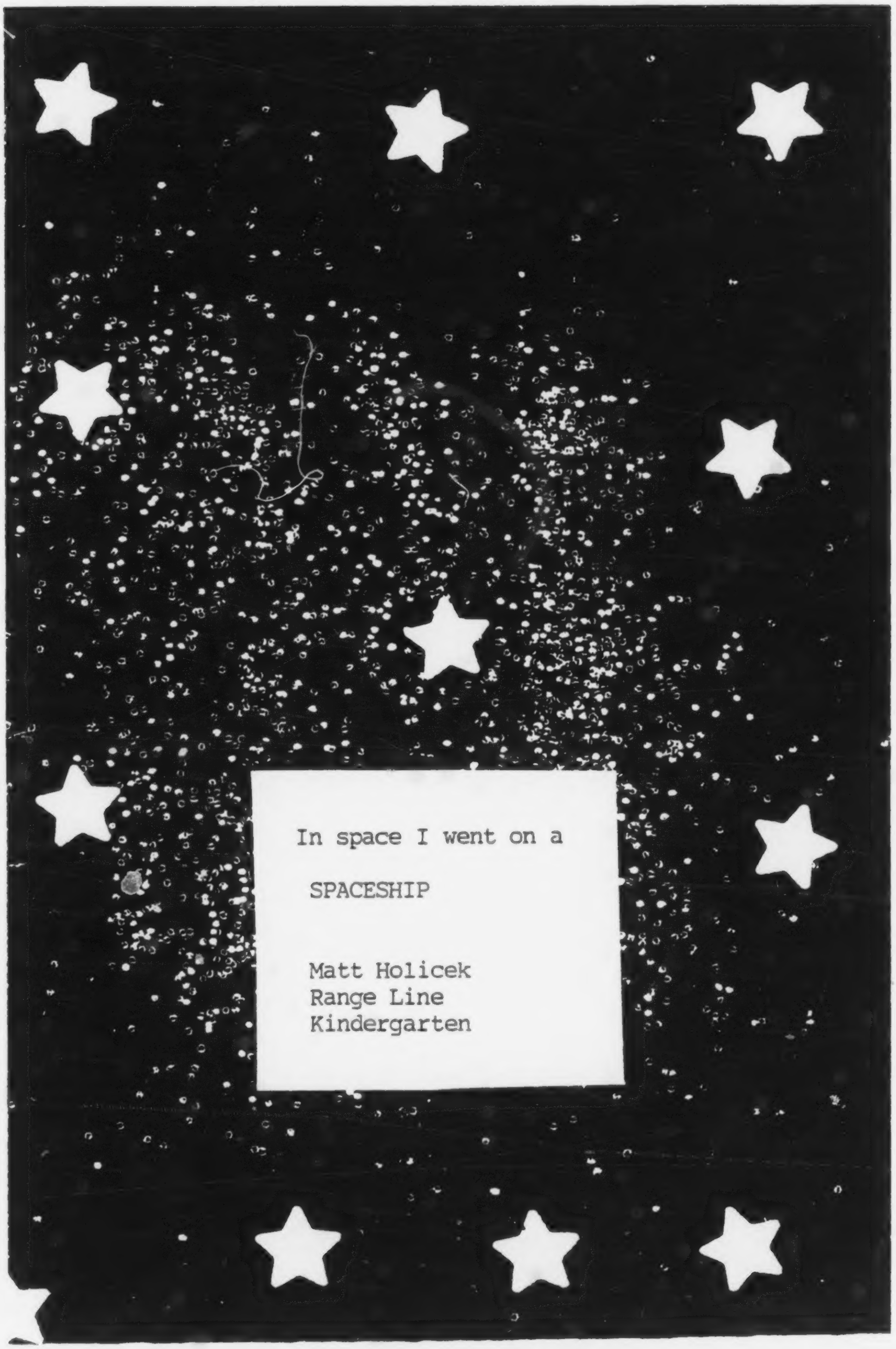
As I slowly opened my eyes.
the tree in front of me began to cry.
Then. I knew
the tears were not of sadness
but of fear.
fear of accepting the truth.

Tonya Thatcher
Grade 9 Homestead

Colors of my Life

Black. yellow. silver. and green:
these are the colors that best explain me.
Black for the mourning.
Yellow for the brightness I feel.
Silver for the speed I have
and green for the mother earth in my blood.
Black. yellow. silver. and green:
these are the colors that best explain me.

Craig Warner
Grade 9 Homestead



In space I went on a

SPACESHIP

Matt Holicek
Range Line
Kindergarten

146.

Why the Willow Droops

Some time ago, trees were not trees, but spirits of old people. They were honored in their old age for doing good deeds by the Earthmaker. So they actually lived longer. For instance, the oak is a tall husky hunter that deeds his village in time of great despair, and the great maple is a wonderful cook loved by people everywhere for his sweet, smooth liquid, which people say he has flowing in his veins. But the willow... why does it droop, you ask? Here you shall hear the story of the reason why the willow droops.

When the old lady Willow was young, she was a beautiful widow who tended to the sick and told the most brilliant stories of spirits, beautiful fairies, and great worlds in the Skyland.

All this time, Earthmaker was watching her, because of her kind words and deeds. He was so amazed with her stories, that in the winter he would tell the stories to all the mystical creatures in the sky world.

One night, Earthmaker spoke to the Court of Earth, "My friends, I have a person to fulfill another tree. Her name is Willow and for years her tender hands and stories have healed many hearts. She is sweet and lovely. Do you think she is worthy?"

The court talked it over. The leader declared, "Yes, it is unanimous."

So that night Earthmaker journeyed down to earth and floated into the elderly woman's room.

"My dear, are you awake? I have come to talk to you about your life." he said softly.

"Has my time come yet? I haven't been able to say goodbye yet." she said in a concerned, quiet voice.

"No, my dear. I am not death but the beginning of a new life."

At that, Willow began to brighten up. "Really? What have you come to me for?"

"I am Earthmaker, creator of all lands. I have come to ask a favor of you."

"What? I shall be honored!" she said joyfully.

We need more trees and with all your past good deeds, it is unanimous that you're the one for this place. Are you willing to do this?" questioned Earthmaker.

"Yes, yes! I would very much like to be a tree!" said Willow excitedly jumping from her bed. "I'll go and tell all the people in the tribe."

"That a girl!" said Earthmaker in a joking tone.

By the time Willow had gathered every one in the center of the village, it was twilight, where the light blue mixed with a misty deep red.

"My friends, Earthmaker came during the night and chose me for a tree. We shall hold a festival." A loud cheer rose from the people. They chanted, "Willow, Willow, Willow!"

That night, dances were held, songs were sung, and Willow was praised. Everything was perfect until that night at dinner. One of Willow's best friends started choking on a bone. Willow rushed to her side. "Don't worry, I'll save her. I was taught this by the medicine man." But somehow is didn't work. Willow's best friend died. Willow would not come out of her room for days until the day she was turned into a tree.

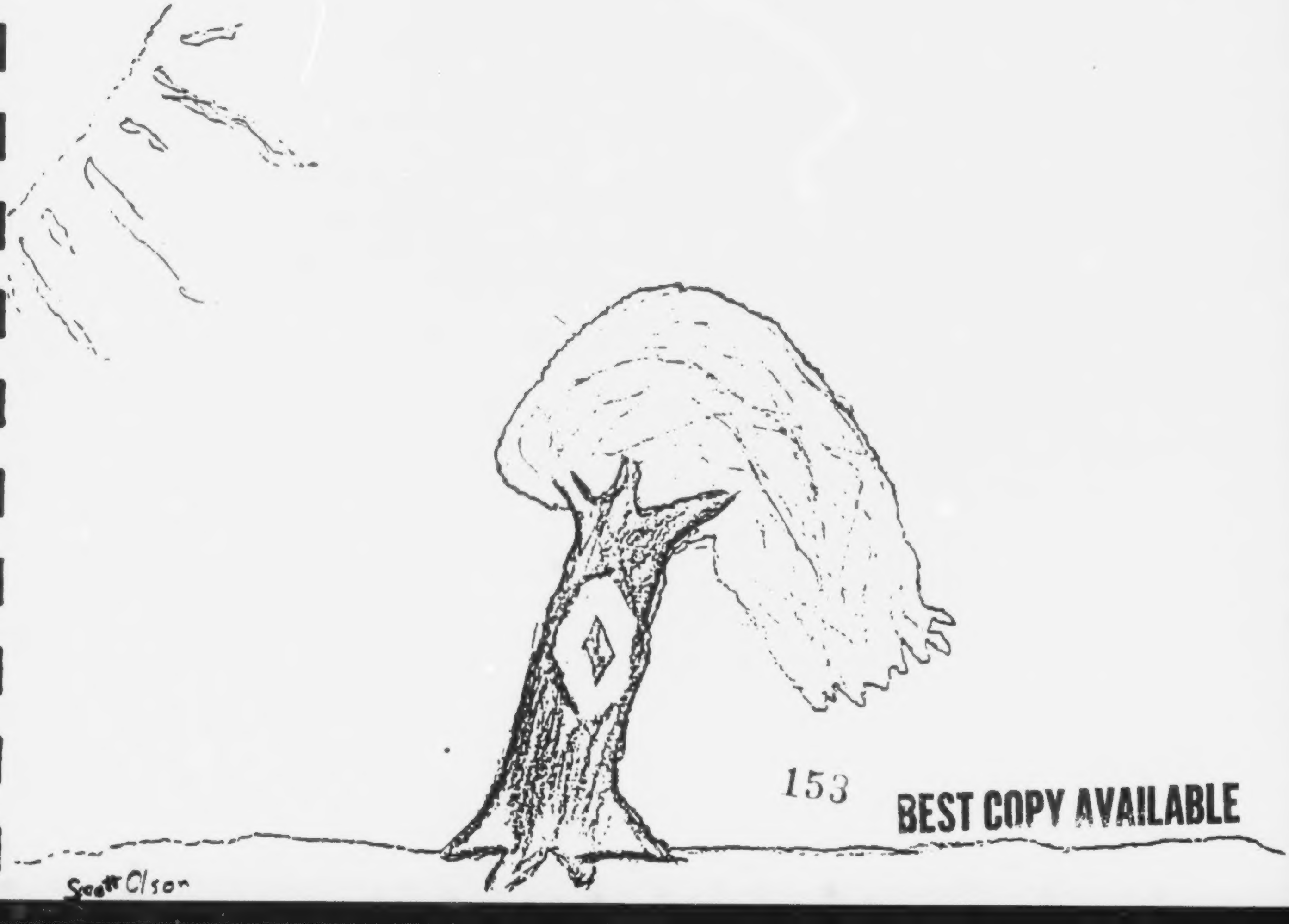
"Are you still here?" asked Earthmaker.

"Yes, and I know what you're here to talk to me about. You're not going to make me a tree because I couldn't save my friend's life." said Willow feeling sorry for herself.

"No, it is not your fault. Even I couldn't save her." explained Earthmaker, trying to comfort her. "It's time."

So they walked outside. He put a spell on Willow. Her arms became branches and her hair grew into long leaves. But Willow could not look up at Earthmaker in Skyland because she was so sad. That's why the willow tree's "head" droops.

Scott Olson
Grade 5
Donges Bay



148.

FEATURE STORY

A Unique Snowflake

It's cold and windy up here! I hope this will be a short trip if I have to go through this! But I must say, it is a beautiful day. It's all gray and cloudy in the sky. I bet those human beings are wishing the Sun would come out. But this is the day I've been waiting for. I'm now ready to go see the earth and show just what a pretty flake I am.

Oh no! Now it's my turn! I take back all that I've said! I don't want to end up like those unfortunate flakes that land somewhere warm and melt. Who knows, I might be within a few minutes! Here I go! I'm falling down! This is terrible! I don't even know anyone around me! Well, if I land on a human, maybe they will save because of my delicate beauty.

[continued]

[Snowflake continued]

Ugh! I landed right on top of a million other flakes. Well, at least the worst part is over.

Days have gone by and no one knows I exist! The squirrels, bunnies, dogs, and other creatures walk right over me. I ought to stand out with my magnificent and unique appearance.Why is everyone so blind? It is already getting hot out here and still nobody knows I'm here. What should I do?

Joy Kristin Miller
Grade 7
Lake Shore

Christmas Sounds

rain before the white snowflakes
hitting against the porch

old Christmas songs on the radio
my baby brother dancing to the tune

our television showing the Christmas parades
staying on the whole morning

my mother in the kitchen
humming as she bastes the turkey

the relatives arriving
some whom we haven't seen in years:

nice knowing that next year
those same sounds will return.

Rachel Kimball
English 9 Homestead

150.

A Christmas Play

It was a cold still silent night:
the stars above were shining bright.
The church was lit and trimmed in red.
The baby lay in his manger bed.
The little lambs were white as snow.
their bleating voices echoing low.
The choir raised their voices high
to welcome a child who began to cry.
His mother bent and cradled her child:
she rocked and sang a song so mild.

I was dressed as an angel with a halo of gold.
I danced down the aisle as I had been told.
I danced with joy on that special day.
I'll always remember my first Christmas play.

Rachel Ferber
Grade 9 Homestead

* * *

Safe

Even though it is winter.
and the fresh snow is tumbling from the sky
like a gymnast in the air. there
is no fear of the harshness winter brings.
A small fawn looks up from
sniffing the cold ground
to the whispering wind seeming to
call its name.

Even though it is winter.
she is not afraid.
Her mother's presence keeps her safe.
What will happen when her mother is gone?
She will be the one to keep safe her fawn.

Heather Teplin
Grade 9 Homestead

The Ballerina

The ballerina stood poised in a perfect manner, her legs firm and straight, with slightly bent arms nearly touching the motionless sides of her body. Her gentle eyes were in a fixed position (forward), and not a single golden strand of her soft, luxurious hair fell out of place from the well-rounded bun formed on the top of her head. Obviously, she was a prima ballerina.

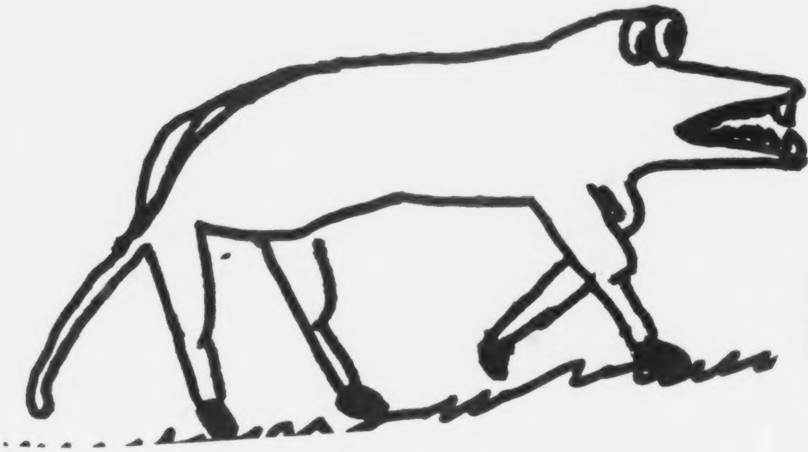
Nina Tatarowicz
Steffen
Grade 8

Jennifer sanchez

The Hunter

A twig snaps for every step he takes. A cool breeze flows through the branches of the trees taking all it's leaves with it. The sun is blotted out from the canopy of towering trees overhead. Somewhere an animal runs to safety for it senses danger. His trained eyes quickly glance over the surrondings looking for any sign of movement from his prey as he moves on.

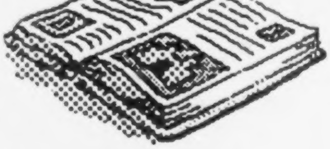
Kiran Prasad
Steffen
Grade 8

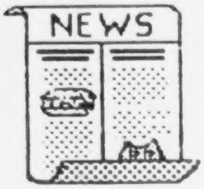


Sam Strobel

WORDS OF WISDOM

To compare the relationship between a cop and a criminal is like comparing the relationship between a dog and a cat, or a cat and a bird. The criminal is always the prey and the cop is always the predator. To compare them is to take opposites and combine them. To compare them is to take two driving and destructive forces and sift them into one big pile. One half would usually contain goodness and the willingness to fight for that, while the other half contains the lust for money and wealth and the willingness to KILL for that. To combine these two opposing forces would be like slapping them together to make checkerboard cookies, with the lines constituting the dividing lines of the good and the bad. In this way the conflict will never be resolved.





Tony Clark
Grade 7
Lake Shore

OLD AGE

Old age is the time for rememberance when you recall earlier days of excitment and fear. Old age is a time when people look at you and feel sorrow, guilt, lonliness, or happiness. Old Age is a time for relaxing and planning for the future and present. It is a time for being with children and grandchildren and treasuring the time being with them before it slips through your fingers.

Kristen Schreiber
Grade 7
Lake Shore

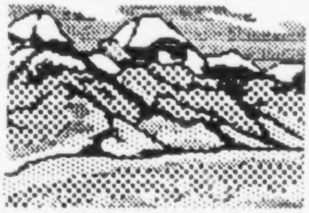
Friendship

Friendship is laughter when you play hide and seek. Friendship is trusting your private thoughts and ideas with one another. Friendship is caring about someone you spend time with. Friendship is like two streams coming together to form a river.

Author Unknown
Grade 7
Lake Shore

INTENSE EMOTION

My heart raced as I slowly started to climb. This was my second attempt rock climbing. I had tried a different climb just minutes ago. I went up quickly and was near the top when I made the fatal mistake. I looked down. I freaked out and had to come down. When I reached the ground I was releived but demoralized. Now I'm trying again. My breathing got faster as I climbed higher. My stomach opened into a bottomless pit swallowing everything inside me. I clung to the rock panting between efforts. At one point I was stuck and had to use a tree jutting out from the rocks. Finally I reached the top of the climb. when I grabbed the carribeaner signifying the top of the climb, a sense of accomplishment rushed through me. I couldn't believe it.



Dan Gernant
Grade 7
Lake Shore

Teachers

A teacher is not a person who has a bad temper for a every mistake a child makes. A teacher is not un-educated, for they must teach us the knowlege they know.

A teacher is not an impatient person, because they need patience for kids who need individual help. A teacher is not a person who laughs at other people's mistakes. A teacher is a thoughtful, educated, patient, and smart person.

Sara Roesing
Grade 7
Lake Shore

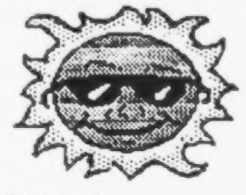
First Born to Last Born

Even though first and last borns may look alike and belong to the same family, they are brought up very differently. The first born has no older siblings to follow around and so the things they are introduced to are limited. On the other hand, the last born has older siblings that do certain things so those kids get introduced to more stuff at a younger age. For example, I'm the first born and when I was younger, I did more drawings and more artistic and imaginative things then my youngest brother, Cort. Cort is four years old and has three older brothers and a sister that do a lot of sports. Cort has picked up those sports at a younger age and is more involved in them than in things like drawing. Since I am the first born, I like to think that having older brothers and sisters is helpful because they can help you, nag you, and treat you in a positive way which can push you to do better.

Kristin Miller
Grade 7
Lake Shore

A Place to Share with People who Care

I walked slowly towards he land where he new houses were being built. The land used to be so peaceful. Not a sound could ever be heard, and not a sound was ever made when I was there. At the place where I live, there is a pavilion, and I used to spend alot of my alone time there, writing, reading or just thinking. Fortunatly, over the summer, I stopped spending time in the pavillion area, and spent more and more time at the peaceful place where I shared secrets and made memories with friends of whom I love and will never forget.



As I slowly increased my pace, I felt tears streaming down my face. Not from the cold wind, but from the warm memories that stirred within me.

To my right, there were rotting birch trees accompanied by a pond. To my left, new houses were being built, and the scents of sawdust and paint filled the air. Because this spot isn't too close to my home, I never got the chance to walk around often. But today, I was like a bear cub coming out of his den to a world that was painfully faimiliar, and not knowing how to react-to laugh or to cry.

Though the closeness of that friendship will never be with me again, the soft whispers of a place that I love will live in my heart forever...

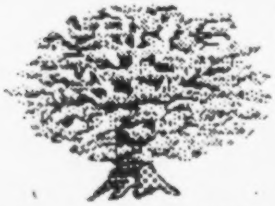
Angela Karegeannes
Grade 7
Lake Shore

154.

MY FAVORITE PLACE

by Drew T. Hayes

Grade 7
Lake Shore



I gaze across the chasm, and its sharp ledges hovering over the ravine below. A steady breeze blows soothingly through the forest of empty trees above. Carefully, I make my way downward into the chasm, over the dark colored soot and moss-blanketed stones. As the winter approaches, the trees and brush drop the last of their leaves, and they drop silently to the ground. Leaves crackleing under my steps, I glide downward until reaching the small ravine that has delicately carved into the earth. The stream runs over the pearl-like pebbles, creating a most restful tone and motion of sound. I sit now, silently absorbing my surroundings of peace. I notice the smaller details about me, such as the scampering of the distant squirrel, storing yet another acorn for the long winter ahead. Below me, under the layer of red, yellow and brown, thrives a whole new world. Fungi and mosses are abundant here, and the aroma of decomposing wood and leaves from still past falls fill the air within this world. I glance up again, at the majestic cliffs and trees towering over me, yet the sun still warms my face, its light weaving in and out of the branches above. I take it all in again, this dreamlike world of mine, this natural wonder, this forest of life and peace.

THE DREAM

He walked through the hot smoking dead house. His job was to search through the house and find any carcasses that could clue them in to how the fire had started. Saddened by the distruction he truged down the staircase toward the celler. He looked down the stairs and saw a tunnel of wight lite surrounded with smoke. He tried to look off to step off to th side but there was nothing there. He descided to keep walfing forward. The dim light showed off the black smoke that swirled and teased him. It hypnotised him as it whirled and drew back in a random order. Soon he came apon the light at the end of the tunnel. When he stepped of the stairs the black smoke cleared. He felt soft and smooth earth below him, and huge towering trees that almost touched the sun. He strolled along and noticed the beautiful birds. He soon came to an odd shaped tree where the stump broke in to about forty limbs. Ashe went on to the strance croch he almost fell asleep and dreamed sweet warm dreams in the safty of this place.

Andy Watson
Grade 7 Lake Shore

155.

The Scientist

As he thought, wondering, dreaming,
Dreaming dreams no scientist has dared to dream before.
He wondered weak and weary of this new scientific theory.
"Tell me, shall I mix these potions together? Truly, I implore!
Quoth the assistent, "Nevermore!"

Ah distinctly I remember in the bleak December
Of my father trying so hard this experiment before.
But before he could mix the potions, he had a heart attack
That wrought his ghost upon the mid-laboratory floor.
Quoth the assistent, "Nevermore!"

Presently my soul grew stronger,
I cannot resist this experiment any longer! "Nepenthe", I cried,
"I shall mix and compound these two potions together!"
Quoth the assistant, "Nevermore!"

"Leave me my ghostly assistant, for you are much to persistent!"
And the assistant, never knowing, still is wondering,
still is wondering.
On the wooden table of oak, in my scientific laboratory;
And his eyes all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the scientific lamp o'er him streaming throws of his shadow
on the floor;
And my soul from out that scientist that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted-Nevermore!

Walter Nawrot and Jason Youdovitz
8th Grade
Lake Shore Middle School

156

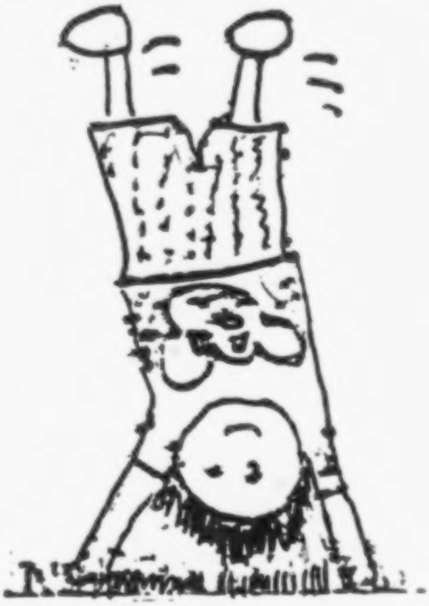
I Am

I am a tall girl who loves sports.
I wonder what space really looks like.
I hear spaceships from Mars in the silence.
I see a space station on the moon.
I want to make the United States Girls' Olympic Basketball team.
I am a tall girl who loves sports.

I pretend that I'm President of the United States.
I feel the pressure of Kuwait and Saddam Hussein on my shoulders.
I touch the hostages and lead them home.
I worry about the devastation of a chemical war.
I cry for all of the children who go without milk.
I am a tall girl who loves sports.

I understand the earth's history.
I say that the world is dying.
I dream about landing on Mars.
I try to do my best in basketball.
I hope the world will be clean in the future.
I am a tall girl who loves sports.

Sue Anne Kirkpatrick
8th Grade
Lake Shore Middle School



I Am

I am a dreamer treading water.

I wonder how the universe began.

I hear the call of the sea gulls.

I see the wide ocean on the horizon.

I want to swim with the current.

I am a dreamer treading water.

I pretend to be a fish within the shadowy debts.

I feel the tide of the red sea.

I touch the roughness of the reefs.

I worry about people stranded in the desert.

I cry for humans left in the scorching sun.

I am a dreamer treading water.

I understand how homo-sapians drown.

I say, you can swim.

I dream that a ship will rescue us.

I try to float above the rising sea foam.

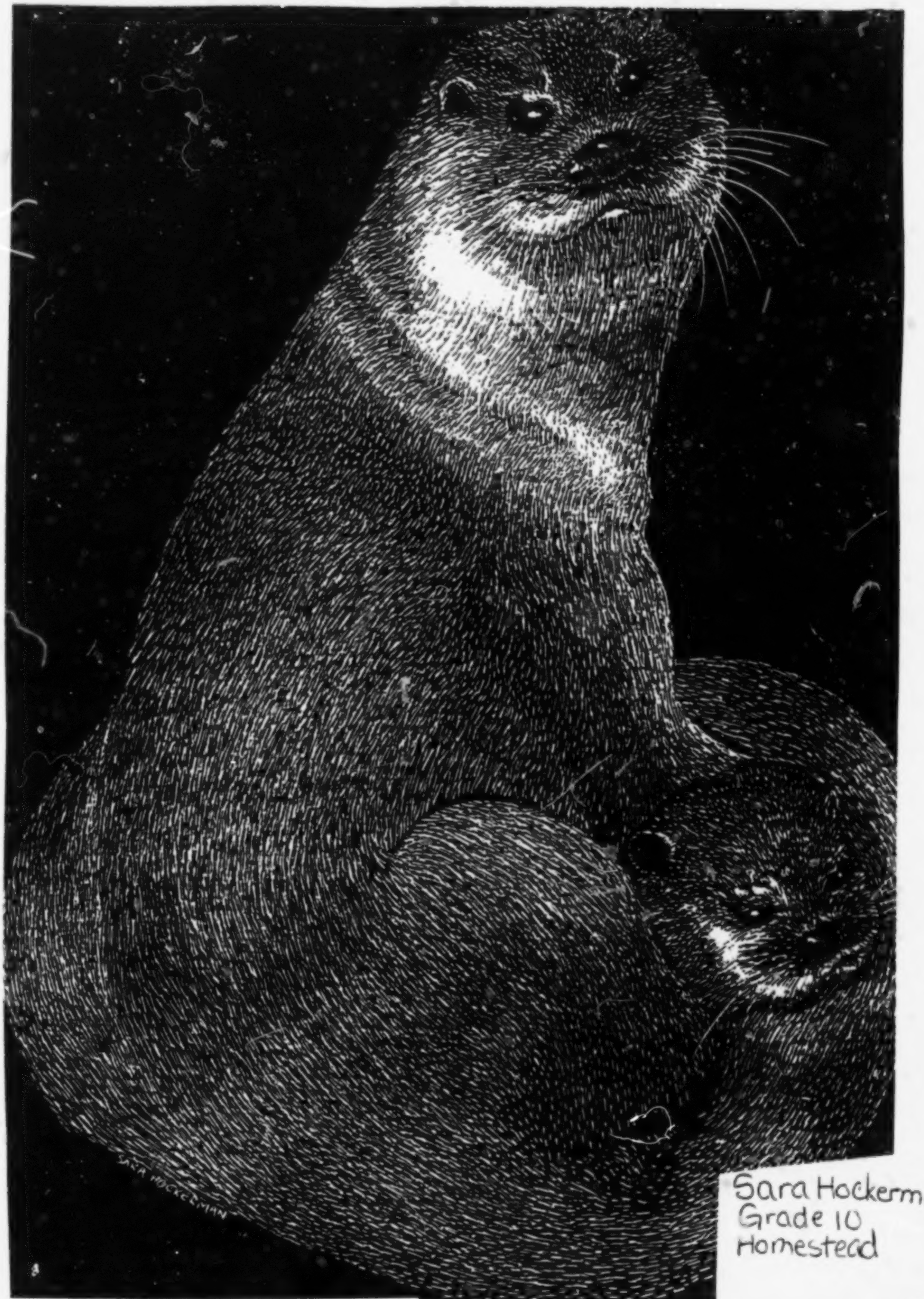
I hope that together we can find the other shore.

I am a dreamer treading water.

Art by
Jackie Kelly
Wilson

Amy Spellman
Grade 8
Lake Shore

158.


SARA HOCKERMAN

Sara Hockerman
Grade 10
Homestead

Loneliness

159.

Loneliness. When the world forgets you, to weep endlessly.

Loneliness. The feeling of being hopelessly lost. Without family. Without friends. Without love, or care.

Loneliness. The threat of being disparately left out, not included. Being wickedly thrown out. All backs turned. A tear in your eye.

Loneliness. The depressing saga of leaving a loved one. Departing a cared for soul, for what seems eternity.

Loneliness. A small, helpless whimper or cry. Perhaps from a life-threatened child.

Loneliness. The last dead, crimpled brown leaf on a large bare tree in the bleak darkness of the changing season.

Loneliness. A cold, shivering wind, whistling heartlessly through your hair, and into the stary, night sky.

Loneliness. A blurred sight through a tear. A lump in the enclosed throat. A small steam down the cheek.

Loneliness. When all hopes fail, all dreams are shattered before your eyes. All feelings are lost, except one . . .

Loneliness.

Myles Hayes
Grade 7
Lake Shore

Philip Mahlstadt
Grade 1
Wilson

160.

My Fascination with Lawnmowers

When I was little, at about the age of five, I always dreamed of mowing the lawn. I know it sounds strange, but it's true. Whenever I built something out of Legos or Construx I always made a lawnmower. I even had one of those little lawnmowers that blew bubbles when you walked with it. When my dad mowed the lawn I mowed the lawn too, with my little mower that is. When I didn't do that I sat on my dad's lap and steered while he stepped on the gas and the brakes. I did a lot of other things with mowers when I was young too. Overall I'd say that I was very fascinated with lawnmowers.

Now, I actually get to mow the lawn. I get to mow the backyard on our Snapper eight horsepower rider. It is very fun. The first thing I do is pull the choke and turn on the mower. Then, I turn the blade on. By now it is really roaring. Now, I am ready to roll! For the first couple of laps around the backyard I keep it in third gear because my dad is looking. He says that's all the faster I need to go. But when he turns around, you can bet that thing's in fifth gear faster than you can blink an eye. I go around and around in circles until I come to an end. When I turn it off I am sad. Looking on the bright side, someday I'll get to mow the front yard!

Mick Leske
Grade 6
Lake Shore Middle School

Jessica Mallon
Nilson

THIS IS THE LIFE, OR IS IT?

Is this how I am supposed to spend the rest of my mechanical years? All day I work, channeling in signals, lighting them on my screen, working my microchips off, and for what? Nothing! That's all I ever get. No breaks, no extra energy, nothing!

Still worse, I have to work for these people! That fat blob, molded into the recliner, is the man of the house. He slobbers all over himself with his chile dogs and beer, while he constantly belches and lets off gas.

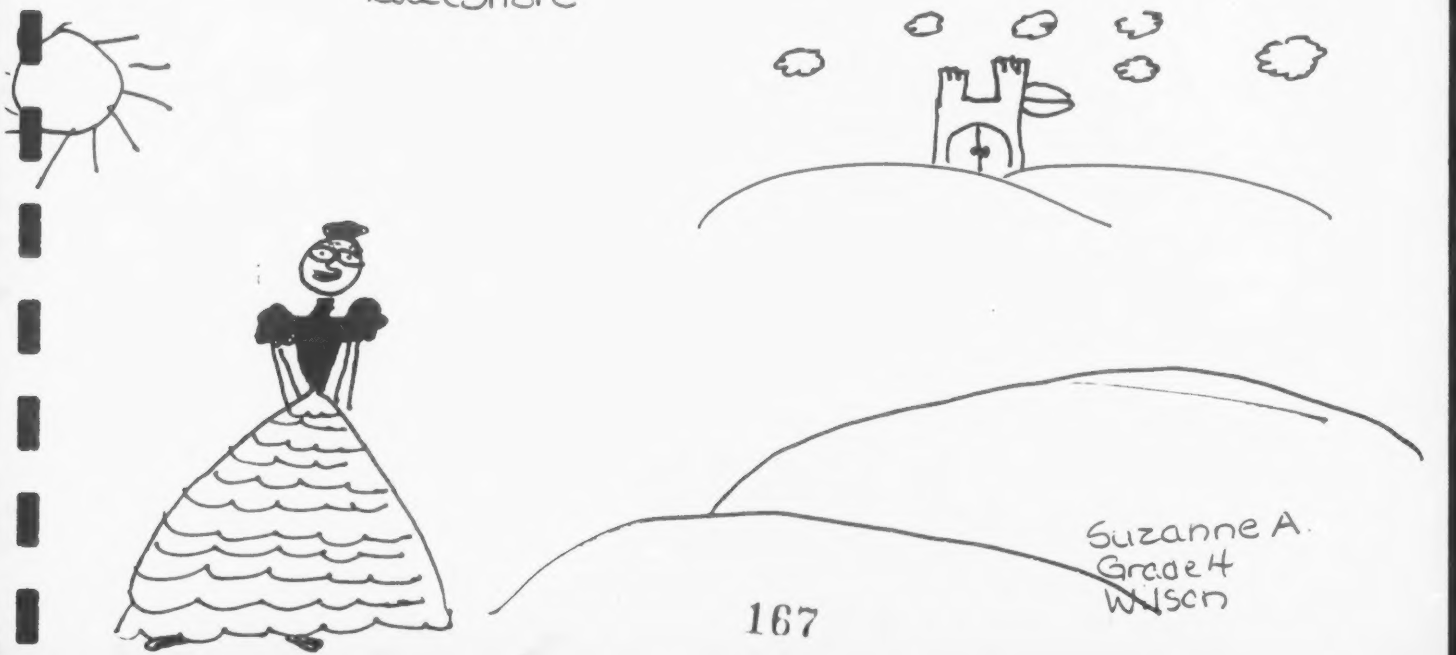
Then there's his wife, who should be considered his slave. Constantly, she keeps serving and feeding that human garbage disposal. Providing him with beer and beginning another batch of chile.

I don't see how these two can pay for me and all the electricity I eat, or how they paid for me and this dump they call a home in the first place.

I remember back in the good old days when I worked and lived in the "appliance store". Boy, was life as a television great there. I had lot's of break time, surrounded by plenty of other friends and appliances. They treated me like brand new. I was always clean and shiny, marveling at myself and how great I was.

But here I am, showing some old sitcoms, lots of what he calls "bowling games", and occasionally a soap opera or two. All the while that tub of lard sits, wide eyed, with his mouth stuffed with some sort of food, unknown to televisionkind. Life for me is definitely the chips! (Get it? -mirochips)

Drew T Hayes
Grade 7
LakeShore



Suzanne A.
Grade 4
Wilson

THROUGH THE EYES OF A BUTTERFLY

Georgia O'Keeffe, well known for painting and drawing, was born in Sun Prairie, Wisconsin on November 15, 1887. She is best known for her enlarged flower paintings. She wrote in 1939, "If I could paint the flower exactly as I see it no one would see what I see because I would paint it small like the flower is small. So I said to myself, I'll paint what I see--what the flower is to me, but I'll paint it big and they will be surprised into taking time to look at it."

One of the reasons I chose Georgia O'Keeffe as my artist is because her flowers are colorful and bright and she doesn't just paint a white flower white, but adds various shades of blue, yellow, and green to make them interesting. Someone once said her paintings make you feel "as if we humans were butterflies" while looking at one of the paintings. I also think this is true because she enlarges the flowers so much it's like seeing the flowers through the eyes of a butterfly. Another reason why I like her paintings is she paints familiar objects like rocks, shells, trees, skies, rolling hills, flowers, desert suns, and bleached white bones, but in a different perspective.

Georgia O'keeffe's style is using precise lines, bright glowing colors, sometimes flowing colors, and abstractions. She always paints in series, using the same flower, but placing it in different positions to get a different view of it. Each series takes a long period of time to complete.

Her first exhibition of paintings was in 1917 at Alfred Stieglitz's Gallery. She was influenced by the principle of decoration and design taught by Dow. While in the middle of the 1920's she was influenced by Demuth's and Scheeler's technique of using precise, clear color and clean edges. Later in her life in 1929 when she settled permanently in New Mexico she was inspired by the animal bones, landscape, and trees of the desert.

Georgia O'Keeffe studied at many universities between 1904 and 1916 including the Art Institute of Chicago. In 1977 she received the U. S. Medal of Freedom which is the highest civilian award of her government.

In 1916 Georgia O'keeffe destroyed all her work produced in the ten years before and said she would only paint what she wanted to from then on. Then she painted small, abstract watercolors and drawings. O'keeffe liked creating unexpected viewpoints in her art work so she would surprise the viewer into looking at a familiar object in a different way. In this way she was important to the art world because she used her own technique. She stressed it was more important what the artist saw than what other people really thought was there. Georgia O'Keeffe died at the age of 91. She had been the subject of many books and films and had become a successful American artist.

As I worked on my painting in Georgia O'Keeffe's style I became tired of working on it when I couldn't get the right color. It took a long time to finish and sometimes I was stuck on what to paint or what color to use next. Although, I did enjoy painting it and was happy with its final result.

Sara Miller
7th grade
Lake Shore

* * *

Why I Need A Raise In My Allowance

Well, yesterday morning, the new kid walked into school. You couldn't miss the blond, loose curls waving in the wind as he strolled to school. I lingered slowly and quietly behind him so he wouldn't notice me. In school, nobody would talk to him. I guess he was just too cute, so he was a threat to the other boys. I thought about him all day. As I stepped out the door, I saw him. I wanted to walk home with him, so I could be his first friend. I was about to talk to him, but as I looked at myself and the ugly clothes I was wearing, I shrank back into the door. As he turned the corner and disappeared from sight, I ran home to count the money in my piggy bank. All I needed was five more dollars, and allowance day was today! As soon as I got my hopes up and was floating on cloud 9, I remembered that allowance was only three bucks a week! Great. I already knew the outfit that I wanted to buy and I knew my mom could take me, but I couldn't get the money. I mean, can't you see it now? We are promenading home together. He carries my books. Soon, we are forming a relationship. We become the most popular couple in the school! This would help my social skills, right? So only two little dollars a week could stabilize my future forever! Besides, what are you going to use that two bucks a week for? Help your own daughter, your own flesh and blood! Just two smackers a week! I'll start saving and I'll never ask again!! Please! I need a raise in my allowance!!

Shola Akinshemoyin
Grade 6
Lake Shore Middle School

164.

A SOLDIER'S STORY

As I walked in the jungle, my boots sinking three inches with every step and constantly making squishing sounds, thoughts of being blown to pieces raced through my mind.

Why had our platoon in all the United States Army been assigned to go right through a possible mine field?

Drops of sweat were continually beginning the voyage from the top of my head, underneath my battered, mud-stained, old helmet, to my chin where they would fall onto my chest. My uniform was soaking and smelly, from hours worth of sweat in the dense jungles of Vietnam.

The slow procession of soldiers abruptly stopped, the Captain came back towards me. pointed a huge finger in my direction, and whispered harshly, "Howards. stay here, call into command, tell 'em we're two miles into enemy territory, all goin' cool so far, no mines, no soldiers." He turned to the rest of the men. and trying to keep his voice down ordered," The rest of you, follow me. Quiet!"

I unloaded the radio from my back heavily, it sank about seven inches into the ground, then fumbled with the switches, and relayed the message. I slowly lifted the radio, now even heavier than before, onto my back. Then, I struggled to my feet, my joints and muscles aching violently. Before I could even scan the area ahead of me for my platoon, I was knocked from my feet by a wave of heat and a thunderous blast at the same time. I hit my head when I'd been knocked down, so it took me about ten minutes to regain myself. When I was finally able to slip the radio off my back, I stood up immediatly to see a huge red blaze giving off black oily smoke, my eyes watered and I gagged from it. The smell of burning flesh was in the air.

I fell to my knees and vomitted when I realized I was inhaling my friends.with every breath of smoke. I managed to crawl a few feet away from the mess, then fell flat on my face right in the mud. Like everythimg else I began to sink a couple inches in the mud. I moved my face to the side so I could breathe. After about four minutes, I brought myself to my knees shaking horribly. I looked through the smoke through the trees up into the sky which was turning red from the sunset.

My eyes welled with tears, my body was streaked with mud and I was soaked through with sweat. I was still shaking and was now sobbing. I almost jumped when I suddenly realized the enemy would be here at any moment, to inspect it's latest victim. I grabbed my gun leaving everything else behind. But after about two steps realized I'd need water, so I quick grabbed my large canteen, and walked as fast as I could in my platoon's old footprints. I didn't dare run, for I feared I'd step out of the path and have the fate of my former friends.

I figured I'd traveled about a half mile. moving slower than before, staying inside people's footsteps, when I decided it was too dark to go on. Under normal conditions it was light enough to travel even in the jungle. But I needed enough light to see the footprints. So I jumped on a nearby log. then jumped onto a tree, without touching ground. I tried to fall asleep, but didn't until five hours after I laid down.

I woke up with what felt like a million pins sticking into me - I was close. When I opened my eyes I found my entire body covered with mosquitoes. I completely lost it. I started rolling over, slapping my arms, and kicking until I fell out of the tree.

I was so scared I couldn't move. Bodies of dead mosquitoes fell off me, others stuck. some that I didn't kill continued to drain my blood. despite the interruption. From where I was I couldn't get to the log. nor could I climb the tree from my position

After what seemed like an hour, but was really only about ten minutes, I began thinking, "What do I have to lose? Am I going to be one of those guys you always here about in stories who just loses it?" I figured if I was crazy I'd never see my wife again anyways. So, with four giant steps I took myself over to the log, jumped on the the tree, grabbed my canteen and gun, and took to the trail.

I figured I'd traveled about another mile when I sighted an enemy soldier. He had a gun, I had a gun. My advantage was I knew exactly where he was, and he didn't even know I existed. This advantage made me predator. and made him prey. I'd never killed a man before. But it became obvious that I would have to. If I didn't he'd kill or report me. If reported, I'd be followed and possibly caught.

I wanted to make it as painless as possible for him. I took aim at his head, and pulled the trigger down for about two seconds. A string of five bullets came out, the soldiers head jerked back and he hit the ground with a thud.

There was about a half mile left, and about two hours of light. But in the jungle, more soldiers possibly in my way, stepping in quickly dissapearing footprints, I'd be lucky, very lucky to make it tonight. And luck was something I hadn't had an abundance of so far. Also, every extra minute I spent out there gave me new problems.

But, after one hour the base was in sight. Maybe I had been too pessimistic, or, maybe somone had heard me and decided to cut me a break as far as luck goes.

I pulled a mudstained, white handkerchief from my pocket waved it in the air, and yelled, " Don't fire it's me, Dave Howards - Captain Mulroney's platoon! "

" Get in here Howards!", was the reply. I was almost startled by the voice, even if it had been only about a full day since I had last seen a human, or heard one. Never the less I sprinted into the base and collapsed into the arms of the first soldier I saw. Between chokes and sobbs, I explained to him my story.

There was still about half a year left in my tour, but it was decided I should be sent home. A team of five psychiatrists had decided I was mentally fit, but seeing more violence wouldn't help me any.

I'd explained my story about five-hundred times to different authorities. Although they didn't say it the doctors were amazed I didn't have malaria from the mosqutoes, the psychiatrists were amazed I wasn't insane, and military experts were amazed I was even alive at all.

And so two weeks after the incident I was embracing my wife in the airport terminal. I felt happy for the first time since I arrived in Vietnam a year and one-half ago.

As we were leaving a young man with yellow tinted glasses, bell-bottom jeans and a gaudy, yellow, Hawaiian shirt stepped in our way.

I thought he was going to thank me for risking my life, having to kill a man, having to lose a year and one-half of my life, and risking my sanity to defend the freedom of a group of people.

Instead, he snorted and spit on the hand I had outstreached for him to shake, and walked away.

BY KEVIN NICHOLSON

Grade 7
Lake Shore

Snorkling

166. I love snorkling. Today, I lower myself into the sparkling blue water off the coast of Hawaii . The sun, reflecting off the expanse of blue water slowly disappears from my sight. I find myself in a world filled with bubbles. Coral reefs of all shapes and hues line the path that lead into the deeper waters. The sun's rays, penetrating through the aqua water light a path for me.

I sink slowly to the bottom, the floor of the ocean rising to meet me. It is shallow here, the red crabs scuttling along the bottom just like ants.

To my right, a row of pink coral lies. I reach out to touch the branches, and as my gloved hand grabs ahold of one of them one of the twigs evaporates into a cloud of dust.

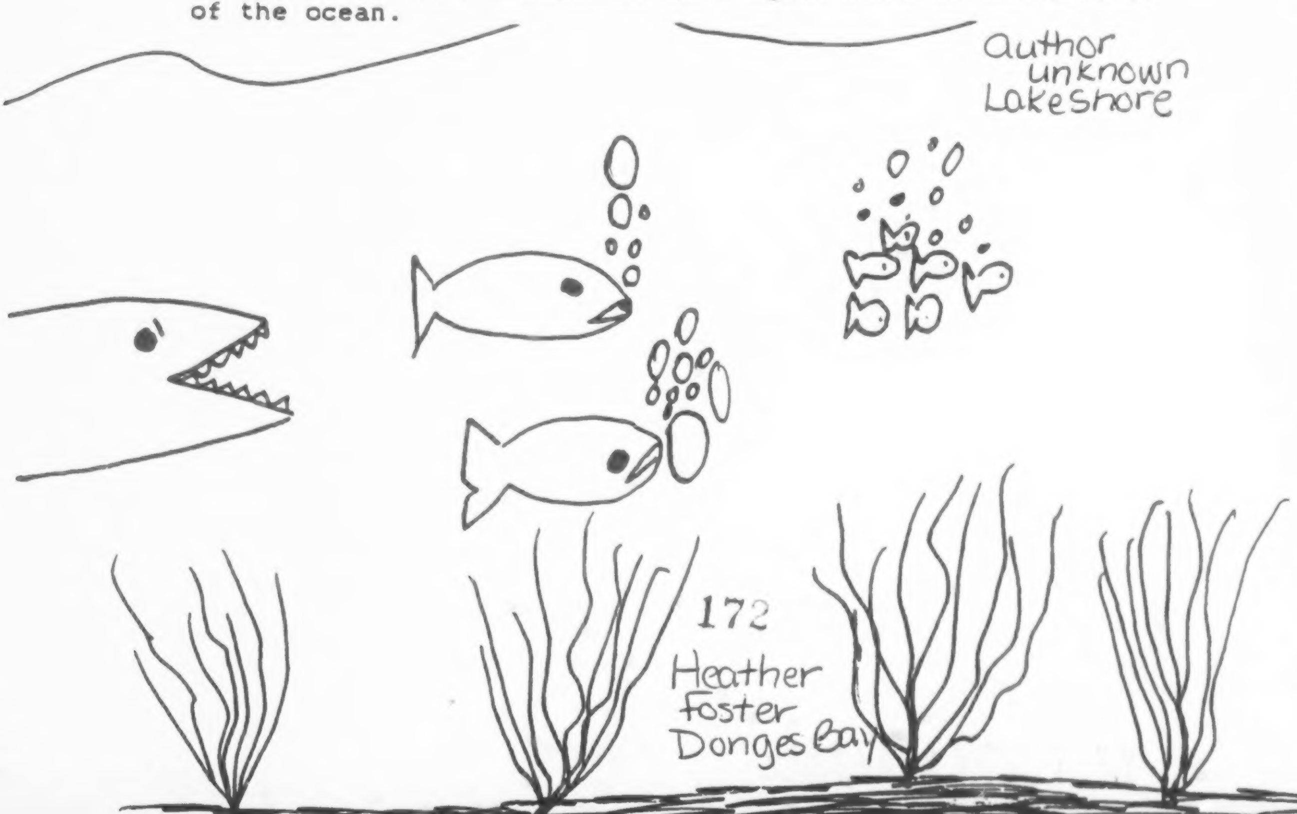
Schools of brightly colored fish swim by, they remind me of migrating birds flying together. Instead these fish swim through aqua water, moving swiftly as I invade their patch of coral.

I feel peaceful here, no sounds of busy traffic. I can look up and see the ripling water of the surface, but I know that only a little farther off looms deeper water filled with caves that house eels, and sting rays.

My trip for today was only intended to be in the sunlit water I am in now. I sit there a few minutes longer, relishing the way this underwater world lives in such harmony.

This is what I think of as I again rise to the surface of the ocean.

author
unknown
Lakeshore



Heather
Foster
Donges Bay

A Creature From Another World

This is one experience I will never forget. I was trying to my homework when I suddenly felt someone's or something's presence. I slowly turned around not knowing what I was about to encounter. I and some sort of creature shrieked at the same time. Surprisingly, the thing was as scared as I was. We stood there for a moment's silence.

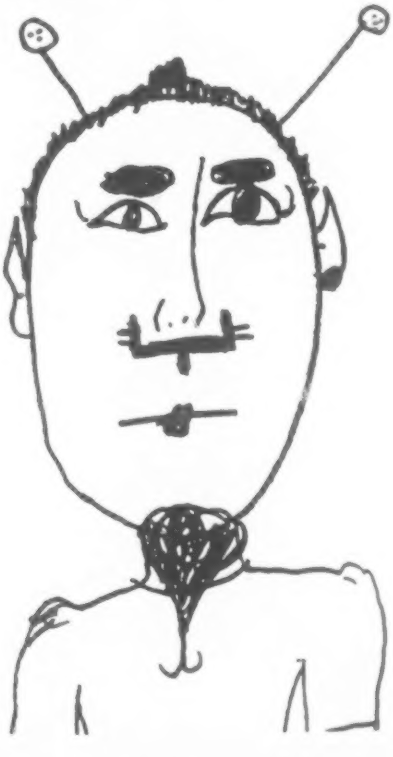
It looked like a giant reddish-brown ant with a hairy body. Ugh! What a sight! I hope that there weren't any more coming to my house. It was about six feet tall, and its dark, round eyes had a faraway look.

It looked as if it was looking me over too. Now I'll have to think about what I'm going to do with this ant. But before I could take action, it said, "We are going to take you hostage." I started to scream and kick at the intruder. Didn't anyone hear me?

I was instantly blinded. The next thing I knew, I was in a dark room still shaking. I felt my mom trying to wake me up. She was telling me that I had just had a nightmare, but it seemed so real. My sheets were hot and sticky. My mom gave me a glass of water and then I felt relieved that really was not real. But for the rest of the night, I couldn't get back to sleep. Frightening thoughts kept coming back to me. Then I remembered that I had just read a story with an ugly, ant-like monster in it.

Now I look back on this experience and laugh. But I remember when I had this scary nightmare.

Jenny Yun
Grade 6
Lake Shore Middle School



Margaux Caffa
Grade 5
Range Line

168.

My Backyard

From my window a lovely portrait of my back yard can be seen. Summer is soon to arrive.

The weary, faded tulips seem to bow to the coming of this new season. Their heads tremble gently in anticipation.

Other plants put on their Sunday clothes. They start to bud and bloom.

The Bachelor Buttons wear lacey hats that are a deep shade of purple. A bumble bee lingers around these showy blooms.

Salvia shows it's red feathery plumes. Soon humming birds will be attracted to this beautiful performance.

Dandelions shake their cottony heads. White fuzz through the air.

The earth around the new plants is dry and parched. It cracks in the ever present sun. The plants are thirsty and need a thirst quenching rain or a drink from the garden hose.

The patio grasps the heat from the sun. My bare feet almost burn as I walk on it.

The grass forms a welcome lush green carpet. It seems to grow taller every passing hour.

The trees are full and green. They make a canopy in one corner of the yard. Their leaves wave gently in the soft, warm wind.

Birds gather in tree branches and chirp in happy conversation. They collect twigs and grasses to build nests for their off srring, yet to arrive.

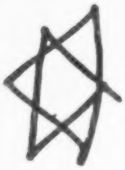
The lemon yellow finches are most striking. They perch around the bird feeders eagerly gobbling seeds. They seem to like company, for they group together in tree limbs. They bask in the warm sun. Their flight is like a roller coaster, bouncing speedily along.

The shy cardinal can also be seen. He shows himself only when he knows that it is safe. Maybe he is embarrassed because his color is such a bright, radiant shade.

Nature certainly paints a prize winning picture in my back yard.

Rebecca Pearson
Grade 6
Lake Shore Middle School

STARS

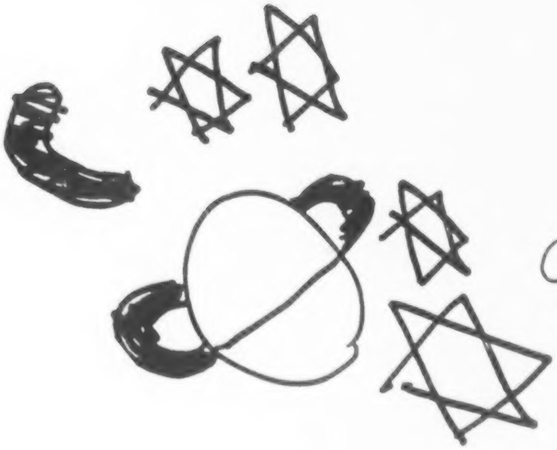


STARS SHINING OVERHEAD,
A STRANGE AND WONDEROUS VIEW,
OUT THE WINDOW OVER MY BED,
IN A SKY SO DARK AND BLUE,

SPIRALS OF A UNIVERSE,
ON THE EDGES OF CREATION,
SIGNALING OUT THEIR ENCHANTING CURSE,
THE BEGINNING OF AN ALIEN NATION,

EXPANDING LIKE A RIVER OF TIME,
WE SEE THEM AS THEY ONCE WERE,
THEIR SONGS OF LIGHT AND HARMONY RHYME,
AND MY DEEP DOWN FEELINGS THEY STIR.

Laura Paler
6TH Grade
Lake Shore



Colin
Gardner

America

America is the New Land, opening up new lives for thousands of immigrants. America is the land that was fought for by our forefathers. America is my homeland, a place I will never forget if I ever move to another country. America is having freedom and equality for all its citizens. America is home to me and others, a place for security, success, and above all a growing nation. America is democracy, giving us the freedom to do what we want, within reason of course.

by Robi Rawl 7-LS

170.

Have a Happy Holiday

It was Christmas Eve in Southtown and the Mitchels were going to church for the services. The family consisted of a boy named Kevin, who was fifteen years old, a girl named Toni, who was eleven years old, and a mom and a dad.

While the Mitchels were in church. Toni started to have an unusual feeling that when she got home there wouldn't be any gifts and that Santa Claus wouldn't have come to spread his Christmas cheer.

She told her mom her feelings. Her mom said, "What do you mean you don't think Santa came to our house?"

Toni said, "I don't know. I just don't think that he came to our house and that he won't visit us this year."

They stayed listening to the service and enjoying the beautiful Christmas music that was being played on the organ and being sung by the choir. When the service was over, they went home. When they arrived home, Toni and Kevin ran into the living room as fast as they could to see all the presents. When they got in the room, all they saw was some needles laying on the floor where the tree use to be.

Toni went running to tell her parents. They came in to look around and see what had happened to the tree that stood in the living room before they had left for church.

All of a sudden they heard something coming into the living room. The noise moved away as soon as they went to investigate it. They found nothing and the mystery remained as to what had happened to the Christmas tree.

Toni and Kevin wanted to go look for the "thief" who had taken their tree and presents. So they went out to search for them. They looked everywhere and found nothing that might give them a clue to the missing Christmas tree and presents. They asked the neighbors if they had any idea or if they heard anything while they were at church. Nobody seemed to know anything about it.

Finally at midnight, the Mitchels went back home. They had tried their hardest to solve the mystery, but they had no luck in finding an answer. When they got back home, they found a note by the fireplace saying, " I hope there wasn't a problem. There were some kids in the neighborhood that wanted to play a practical joke on everyone. They hid the tree and the presents in a garage down the street. The kids have been dealt with and will be waiting for you to come and talk to them on Monday at their homes. Their parents will be calling you Monday to make arrangements. We have put the tree and presents back in the corner." The note was signed by the Southtown police.

The Mitchels looked in the corner and there was the tree and all the presents. The night had turned out to be an upsetting, but interesting one. It turned out to be an outstanding Christmas after all.

I hope your Christmas turns out as great and outstanding as the Mitchels. But I hope your tree and presents don't get taken.

Happy Holidays. Have a great New Year!

Tristin Rogahn
6TH Grade
Lake Shore

Life Behind a Face

Behind this face
there are tears
that are unseen:
from friends.
from life.
like a large puddle.
I try to act normal.
to fight off the
memory of the tears.
when someone asks me.
I feel cheap
and mushy inside.
not like the outside
which does not seem
spongy.
but hard enough
to crack.
Oh, how life behind
any face is hard.

Sue Anne Kirkpatrick
Grade 8
Lake Shore

The Civil War

Guns firing.
Soldiers tiring.
Cannons shelling.
Generals yelling,
Women crying.
Men dying,
Smoke clearing.
Spectators fearing.
Calvary saddling.
Blue and Gray battling.
Brows furrowing.
People worrying,
Over 10,000 people fell.
This is proof that War is Hell.

David Braun
Grade 7
Lakeshore

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

The sound of crackling fires,
And jingling bells.

The sweet smell of evergreen needles,
And cookies in the oven.

The sight of glistening snow flakes from the sky,
And bright lights glowing.

The taste of sizzling hot cocoa,
And homemade peanut brittle.

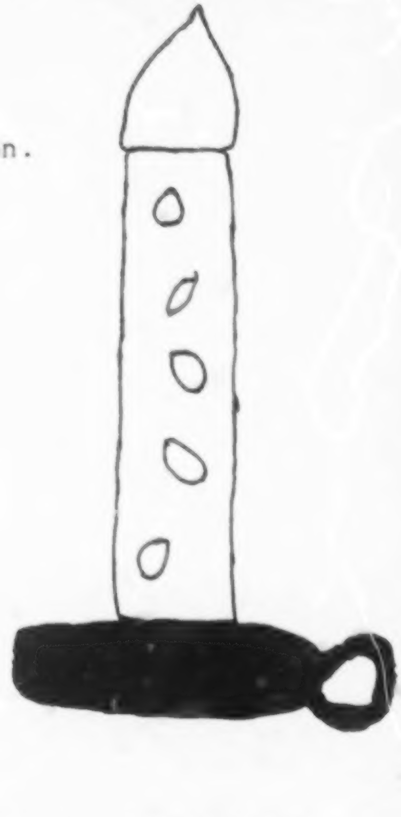
The soft touch of velvet bows ,
And sticky, sweet candy canes.

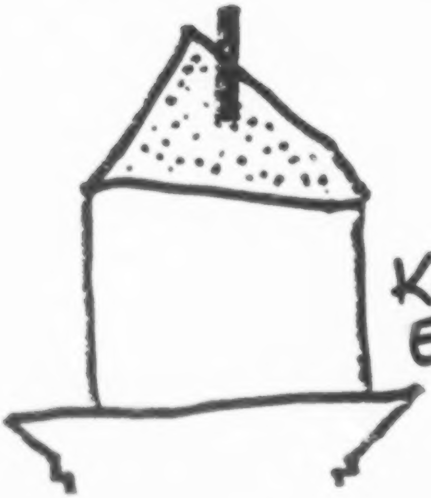
The feeling of joy from giving presants,
And having fun with relatives.

All of these things remind me of the holiday season.

Erica VanCLeave
6TH Grade
Lake Shore

Chad Ewald
1st Grade





Kelsey
Erdahl

Behind the Face

Behind the face
lies a face of laughter
of tears
of hopes
of fears
a great sense of ambition
of becoming an actress
or artist
or even a musician
a deep feeling soul
often burried
by a facial expression
a keen eye that detects problems
problems of the world
or problems of..........
of others
a mind- one that often wanders
or one that daydreams of lands far off
Behind the face
is a certain intuition
a thought;
a thought of love
a thought of death
a prayer for those less fortunate
the homeless; the hungry
a question lies behind the face
a question of not knowing.........
not knowing what will become of me
or why so many problems exist in the world
a sense of wanting
wanting to grow up;
wanting to be taken seriously;
wanting to go into the future;
a key; a key lies behind the face
a key to open new doorways
to explore new parts of the world
to answer the question
Who am I?

Erin
Donnermeyer
Gr. 4
Oonges Bay

Stephanie Bloom
8th grade
Lake Shore Middle School

174.

TRANSFORMATION

It was Spring and Jake was hiking in the woods. It was a warm 60° day in March. Jake noticed that the leaves were just starting to pop out of the branches of the trees. The birds were singing with joy that winter was over. Jake saw the first robin of spring. It had a bright orange stomach and it had a plump, juicy worm in its bright orange beak. On the ground the grass was turning green. The streams were just starting to melt. The fish jumped in and out of the water in celebration of the ending of winter.

The days went by quickly and all of a sudden school was out and it was summer. Later that week, Jake went down to the same trail in the woods. The leaves on the trees were fully out and they were a light shade of green. The sun was shining brightly. Jake saw alot of robins. He noticed a family of robins in a nest high up in a tree. The mother robin was feeding her baby bird a nice, plump worm. The baby robin gobbled it up quickly. Jake noticed a little waterfall with gleaming, white water. The fish were swimming down the stream.

The days flew by and pretty soon school was about to begin. It was Fall. The leaves were turning beautiful colors of yellows, oranges, reds and browns. The geese were flying south for the winter. The grass was turning greenish brown.

Brittany
Hughes
Wilson School

Andrea
2nd Gr.
Wilson

It was getting chilly outside. Lucky Jake had a coat on.

Now it was Winter and the leaves were all down. The ground was covered with gleaming, white snow. Jake could see little tracks in the snow from where the birds had been. The little waterfall was once again frozen from the icy cold. Jake thought winter would never end. He missed his warm walks in the woods. But soon Christmas was here and the fresh, white snow made the holiday even more special.

The months went by and one day Jake realized it was Spring once again. A whole year had passed. Jake had grown 2 inches over the winter. His shoe size increased and his clothes were too small for him. Not only had Jake seen the four changes of the seasons but he had changed too!

Scott Sorweid
6TH Grade
Lake Shore

Karen Helms Wilson

176.

THE CAR AND THE WOMAN

The car is like a hare,
moving a man like the wind.
A woman is like a tortoise,
slow and careful not to sin.

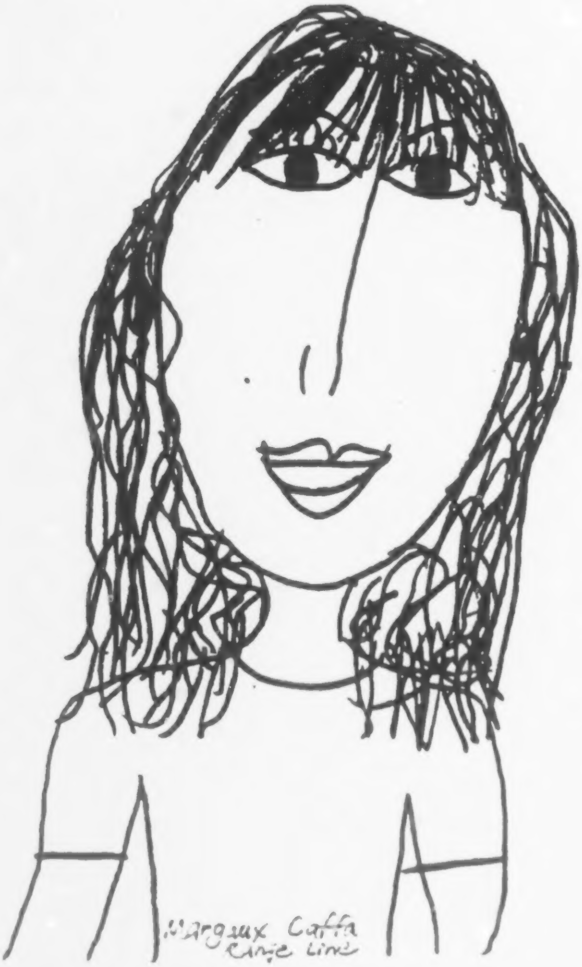
The car is like a robot
doing as one would command.
The woman is like a rebel,
unable to stay with one man.

The car is metal, hard and smooth.
The woman is flesh, soft and supple.
The car is a mechanical beast,
The woman a gift of nature.

The car is the crude work of man,
parts jutting this way and that.
The woman is the art of god,
all beautiful muscle and fat.

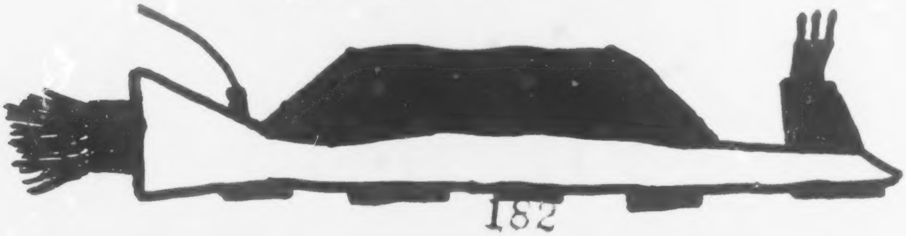
The car is to be replaced every few years,
They wear out in short time.
But the woman lasts for many years,
meant to be kept content and fine.

Every car needs an owner,
But no woman needs to be owned.



Margaux Caffa
Range Line

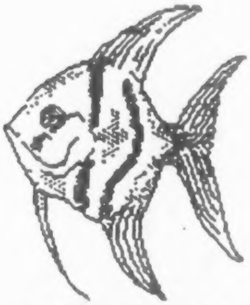
Anthony Olson
8th Grade
Lake Shore Middle School



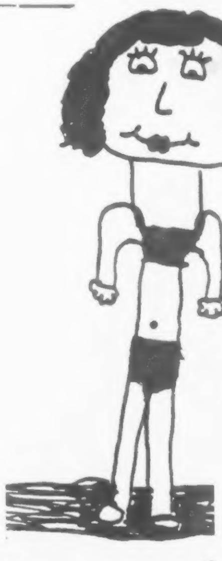
Tom Jacobson
Wilson

Hawaiian Dive

All I could hear was the rythmic whoosh of the regulator through which I was breathing. But at 15 feet deep in the warm Pacific Ocean on the coast of Maui, the beauty of the serene landscape before me was so overwhelming that I probably wouldn't have noticed any sounds at all. The scuba diving instructor motioned me over to a coral wall, making the hand signal that meant moray eel. We could see the tip of it's small head only because it was sticking out of the hole in the coral so that it was illuminated by the sun light beaming down into the water. As we edged closer for a better look, it drew back into the hole. I moved a little bit closer to see if I could find it. My head was about 2 feet away from the mouth of the hole when it happened. Suddenly it shot out of the hole like a rocket. I had been mistaken when I thought that it was small. My body went rigid with terror as it passed by me, about a foot away from my face. As I look back in retrospect, I'd estimate that it was about 8 feet long, but that wasn't what I was thinking about at that moment. It turned and faced me. It's beady eyes glaring right though me. It opened its' mouth, showing its 4 razor sharp teeth. Inside me, my heart was screaming in horror and my brain just kept on thinking "I am going to die." over and over again. Then the eel turned and slowly swam of into the distance. It was then that I realized that I had been holding my breath while the eel was looking at me. My body then unfroze and we continued our adventure.



Nick
Gerovac
Grade 7
Lake Shore



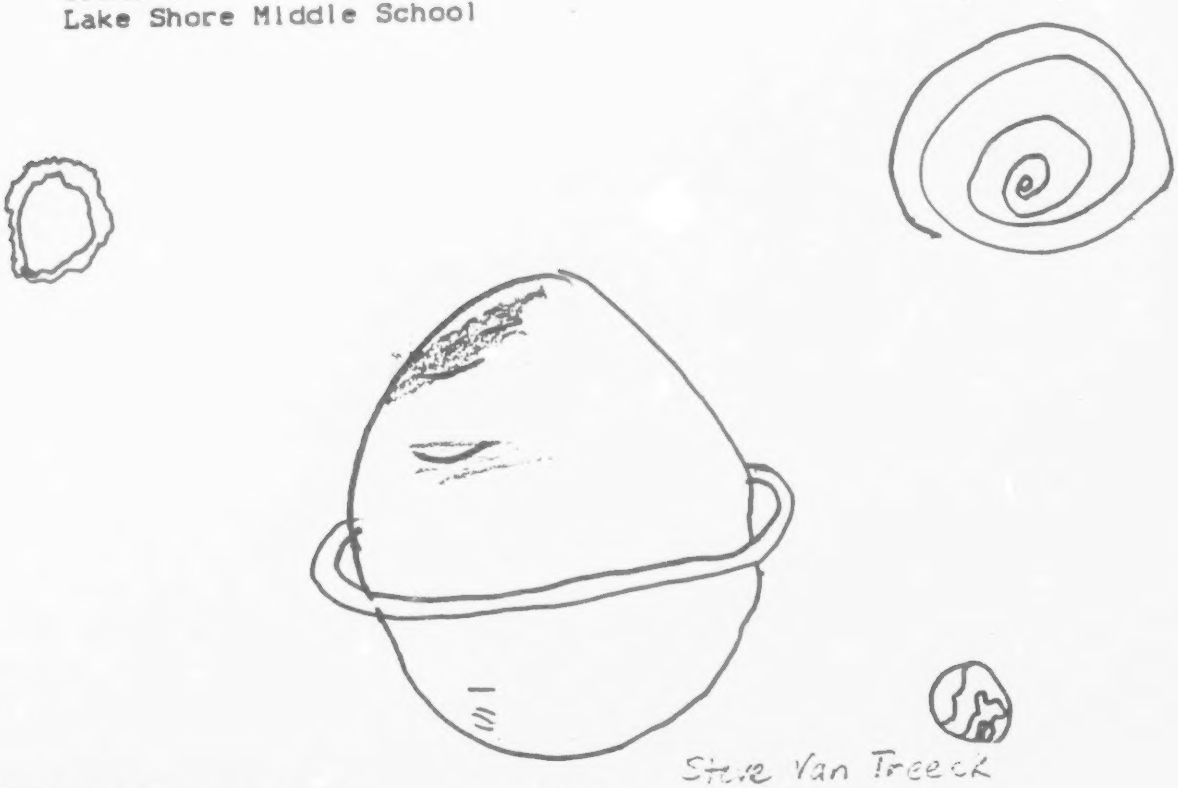
Christina
D'Amico
Ms. Figg-(4th)
Donges Bay

178.

Dying Earth

In the morning the air is filled with life. The deep aroma of sweet smelling flowers fill the air. Now the birds chirp to everyone yet no one hears. The trees reach up to the sky only to get shorter and shorter. The animals loud roar in unison is beginning to be softer and softer. The snakes tight grip is getting weaker and weaker. Silence. Silence will soon come. We had come, now we are destroying. the bright splashes blue, red, pink, purple in the sky are fading and fading until they become a gloomy grey. The earth is dying, but not at its time to die. This is the afternoon. In the afternoon the air is hard to breath. the air is hot and humid. Its musty smell is the cause of the animals sudden silence. The sky has one color left, grey. the trees are smaller and smaller. The night has not come yet but soon will. We need to help. When the night comes it will be dark. Not one shimmering light. A silence will be thick in the air. The life will be gone. No birds will sing their joyous songs. There will be nothing to sing about. Most of all, there will be no birds, or any animals. It won't matter though. we won't be here. We will be nothingness in the wind. This is the everlasting darkness. "Who caused it" you ask? We did. The earth will be dead and we caused it.

Rachel Guy
Grade 6
Lake Shore Middle School



Steve Van Treeck
Gr. 2
Donges Bay

Kitty

A winter's eve
By the fire.
Purring softly,
Sleek and silver,
It raises its head,
Looks at me with
Clear and gleaming eyes.

A sound--
Mi-aow--
Opens wide its mouth...
A yawn...
Stretches and
Goes to sleep once more.

Mimi Klem
Grade 8
Steffen

Grandad

Standing at his grave made me think
Of when he was alive.
We'd visit every weekend.
He sat in his favorite armchair,
Television on,
Pipe in his mouth,
Cap on his head.
He smiled at us as we came in.
We sat around the room until we had to leave.
Then we jumped up,
Kissed him goodbye;
"Goodbye!" we'd shout...
...Goodbye,Grandad,
Until we meet again
In another world.

Lisa Jordan
Grade 8
Steffen

PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

(Thank you for your efforts)

Allen,	Bridgett	Lake Shore
Bahr,	Lorraine	Wilson
Bell-Peltin,	Becky	Steffen
Benkert,	Karen	Wilson
Bocher,	Jeff	Steffen
Borges,	Barb	Range Line
Bouchard,	Ann	Range Line
Bremer,	Diane	Donges Bay
Bucheger,	Barb	Range Line
Buchen,	Karen	Donges Bay
Buehler,	Lorraine	Homestead
Chase,	Pat	Donges Bay
Claus,	Nancy	Steffen
Coleman,	Brenda	Range Line
Conn,	Jeffrey	Homestead
Dickrell,	Nancy	Steffen
Dielen,	Jeanne	Steffen
Drescher,	John	Steffen
Durning,	Bob	Steffen
Engelberger,	Jayne	Wilson
Figg,	Cheryl	Donges Bay
French Dept.		Homestead
Gannon,	Kay	Donges Bay
Gengler,	Carol	Wilson
Gilroy,	Judy	Wilson
Goeman,	Al	Wilson
Gregory,	Mary Sharon	Homestead
Grothman,	Joan	Wilson
Grube-Thur	Suzette	Donges Bay
Gullick,	Sue	Wilson
Hall,	Charles	Wilson
Holicek,	Pam	Range Line
Holup,	Mae	Lake Shore
Hughes,	Evelyn	Donges Bay
Jackson,	Katie	Wilson
Jesswein,	Ron	Oriole Lane
Kalcich,	Cheri	Steffen
King,	Rose	Oriole Lane
Kittleson,	Pam	Range Line
Krol,	Carol	Range Line
Kupcho,	Steve	Lake Shore
Kuschel,	Cheryl Lynn	Wilson
Leinberger,	Chris	Steffen
Marton,	William	Homestead
Meier,	Cindy	Range Line
Melzer,	Kay	Wilson
Miller,	Brigetta	Donges Bay
Movall,	Chris	Range Line
Neuwirth,	Mike	Range Line
Neuwirth,	Nancy	Range Line
Newuwirth,	Nancy	Range Line
Ott,	Kathy	Oriole Lane
Pelkey,	Maggie	Steffen
Pierce,	Randy	Oriole Lane
Puerling,	Ellen	Donges Bay
Rettig,	Elaine	Donges Bay
Roeker,	Kurt	Donges
Rottmann,	Sharon	Oriole Lane
Ruhlman,	Pat	Range Line
Schlitz.	Diane	Wilson
Schoessow,	Terry	Wilson
Schrank,	Jean	Wilson
Seider,	Mary	Steffen
Sieg,	Wendy	Wilson
Smith,	Nancy	Wilson
Stern,	Ethyl	Lake Shore
Tarcin,	Cathy	Oriole Lane
Teisl,	Helen	Oriole Lane
Thiene,	Clara	Lake Shore
Weston,	Sue	Oriole Lane
Wiese,	Nancy	Homestead
Wiviott,	Wendy	Wilson
Wolf,	Cindy	Wilson
Wychlendt,	Tom	Lake Shore
Zarling,	David	Range Line